Cut Pgs 114-115

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 202, Number 24

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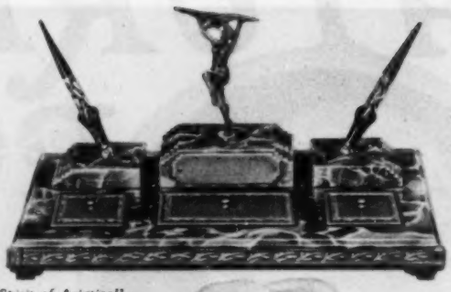
Dec. 14, 1929

5cts.

Alice Duer Miller—Stewart Edward White—Octavus R. Cohen—Alfred P. Dennis
Clarence B. Kelland—William Hazlett Upson—Kennett Harris—Lord Brentford

New Cigarette Lighter Set with inlaid enamel top. Black and Chinese Red or Green. Convertible Duofold Sr. Pen, $20.00. With Duofold Junior, $18.00.



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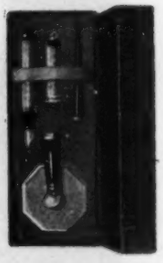
"Jungle Mates"—Onyx deckle edge Base, bronzed elephants, two Convertible Duofold Sr. Pens, $33.50. With Jr. Pens, $49.50.

Matched Parker Streamline Duofold Pen and Pencil Duette. Gift Box Free. Five colors or moderne Black and Pearl, $8.25 to $15.00.



Travel Set, Green, Blue or Lavender Enamel Base, Convertible Moiré Pen, Pocket Cap Free, all in Traveling Case, $8.00.

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Only visit the brilliant arrays of new Parker Duofold Gifts, just around the corner, and your shopping is done

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This Christmas, too, Parker introduces the new *Streamline* Duofold matched Pen and Pencil Sets in jewel-like Permanite and *moderne* Black and Pearl.

These Pens are convertible for Desk Base in 10 seconds by simply attaching a taper. They are just as quickly transformed into Pocket Pens by putting on a cap.

So we include a Pocket Cap and Clip with every Desk Set—was extra—now no charge. This lets you give 2 pens in one.

Remember also when buying or giving a Pocket Pen alone, if you choose a Parker Duofold, a Desk Base and taper can be added later and the price of a Desk Pen saved. No other is convertible.

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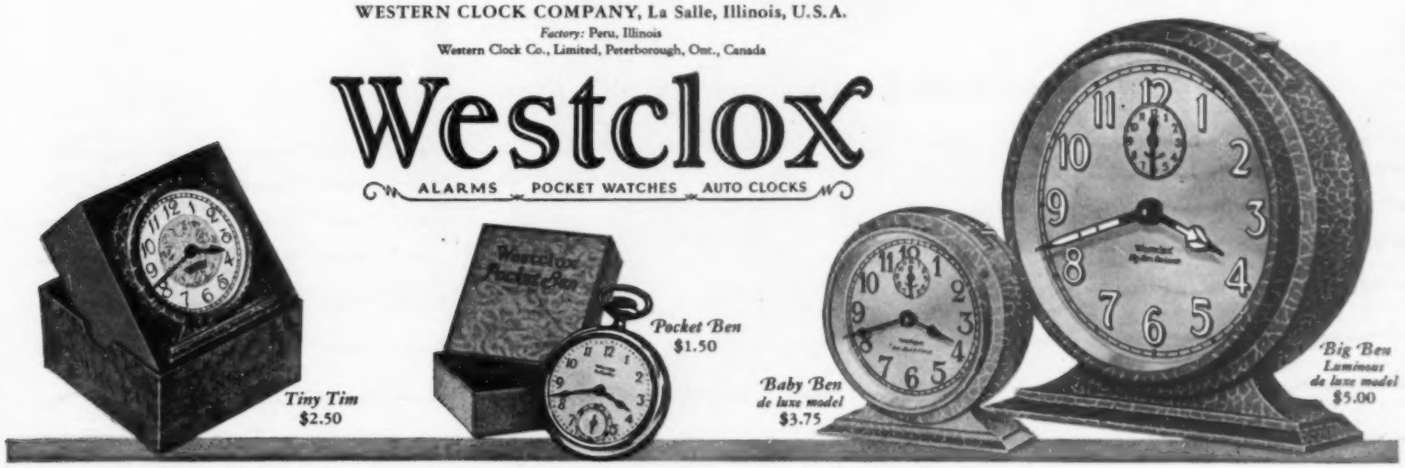
ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS



"Daddy's gone a-hunting"

His desk is clear. His office-door is locked. The evening paper lies heaped beside his chair. The detective story has slipped to the floor beside his bed, two chapters before the end!

The gate of dreams has opened—and another hunter has joined the happy throng.

How quickly and silently they make that journey to dreamland—those smiling men and women, boys and girls, who end their busy day with a soothing Ivory bath!

But once there was a man who took his midnight bath with a cake of *sinker* soap. And all night long in his dreams he dived and dived. At dawn he woke, gasping for breath and weary with the struggle.

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The Princess and the Plumber

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE very day that Mr. Albert Bowers signed the lease for the historic castle of Daritzia, he called in his secretary and said: "Joe, what is the name of that big heating man—you know—vice president—who sits on the board of the bank?"

"His name is Allen, sir."

"I mean his first name. It's a queer name like—like——" Mr. Bowers snapped his fingers to encourage thought.

"His name is John, sir," said his secretary, as one who has borne a great deal.

"Exactly. I knew it was," said Mr. Bowers. "Well, write him a letter—'my dear John,' and all that sort of thing, and say I have taken Daritzia and that I have stipulated in the lease that the central heating should be made by his company. You know—that I wanted the best—and ask him to write the head office in Europe and see that I'm taken care of—no delay or bungling, you know. Get the idea?"

And so, the next morning, Mr. John Exter Allen, glancing over his mail, called in his secretary and said: "Willie, who is a man Bowers—Albert Bowers? Is that the fellow who ——"

"He is the man who manufactures Frostyfoam, sir, and is on the board of the bank with you."

"So I supposed—so I supposed," said Mr. Allen testily, as if the information had been thrust upon him. "What a bother! What can I do? Well, I must do something. Here, read this and then write him a letter. Say it will be a pleasure to oblige him, and then write poor Quinn at Turin and tell him that Bowers is an old friend of mine, and that he had better send up one of his engineers to lay out the whole plan—not to leave it all to a local plumber in the Daritzian mountains. You understand, don't you, Willie?"

Willie looked at his employer as if to say that to understand this sort of inchoate order was the task for which he was so strangely underpaid, and bowed and hurried to his typewriter.

Almost two weeks later, Maurice Quinn, in the Turin office, received the following letter:

My dear Quinn: Mr. Albert Bowers, an old and dear friend of mine, has rented the historic castle of Daritzia for the coming summer. I understand that the owner, Prince Conrad of Daritzia, has already placed the order with you for the boiler and radiation. In view of the importance and difficulty of the job, and of my old friendship with Mr. Bowers, I am going to ask you to send one of your engineers to the castle to lay out the whole job and make blue prints for the guidance of the local plumber; in fact, to do whatever you consider necessary to insure the installation being entirely satisfactory.

Mrs. Allen and I wish to be remembered to your wife and your three delightful children. We often speak of that interesting day we spent going over the plant and enjoying your hospitality. . . .

Quinn laid down the letter, smiling. You had to hand it to J. E.; he had a wonderful memory, he did things right. Fancy his remembering the three children. You bet he'd look out for any friend of J. E.'s. The result was that, a few weeks later, the company's best heating engineer, a slow, careful German, was taken off an important research job and sent up into the wild mountains of Daritzia, where he spent ten days examining the castle and making blue prints; costing the company in expense and waste of his time about twice as much as the profit on the equipment. But such is business friendship.

Thus it came about that for the first time in its existence the great castle of Daritzia was not only rented—with two hunting lodges, fishing in three rivers, and the shooting privileges to roebuck, chamois and stag—but was also to be heated for the first time by a system less beautiful, but more labor-saving than separate porcelain stoves in every room.

For Americans, who so readily let, sublet and sell their country places and apartments, it will be hard to understand the excitement that the news occasioned in a countryside which had once been a principality. What? The castle let? Strangers to live where no one but the hereditary princes had ever lived!

The great double doors of the courtyard had often rolled back to admit the old Emperor, Franz Joseph, who was particularly fond of shooting over the Daritzia mountains, between a summer at Ischl and a winter at Vienna. The King of Italy had stayed there while the Princess of Daritzia, a beautiful red-haired Lombard from Lago Maggiore, was

"I Don't Know When I Shall Ever Wear it," She Said; "Unless This American, When He Arrives, Should Ask Me to Dine"

alive. And King Edward VII, while Prince of Wales, had stayed there often.

All about the castle were to be seen the yellowing photographs of these notables, with guns in their hands, neatly feathered hats on their heads, and game at their feet; and underneath, someone had taken the trouble to write their names and the appropriate initials of their titles—H.M. this, and H.S.H. that. But this had been in the nineteenth century. Even before the war, the mines on which the fortune of the Daritzia family was founded had begun to give out, and in the peace treaty they had been part of the spoils allotted to a neighboring republic by a realignment of frontier. Nowadays, Prince Conrad XXI, a handsome, pleasure-loving man, nearing sixty, lived in Paris by selling now and again one of the family jewels. They would last, he calculated, just about his time.

The castle was shut up, except for one wing, which, in the old days, had contained the nurseries and schoolroom, and was now large enough for the little princess, as she was called—although she was a tall girl of more than twenty—and her English governess; Fraulein Sophie, who had always been the housekeeper, and still stayed on, though there was so little left to keep; and little Anna, who did all the rest of the work.

The prince would run down from Paris now and then, to raise rents, borrow money or get a few days of chamois shooting. But as time went on and the castle became more shabby and less comfortable, his visits grew both rarer and shorter.

The castle stood high on a rock which slanted upward like the prow of a ship. At the back, where the ground sloped more gradually, it was protected by a deep moat, which, in the lifetime of the last princess, had been converted into a sunken garden and the drawbridge had been made permanent and given a stone parapet. The castle itself was an immense structure covering all that was level on the rocky height. There was little of the original medieval building left; most of it was in the great manner of the late eighteenth century—great wide stairways, long corridors filled with family portraits in periwigs and uniforms, a drawing-room in gold and white, with mirror doors, and chairs in priceless petit point—salable objects on which the prince's eye was already thoughtfully turning.

Behind the castle were great forests of pine and beech, and behind these again the mountains—bare gray rocks and snow. Round the foot of the castle the little town had been built, so obviously for protection that it still seemed to cling and nestle like a brood of birds.

On the whole, the idea of the opening of the castle was favorably received. It meant money—money, not only in selling provisions, but in shoeing ponies, mending guns, supplying gasoline and tires, but most of all in employment for all the young men as *Jägers* and *Trägers* to the sportsmen.

Almost at once, after the news reached the little town, there began to be signs of the good things to come—contractors arrived from Gratz and Salzburg, and even from Vienna and Turin, to arrange about repainting the rooms, mending the slates of the roof and installing four new bathrooms and the central heating system.

To those who knew something of the prince's finances, like his daughter and Miss Eden, the governess, and Herr Potzi, his superintendent, there was an element of the miraculous in all this. But the method was quite simple.

"How Would it Do for Me to be Just an American Plumber?"

The prince had simply insisted that three-quarters of the rent be paid on the signing of the lease, and the new tenant, with that mixture of slackness and generosity which Europe finds on the whole so contemptible in Americans, had agreed.

The prince rushed down from Paris and spent two nights and a whole day in the castle, receiving the homage of the town, signing contracts, pointing out to Potzi where whitewash would do as well as the more expensive paints, explaining to the upholsterers that Americans did not like heavy drapery and rich carpets, cutting out all the sitz baths from the plumber's estimates for the new bathrooms, listening to the village band, basking in his daughter's almost tremulous delight at his presence, and on the whole enjoying a day which, in his Paris apartment, he had anticipated with dread.

He would have enjoyed himself more if it had not been for Miss Eden. Miss Eden was a small, slightly weather-beaten, pointed-nosed Englishwoman, with her hair done in a tiny clump at the back of her head—a clump that looked more like an old golf ball than a knot of human hair. She dressed in severe gray tweeds, and always wore, by some strange vestige of coquetry, a narrow band of black velvet about her throat. Since she was eighteen—that is, for almost forty years—she had been a governess, thinking only of other people, and loving those from whom a word could part her. She had developed a sense of duty, an unselfishness, a rigorousness of conduct that was alarming to people like the prince whose integrity was not their most striking quality.

Of princes in general she thought very little, having spent her whole life among them; of Conrad XXI, nothing at all—a fact she always contrived to convey to him with the utmost politeness.

Just before he was starting back to Paris, she came into his study with a switch of her gray skirts. The prince's study was a room in the lower story of the castle, with a vaulted roof and windows so deep in the embrasure of the walls that you went through a small tunnel of masonry in order to look out. It was completely lined with the heads and horns of chamois and stag.

Seeing that there was now no escape and that he had only ten minutes left anyhow, the prince was cordial.

"Ah, Miss Eden," he said, "I'm so glad to have a word with you."

"Your Highness," said Miss Eden, brushing all this nonsense aside, "I am deeply concerned about Stephanie."

"What!" cried the prince, utterly astonished at the idea that any girl abandoned in the remotest mountains of Europe could have anything of which to complain. "I was just thinking she had turned into an extremely pretty girl. Her head is possibly a little too small for her height—though many people admire it—and for evening dress a little more weight would become her, but with her mother's glorious hair and the delicate features, inherited, I may say, from my side of the house, I find her charming; almost beautiful."

"And Your Highness thinks that makes the situation safer?" said Miss Eden. She really said, "safah."

The prince thought: "This is a most uncomfortable sort of woman. I wonder if she wears that black velvet to bed." He could appeal to most women for sympathy with perfect security. He had a long, finely modeled mask of a face. He was bronzed; his hair, which was ashy blond, didn't show its gray; and his eyes were of a brilliant hazel. He never made any success appealing to Miss Eden, but he always tried, because he knew nothing else to do.

He drooped his head over his desk. "What can I do?" he said. "You know I cannot have the child in my Paris establishment. I did ask my sister, Elizabeth, to give her a season in Madrid, but she is so selfish, and with those four ugly, dark daughters of hers —— Perhaps after they are married, if anyone can be found ——"

"The Princess Stephanie should be married," said Miss Eden.

"Ah," said the prince, "in old days, with her beauty, royalty would not have been impossible. But today, my dear Miss Eden, as you know, daughters without a dot, however lovely ——"

"Must be seen in order to be admired," replied Miss Eden.

Glancing out of the window, the prince saw that the pony cart had come round to take him to the station. He rose. "Well," he said, "a year from this spring, perhaps, I could arrange for her to visit me in Paris."

"That is a long time off, Your Highness."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the poor girl is lonely, discontented, bored and full of spirit."

"Bored!" cried the prince. "She has you, she has her books, her music."

"She has blood in her veins, sir, that prevents either books or music, or even my society, from being a complete solution. This last year she has taken to mountain climbing—the most dangerous peaks entirely alone. I shudder. You know, I think, that three years ago I caught her in boy's clothes about to make a walking trip to Venice."

"I remember you stopped her."

"I was able to persuade her to come back, very largely because I sympathized so much with her impulse to go. Think, sir, that since the Von Arlis have moved out of the valley she has no one of her own class ——"

"The Von Arlis," exclaimed the prince—"as dull people as I ever knew!"

"The next time she runs away, it may not be so innocent."

"You alarm me," said the prince, glancing at his wrist watch, more as a hint that the subject was distasteful than because he was in any doubt about the time.

"A marriage ought to be arranged, sir. That Italian cousin of hers ——"

"The wretched fellow," said the prince. "He has just been declared insane—his father's family. Nothing like that in the princess' line."

"Have you no English friends?" said Miss Eden. "Stephanie would appeal to an Englishman, and, if I remember, there are several heirs to dukedoms ——"

"English dukes!" exclaimed the prince. "Hardly—hardly. In my experience, they want nothing but great fortunes or chorus girls."

And he managed to edge out of the room while Miss Eden was proudly enumerating the more creditable English duchesses.

He stepped hastily into the little pony cart, in which his daughter was already seated holding the reins. The day was cool and a wind was blowing from the snow fields. She wore a chamois-leather coat, buttoned tightly about her throat. It was not very far from the color of her Lombard hair; her eyes were hazel like her father's.

The fat pony trotted gayly out of the courtyard, amid bows and curtsies and repeated assertions from all present that they kissed the hand of His Serene Highness.

"Father dear ——" Stephanie began at once.

But all his life the prince had been dealing with slightly dissatisfied women, and he had become an adept at cutting under sentences that began in just that tone: "Conrad, my dear," from his wife in the old days. "*Voyez, chéri,*" from Mademoiselle Milli of the Opéra.

"Stephanie," he said, as if he were starting a topic entirely his own, "I feel very anxious over the monotony and sadness of the life you are leading."

"It was of that ——" said his daughter, but again he cut in:

"Perhaps you are hardly aware of it yourself. You are so good, my dear; so sweet and uncomplaining, so exactly as I would have my daughter—so much like your dear mother ——" Tears came into the girl's eyes, and the prince noted that the station was in sight, and the pony, in spite of age, trotted briskly down the hill. "As you know, my finances have been desperate for a long time." Here was a topic on which he could speak for an indefinite period. The situation was heartbreaking, tragic; something no little girl could grasp. Then at the last he grew a little more hopeful. Renting the castle had helped; if he could do it again another year, who knew —— In any case he expected from now on to be a much more frequent visitor, and he and Miss Eden had been discussing the possibility of her coming to Paris in the following winter or spring.

Her face beamed with joy. "Oh, father, that would be heaven," she exclaimed as she stopped the pony cart beside the low platform.

The prince sprang out. The station master was already, in words, at least, kissing the prince's hand.

"And in the meantime," he said, "be a good girl, and I'll send you a box of pretty things from Paris."

The pony all its life had evinced an insincere ritualistic sort of terror of trains; it had become traditional that he must not be allowed to wait for the arrival of the engine. Stephanie was obliged to drive away and leave her father talking to the station master while the train was whistling far up the valley. She drove home in a glow of tenderness. "He has great charm," she thought—"more than many better fathers. I like him best this way." And she thought, too, of the box of pretty things from Paris. She wondered, as the pony climbed the long avenue of beeches with slow, tiny steps and bent head, what they would be, where he would get them. She had heard her father praise one of the great, old, dressmaking firms of Paris—a box from that great artist ——

When, some weeks later, the box arrived, it contained one dress and a beaded evening bag from a large and undistinguished shop on the Boulevards. The dress being a little shopworn and the bag having lost a pearl or two, the combination had cost the prince something under five hundred francs, but Stephanie did not know this. The color of the dress—sea green—became her perfectly and she expressed more delight with it than Mademoiselle Milli did over a new diamond bracelet. But new dresses were rarer to her than diamond bracelets to Milli.

Everybody came to see her try it on—Miss Eden, and Fräulein Sophie, the old housekeeper, and little Anna—all crying that it was "*Prachtvoll,*" and "*wunderbar.*" And only one thought darkened her pleasure.

(Continued on Page 149)

Finally Remembering That the Creature Was Probably English-Speaking, "I'm Sorry. I Hope I Did Not Hurt You"

THE HAT AND THE RABBIT

"Young Man," Said Mr. Vance, "You are Being Offensive." "I Am Being Logical," Said Jeff

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

T. P. McTODD glared at his secretary as if she had played some particularly noxious practical joke upon him.

"Send him in!" he bellowed.

Presently Mr. Jefferson McTodd entered, not servilely and with fear in his eyes, nor was his carriage exactly jaunty. As a matter of fact, he was rather pleasant to observe. Certainly no man could take offense either from his appearance or his manner. But T. P. took offense, and a great deal of it.

"Look at you!" he said in his loudest and most terrifying voice. "Look at you! Don't answer me back! Don't argue with me! Not a word out of you!"

Young Mr. Jefferson McTodd stood at ease and silent.

"Where were you yesterday afternoon? Tell me that! Where were you the afternoon before? Where? Close your mouth! No back talk! I know where you were. Playing golf. Were you playing golf? Don't you dare answer me back!"

Mr. Jefferson continued to maintain a more or less dignified silence.

"Are you in my employ or aren't you? Stand there like a stoughton-bottle and make faces, will you? Eh? Golf! Did I send you through college, or didn't I? Did I send you around the world afterward with a couple of scalawags? Did I? Answer me that! Eh? You'd try to argue with me, would you? One word out of you and you go out of here on your ear! And then what? Did I take you into this business? What? Give you a desk and a job and a salary? Set you up in the world? Yes or no? Did I?"

Still Mr. Jefferson made no response while his father continued, louder and louder, more and more furiously:

"And then what? Did you tend to business or didn't you? Can I ever put my finger on you? Eh? Golf! A week at a time. Every afternoon. Golf! It's ruining the nation. It's ruining the business men of the nation. It's a blight! Show me an office where I can find the boss after two o'clock. I dare you to show me an office."

Mr. Jefferson produced no offices whatever.

"I won't put up with it any more. I'm done. Beginning now, it's either golf or job. Take your choice, but take it quick. Which is it? Eh? Don't you dare to open your mouth! Which is it, I say—golf or job?"

Young Mr. Jefferson advanced a pace to the desk, placed a large and sinewy hand on his father's blotter and leaned forward.

"Golf," he said distinctly.

"Eh? What?"

"If I may, please, I would like to state my position."

"You've done nothing but state it. I can't get in a word edgeways. Ever since you stepped into this room you've done nothing but state. Can't a man talk to his own son without being shouted down? I'll do the stating."

Mr. Jefferson leaned forward another inch. "Not any more," he said genially. "I'm through being the submerged tenth. I don't like it. You've played your game and you've licked it. You've whittled out eight or ten millions of dollars, and that's slick. You've had your fun. You started from scratch. And that's bully. And I'm T. P.'s son!"

"Golf!" snorted Mr. McTodd.

"I can play it. I like it. I'm not sure but what I like business, too—but I'm all for a mixture. Shuffle 'em up and deal from the top. So I'm through—just as you said. And I'll make you a little bet, father. I'm twenty-four. I'll step out on my own little feet with golf for a foundation, and I'll get there."

"Where?" snapped T. P.

"Somewhere," said his son pleasantly. "It's a stunt. I'm betting you I can start with golf and get farther in two years than I could get sitting at a desk here."

"You will, eh? In two years, if you stick to business, I'd be paying you twenty-five thousand a year. Bet! Huh! I bet you, you young spriggins, that you can't step out of here and be earning half of it in two years. Not half."

"Write it in the book," said Jefferson. "I start out with my clothes and my golf bag, and at the end of two years I'll be turning in twenty-five thousand a year or better. Name your stakes!"

"I'll name 'em. I'll call your bluff. For two years you don't come to me for a nickel or a square meal. Paddle your own canoe. At the end, if I win, you quit golf forever. If you win you get five hundred thousand bucks in your own name to buy golf balls. You quit piddling a pill around a pasture and come back and do what I tell you—against five hundred thousand smackers. Now let's see your sporting blood. Fish or cut bait."

"Done," said Mr. Jefferson, "and so long, dad, and take care of yourself."

"Eh? What?"

"I'm on my way. I'm in the canoe and the paddle is lifted. There's a vacant chair in the office. And I'll see you in two years, either carrying my golf bag or in it."

"You mean this blankety-blank nonsense?"

"Four ways from the jack," said Mr. Jefferson, "and a good day to you. Address on application, and I'll run home for Thanksgiving dinner if I'm asked. Shake. Shake twice."

T. P. found his hand being shaken violently, and glared up to see a pair of gray eyes smiling into his.

"Get to blazes out of here!" he shouted. But when the door closed behind his son, he blinked, and then blinked again and called in a male employe because he could not

use the necessary words to his lady secretary. Having used the needful vocabulary for five minutes and aroused the clerk's undying admiration, he gave the young man a five-dollar raise for his accommodation and ejected him from the office.

As for Jefferson, he departed buoyantly, and in the outer door of the offices he waved a farewell to all and sundry. Then he drove his expensive runabout to his father's garage and left it there, taking a taxicab to the golf club, where he sought out Jim Flinders, the professional.

"Jim," he said, "I'm out, down, shot, trampled and kicked out on the pavement. Am I a good golfer?"

"Promisin'," said Jim.

"Good enough to get a job as pro in some fresh-water golf club?"

"Ye might git by."

"Where's the job?"

"Wa-al, son, I get inquiries. There's one up to a town by the name of Hampstead. New layout. I designed the course. Good chance for a young feller. They'll pay fifteen hundred and you get what you can make in the shop and from teachin'. Ought to clean up six-seven thousand if you work it right."

"Write a letter to them in your neat, legible hand," said Jefferson. "Lay it on. I'm not bashful. Paint a lovely picture of me. Make them yearn for my services. Be eloquent."

"I kin git ye the job all right. Question is if ye kin hang onto it."

"Exactly," said Jefferson. "You do your part and then we'll see. Where's Hampstead?"

"Hundred miles upstate. Thirty thousand people, and twenty thousand of 'em have got it. High-hat, if ye git what I mean. And a bang-up golf course, if I do say it."

"It's my oyster," said Jefferson. "I think I'd better dictate the letter."

"I do my own dictatin'," said Jim.

On the following morning Jefferson McTodd alighted from the train in the town of Hampstead with Jim Flinders' letter in his breast pocket. He went at once to the president of the club, who was also president of the Hampstead National Bank, and an hour later emerged with his amateur standing destroyed. He had taken the shilling. He was no longer Jefferson McTodd, promising amateur, but Jeff McTodd, professional of the Lark Meadow Country Club, and was proceeding to take up his duties without delay.

The season was to open on May thirtieth, and considerable detail must be attended to by the new professional before that day. He must stock his shop, he must find an assistant and club maker, and he must familiarize himself with the club and learn something about its membership. Therefore the days were busy ones. Nevertheless, a week before the opening he was ready for business.

Jeff was in conversation with Williams, the club manager, when a young man in flamboyant golfing clothes entered the shop with a girl. Jeff looked at the man first, though it was not ordinarily his habit to relegate the ladies to second place. The gentleman was a couple of years beyond thirty, with a ruddy, English face, rather aquiline in its contours and undoubtedly handsome. He was big, well upward of six feet, but slender and of splendid carriage—a man who, for all his height, could move with the quickness of a cat. He approached Jeff with the attitude of one addressing an upper servant.

"I say, old top, have you a bit of chewing stick? Eh? I could do with a morsel at the moment."

"I'm sorry, sir," Jeff replied courteously, "but I'm sure the caddy master will have some. He stocks both candy and gum for the boys."

"What in the world do you want with gum, Eric?" asked the girl, and now Jefferson gave her his full attention. She was slender as a blade of grass and the tan of a Southern winter was upon her cheeks and arms; and it seemed almost as if it were on her cropped, curling hair as well. Jeff liked her hair. He liked hair to be either long or short, but detested those stringy, half-and-half abominations made popular by a motion-picture star which give their wearers the appearance of having been somewhere for two months with no barber available. She was not beautiful, but she had an air of class and self-confidence and possible temper which was very attractive and stirring to the curiosity; and as for her legs, which were apparent from the knees, they put her quite in a class by herself. Her cheek bones were a trifle high and her eyes the merest bit of a slant. Her chin was pointed delightfully and her features were assembled into an ensemble which promised that she had unusual facilities for being a scamp.

"Are you the new professional?" she asked. "What's your name?"

"McTodd, ma'am," said Jeff.

"All good professionals are Scotch, aren't they? How long have you been in America?"

The tall, ruddy young man shot a sudden, peculiar, almost steel-hot glance at Jeff, and seemed to poise while waiting for a reply, as if he contemplated a sudden, ferocious spring.

"I was born in America, ma'am," said Jeff, and the tall young man relaxed.

She turned to her companion with a teasing air and said, "I thought possibly he might have been born on your father's estates. Reunion with an old family retainer."

The young man ignored the pleasantry. "Are there caddies?" he asked.

"Plenty," said Jeff.

The young lady lingered, as if impishly to tantalize her companion's impatience. "I wonder if I can arrange for a lesson some day this week?" she asked.

"Certainly. Morning or afternoon?"

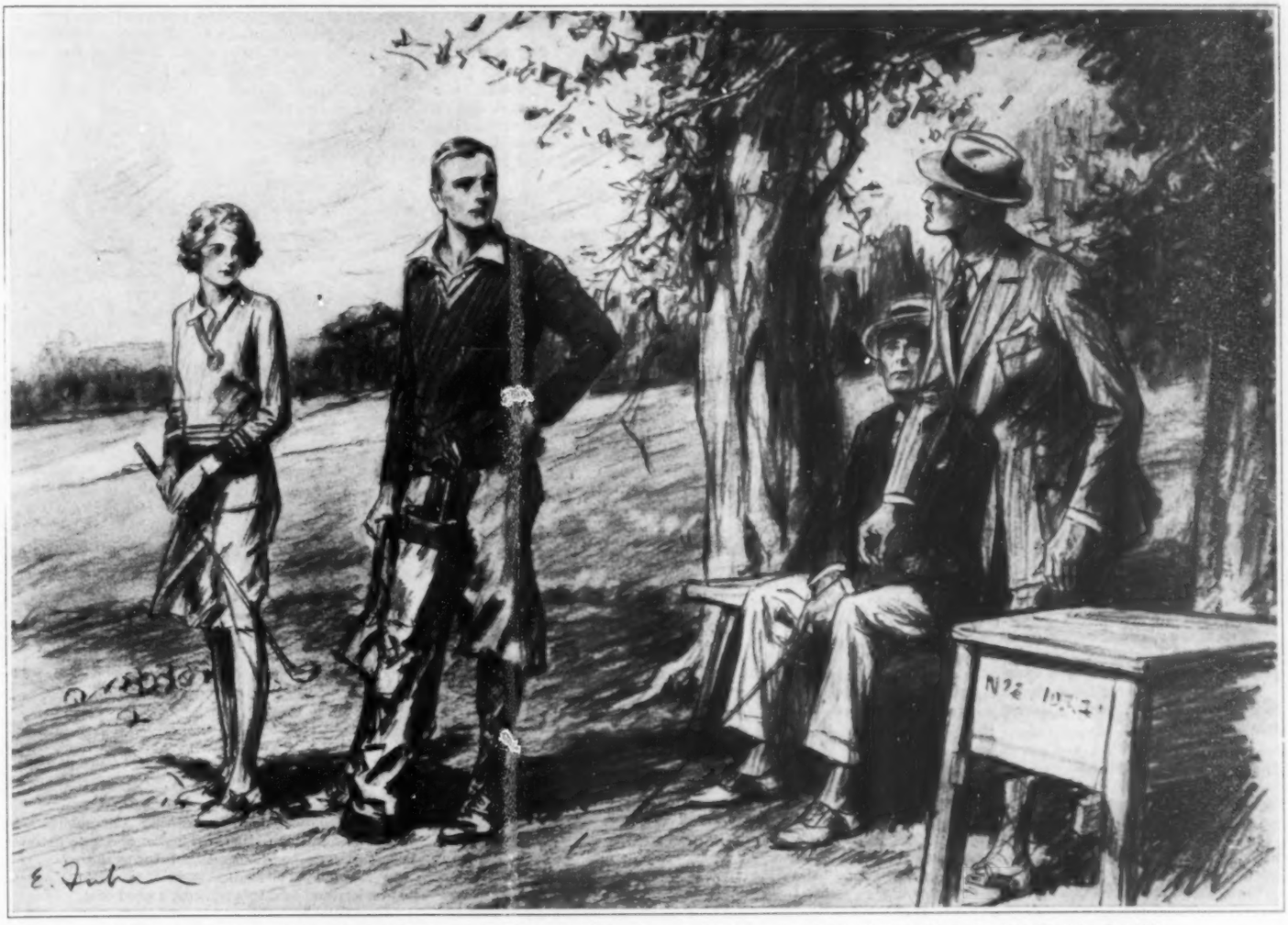
"Oh, morning. I learn so much more quickly before noon."

"Ten o'clock?"

"That will do nicely," she said, and strolled leisurely toward the first tee.

Jefferson looked after the pair, and it required an effort to prevent his brows from lifting. Professionals do not

(Continued on Page 116)



Eric Was on His Feet, Glaring, But Mr. Vance Spoke Gently, "Easy Does it, Minturn. Mr. McTodd Has Taken the Only Position Possible to a Man of Sense and Self-Respect"

THE BEAUTIFUL RED WAGON

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Honestly?" "Right in a Big Mud Puddle"

MR. GILBERT HENDERSON, sales and service manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm tractors, sat in his office at Earthworm City, Illinois. It was an afternoon in late August, and Mr. John Kinsey, the company's New York manager, was calling him by long distance.

"Hello," said Mr. Kinsey. "Is this you, Henderson?"

"Yes."

"This is John Kinsey, at New York."

"Yes."

"I got a prospect here that wants to buy a tractor."

"All right. Go ahead and sell it to him."

"It isn't a him. It's a her. She's an old lady, and she's a tough proposition."

"An old lady wants one of our tractors?"

"Yes. Her name is Miss Agatha Mather. Old New England family. Ancestors came over on the Mayflower, fought in the Revolution, and everything. Her father was Joshua Mather, the guy that piled up a fortune in Wall Street back in the 70's. Friend of Jay Gould's, he was."

"Yes, yes. But what about the woman herself?"

"Well, you see she has all kinds of money—millions and millions. She also has funny ideas."

"Yes?"

"Yes. She sent me a letter a couple of weeks ago. It seems she has a country place outside of Canaan, Connecticut. The road to it goes over a mountain and through a swamp, and it's not so bad in summer, but in the fall, winter and spring it's practically impassable. She said she saw one of our Earthworm tractors working somewhere, and noticed how easy it went through mud and over rough ground. And she wants to buy one for her own personal use. She wants to use it like an automobile, to drive in to her place and out again."

"Well, that's all right. Several of our customers down in Mississippi use their tractors for personal transportation—getting in and out of the cypress swamps."

"Yes, but they use regular stock-model machines. This fool woman wrote me that she wanted a seven-passenger sedan."

"A what?"

"Seven-passenger sedan."

"She ought to know we don't make any such thing as that. We don't make automobiles. We make tractors."

"I know."

"Why don't you sell her our northern-logger model with the inclosed cab? That ought to be good enough for her."

"Yes, that's just what I thought, Henderson. And I sent George Sherwood up to Canaan to see her and tell her so. But it didn't seem to work out very well."

"What happened?"

"Well, George says she insisted she wanted a machine with a regular sedan body, just like an automobile. And apparently George insisted that she ought to take one of our stock loggers. I'm afraid he wasn't very tactful."

"Oh, he wasn't?"

"No. George is a pretty good salesman, and he has a wonderful flow of language that seems to work fine on lumbermen and contractors and such roughnecks. But I guess he lacks the finesse to handle a dame like Miss Agatha Mather. She had him thrown right out of the house."

"She had him thrown out?"

"Absolutely and exactly that. First, she told him she didn't want to listen to any argument. And then, when he kept on talking, she called in three or four butlers or flunkies of some kind, and had them carry him out to the front gate and throw him in the mud."

"Honestly?"

"Right in a big mud puddle. He got so smeared up that his pants had to go to the cleaner. It cost three dollars to fix them up, and he has charged it on his expense account this week."

"Trust George to get everything on the swindle sheet. But what's the idea of calling me up about this? Wouldn't a letter have done just as well?"

"No. You see Miss Mather has just come into the office here."

"You mean she's there now?"

"Yes, she's out in the waiting room. Says she wants an Earthworm tractor, but she won't consider anything but a seven-passenger sedan. So I didn't argue with her at all."

"Afraid she might wreck the office, I suppose. She must certainly be a tough baby, Kinsey."

"She does seem to be rather strong-minded, Henderson. But she has plenty of money, and I was wondering if we couldn't fix her up—put an automobile body on one of our tractors, charge her plenty, and make a good profit. How about that?"

"Well, Kinsey, we never did anything like that before. But we've handled all kinds of special orders—we've put out machines with winches on them, and bulldozers, and snowplows, and cranes, and I don't know what all. I guess we could put on an automobile body, if she's willing to pay for it."

"I don't think there'll be any trouble about that. Suppose I put her on the line and let you talk to her. You know what you can do for her and what you'll charge her, and I don't."

"All right, put her on the line. What did you say her name was?"

"Mather—Miss Agatha Mather."

After a few moments a new voice came over the telephone: "Hello. Is this the sales manager?"

"Yes. Gilbert Henderson is the name. And you are Miss Mather?"

"Yes. And I hope, Mr. Henderson, that at last I am talking to somebody that has a little authority. I have been very much annoyed by these underlings who don't seem to know whether or not your company can furnish me with the type of machine I want."

"I'm very sorry, Miss Mather ——"

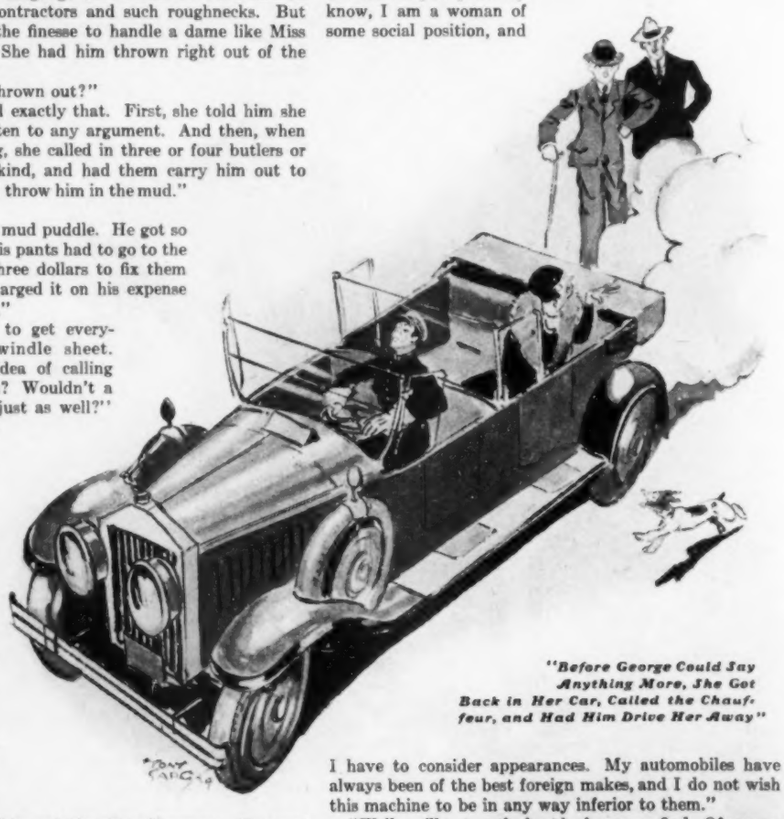
"Never mind the apologies, Mr. Henderson. Can you, or can you not, furnish me with a seven-passenger sedan Earthworm tractor?"

"We can."

"Splendid. That's the first sensible remark I've heard from any of you people. How soon can I have it?"

"It will probably take a month or two—depending on exactly what you have in mind. I suppose you want a body of fairly good quality, Miss Mather?"

"Certainly, Mr. Henderson. As you probably know, I am a woman of some social position, and I have to consider appearances. My automobiles have always been of the best foreign makes, and I do not wish this machine to be in any way inferior to them."



"Before George Could Say Anything More, She Got Back in Her Car, Called the Chauffeur, and Had Him Drive Her Away"

"Well, we'll put on the best body we can find. Of course, you understand that this will cost a good deal."

"How much?"

"Well, I'll have to quote you a fairly high price, Miss Mather, and if we find we can do it any cheaper, we'll give

you a rebate. For a really de luxe job, we'll have to charge about twenty thousand dollars, f. o. b. Earthworm City."

"That seems like a good deal."

"Take it or leave it, Miss Mather."

"All right, I'll take it. And I want it delivered by the end of October; before the roads get bad."

"That gives us two months; we'll have it for you in plenty of time."

"And you'll teach my chauffeur to drive it?"

"Certainly, Miss Mather. Are there any special features you want included in this machine?"

"I want all the usual accessories that are found in a high-grade automobile. You ought to know what that includes."

"All right, we'll see that you get all the usual trimmings."

"And I want it painted red—that is my color."

"Very good, Miss Mather. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have Mr. Kinsey there in New York write up an order containing the specifications for you to sign. And we'll have to have a deposit—say two thousand dollars."

"That will be quite all right."

"And now will you please tell them to put Mr. Kinsey back on the wire? And thank you for your order, Miss Mather."

"I should thank you, Mr. Henderson, for being so businesslike. After these other people, it is a great relief to talk to somebody who talks sense and doesn't try to argue. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Miss Mather."

After a short delay, Mr. Kinsey, the New York manager, was back on the line. "Hello, Henderson," he said. "What's the verdict?"

"We're going to make her little sedan for her. Write up an order and have her sign it. Got a pencil and paper?"

"Yes."

"All right. Take this down. Regular Earthworm tractor chassis. Seven passenger sedan body. Color, red. All usual accessories. Delivery by end of October. Price, twenty thousand."

"Good Lord, that's a lot of kale."

"I made it high on purpose, Kinsey. And we want a two-thousand-dollar deposit with the order."

"Very good, Henderson."

"Send the order and the check out here right away. And keep George Sherwood out of this deal from now on."

"Right."

"Anything else?"

"No, I guess not, Henderson."

"Well, good-by, Kinsey."

"Good-by."

Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver. Two days later the signed order and the check arrived by mail. Mr. Henderson sent for Joe Mullin, one of the young service mechanics.

"Joe," he said, "I have a job for you."

"All right," said Joe.

"Read that," said Mr. Henderson. He handed over Miss Mather's signed order for a seven-passenger Earthworm tractor, with specifications substantially as she had discussed them by telephone two days before. "I want you to build that machine," said Mr. Henderson. "I'm giving you the job because you're a good mechanic and because you seem to do your work quietly and without bothering me with a lot of fool questions."

"All right," said Joe.

"I'm going to be pretty busy the next couple of months, and I want you to take entire charge of this business. Here is an order on the production department for a tractor chassis—any model you decide on. Here is an order on Gus Liebe in the final-repair department to give you space in his shop to assemble this thing, and whatever mechanics you need to help you. I want an account kept of the cost. Put in your own time and expenses, the time of your helpers, tractor chassis and supplies from the factory at full list price, and whatever you buy outside at cost. Send bills to the company cashier. And keep the total under twenty thousand. Understand?"

"Yes."

"This is for a wealthy old lady. She wants it for her own personal use—getting in and out of an inaccessible country place. It has to be luxurious. You better go up to Chicago and look over all the swell foreign cars; then find a body company that will make something just as good. And be sure everything is finished so we can make delivery in Connecticut before the end of October."

"Yes, Mr. Henderson."

"Is everything clear to you?"

"I think so. And thanks a lot for the job. With all that money I ought to be able to turn out something that will just about knock the old lady's eye out."

"Well, have a good time. And get it done as soon as you can."

Joe departed. And that was the last Mr. Henderson saw of him for some time. It was almost a month later when he came walking proudly into the office.

"She's finished," he said. "We're shipping her to Connecticut this afternoon. It took only one month."

"Fine," said Mr. Henderson. "How much did it cost?"

Joe laid a sheaf of papers on the desk. "There are the accounts," he said. "I put in the tractor chassis at six thousand. The body cost a little over seven thousand, including freight from Chicago. Labor, supplies, accessories and other expenses bring it up to exactly sixteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine dollars and twenty-one cents."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Henderson. "General overhead, plus a reasonable profit, will bring it up to the full twenty thousand. It's lucky I guessed high on the price. You sure spent a lot of money, Joe."

"Wait till you see the machine, Mr. Henderson. Don't you want to come out and take a ride before we ship her out?"

"Sure I do, Joe." Mr. Henderson got his hat and followed Joe out of the office. "Wait a minute," he said. "I want the president to see this too." He stepped into the front office and a moment later came out with the president of the company.

The three men walked out of the office building, through the machine shop, down the long assembly line and past the paint shop. At the far end of the factory was a small building with a sign over the door: Final Repair.

Joe led his two companions into this building.

"Holy Moses!" said Mr. Henderson.

The president said nothing, but he raised his eyebrows in surprise. And well he might. He and Mr. Henderson had been in the tractor business a long time, but neither of them had ever seen anything like the sight that now burst upon their eyes.

In the center of the floor stood Miss Mather's tractor. It looked like a big automobile, except that instead of wheels it had long snakelike steel tracks.

The whole machine was incredibly long, and it was gracefully stream-lined. It was painted a rich cardinal red, and in the dim light of the building it glowed with beauty and warmth. The headlights, parking lights, spotlight, radiator, bumpers and other fittings gleamed with a silvery whiteness.

"They're not silver," explained Joe. "They're chromium plate, which is much better. Have you noticed the length of the chassis?"

"Yes," said Mr. Henderson.

"The stock models weren't long enough for the body. So I used this. It is a gun mount that the experimental department made for the Army. Then the Army decided not to take it, and they let me have it. If you want to get in, I'll take you for a ride."

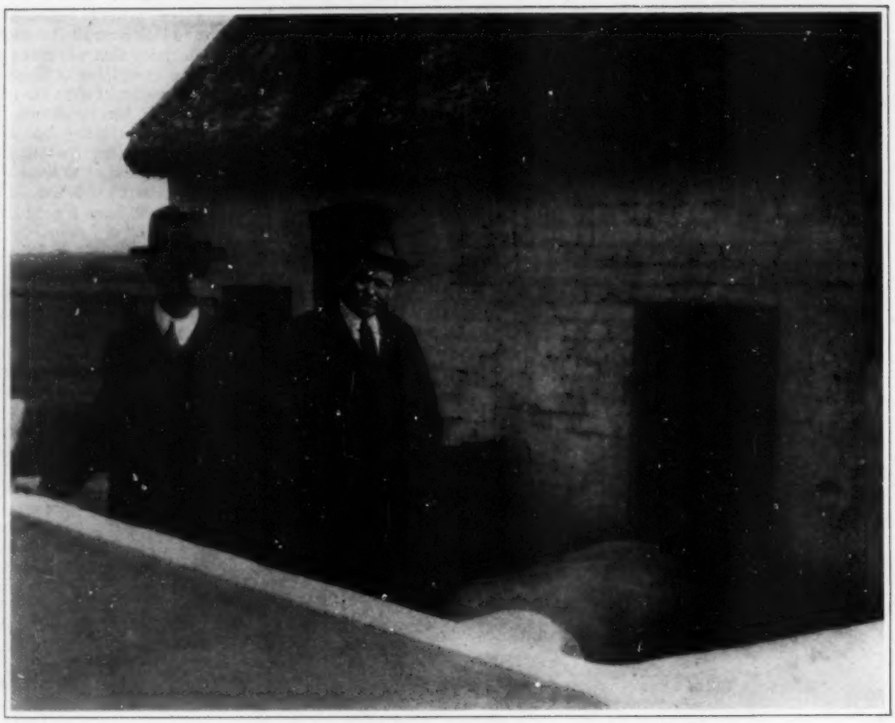
Joe opened one of the doors, and Mr. Henderson and the president climbed in and sank down into the rich cushions of the rear seat. With awed astonishment they examined the fittings—a folding table, adjustable reading lamps, electric cigarette lighters and ash trays, a disappearing vanity box with mirror. Mr. Henderson opened a little door under the seat and discovered a tray of ice cubes and a number of bottles.

(Continued on Page 157)

The European Education of Senator Brookhart—By Alfred Pearce Dennis

SENATOR Smith Wildman Brookhart, of Iowa, was born in a Missouri log cabin, knew the vicissitudes of life as a dirt-farmer boy and, having migrated to Iowa, practiced law for thirty years in Washington, a town of less than five thousand inhabitants. Some chronicler will find strong meat in the story of Mr. Brookhart's translation from Washington, Iowa, to Washington, District of Columbia. But that is not my job. I can only contribute from first-hand experience, and my experience has to do with Mr. Brookhart in full bloom rather than in the bud.

As everybody knows, Mr. Brookhart began his political career as a petty henchman of Senator Cummings. He later differed with Cummings on railroad policies. But as Senator Cummings hardened into a conservative, Mr. Brookhart, the cowhide radical, broke with him and finally defeated him. Cummings had the satisfaction of denouncing Brookhart as an economic illiterate, and Brookhart had the satisfaction of beating Cummings at the polls by 72,000 majority. Mr. Brookhart may thus be compared to a vigorous young plant which, thrusting its roots into the crevices of an ancient stone wall, overthrows it.



Senator Brookhart, at Right, With Mr. Dennis in a Danish Hog Pen

As a plain man of the people, it was not enough to be named Smith—Wildman had to be tacked on to it. As scions of the blood royal are expected to live up to their princely attributes, so Commoner Brookhart, the radical, has consistently lived up to the expectations implied in the baptismal name "Smith Wildman."

He got some education in the Iowa country schools. A distant cousin, John Grinstead, taught him that a man can learn more out of school than in school. Like college professors, Mr. Brookhart educates himself through the process of educating others. The education received from one's fellows is like the mysterious law of endosmosis and exosmosis in chemistry, by which two liquids separated from one another by a partition flow through the barrier and intermingle.

The World as a Radical Sees It

TO EDUCATE and to be educated—that is Mr. Brookhart's great purpose in life. He's skeptical about the old order. People must be educated out of their easy acceptances and compliances. The radical looks forward rather than backward. For him, this changing world is continually unfolding. For the radical, life is one perpetual offensive and defensive campaign against reactionaries and standpatters. Radicalism is only another name for the skepticism which is the precursor of all progress. Men who are perfectly content with the existing order never make any progress. A crab grows by bursting its hard shell and casting it off. Mr. Brookhart is goaded on in his educational mission just as was Ciriaco of Ancona in the days of the Italian revival of learning. "I go," cried he, "to awake the dead!"

Homer speaks of the sea as the estranging main. Crossing the sea is the best of educators. Early in the summer of 1923 Senator Brookhart journeyed to Europe "to exchange views with the leaders over there." In the free-for-all discussions which followed, both sides stood to profit. The great, intangible values of life are, of course, incapable of mathematical expression, but certain features of the Senator's European trip may be envisaged statistically.

Countries visited—fifteen.
Time occupied in traipsing over Europe—eight weeks.
Chancellors, ministers of state, men of commerce, statistical sharks, rifle shooters interviewed—some two hundred odd.

Senator Brookhart on a Rumanian Agricultural Experiment Farm. In the Background is a String of Rusting Hungarian Locomotives

Royal palaces, castles, picture galleries, cathedrals inspected—none.
Dance halls, cabarets, cafés, theaters, cinema houses frequented—none.
Baggage transported, trunks, suitcases, portmanteaus, steamer rugs—none. (The senator, as the saying goes, traveled light, with one small bag.)
Language employed by the senator in all foreign countries—American.
European *objets d'art*, bibelots, kinkajous purchased—none.
Printed information gathered—six or eight mail sacks.
Wines, beers, spirituous liquors, including absinth, cognac, vodka, consumed—not a chemical trace.
Illustrated postal cards sent back home—none.
Pictures of Westminster Abbey, The Lion of Lucerne, The Colosseum, The Brandenburger Thor, The Tomb of Napoleon purchased—none.

Traveling Light

MY KNOWLEDGE of these details is based on hard, vivid, first-hand experience. I had been serving in Europe for some five or six years as commercial attaché in such embassy posts as Rome and London, and later as an itinerant economic investigator for Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce. I happened to be at Vienna when instructed by cable to meet Senator Brookhart on his arrival at Cherbourg and assist him in working out plans for his European tour.

On arrival he was unattended by porters, unencumbered by heavy luggage, and as lightly equipped sartorially as if he were journeying from Bloomfield, Iowa, to attend a Grangers' picnic at the neighboring town of Keosauqua.

The senator was as light in his Baedeker preparation for Europe as he was in his baggage. He expected to find the summer climate of Northern Europe no different from that of Iowa. "Folks are just folks, anywhere you find them," he was wont to observe, and it was annoying to run across idiosyncrasies in dress, language, railroad transportation and monetary symbols. I see him holding in his pudgy palm a scrambled lot of paper marks, francs, kronen, lei or rubles, and inquiring incredulously, "What is this stuff worth in real money?"

It being summertime, the senator had left his overcoat done up in mothballs at home. He suffered from cold, and things grew worse as we crossed the Channel to England, worked north into Scotland, and later crossed the North Sea into the Scandinavian countries. In chilly Edinburgh I lent him my overcoat. He wore it for five weeks straight, until one sunny morning, walking along the Calea Victorei, Bukharest, Rumania, he handed it back to me with the remark, "Now we are getting back to a decent summer climate like we have at home, I guess I can make out without an overcoat."

In later years the senator disappointed me by voting against the elastic provisions of the tariff, but elasticity does have its advantages in the case of overcoats. The senator's breadth of shoulder and girth surpassed my own by at least ten inches and his weight mine by some sixty pounds, but the coat, made on the accordion-pleated plan, possessed elastic properties which served fully to encompass the senatorial figure. But the overcoat, like the flexible tariff, could be successfully worked for increases and not for decreases. In point of readaptation of the coat to the figure of the owner, it was a case of a big shuck to a mighty small ear of corn.

We spent the first evening in Paris in a hotel room listening to the senator's exposition of the Rochdale coöperative experiment. In early life Mr. Brookhart had "read up" on the Rochdale coöperative movement. The system was worked out a century ago by the weavers of Rochdale, England, and represents an attempt, through coöperative buying and selling, to eliminate the middleman in merchandising transactions.

The next morning, while waiting in the anteroom of the American Embassy to be received by Mr. Herrick, I ran across an old friend, Mr. Alba Johnson, former president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. Learning why I had come to Paris, Mr. Johnson expressed a desire to meet "that wild man," as he called Senator Brookhart. He seemed to regard Mr. Brookhart as some sort of anthropological curio, such as a leaf wearer of Orissa or a pygmy from the forests of the Belgian Congo. Making known to Mr. Brookhart that Mr. Johnson would be pleased to make his acquaintance, the senator gracefully acceded:

"Well, I won't refuse to shake hands with any American in a foreign country, I don't care who he is."

The greetings as between countrymen were as follows:

Mr. Johnson: "So you're Senator Brookhart, of Iowa?"

The senator: "And ain't you the Mr. Johnson who's been connected with the Association of Railroad Manufacturers?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Johnson, drawing himself up proudly, glad to be identified as a man of affairs, "I've long been an officer in the association."

"Well, Mr. Johnson," pursued the senator, "all I can say is that you're an officer in one of the most iniquitous, nee-far-ious outfits in the entire country. You take excess profits from the railroads in furnishing their supplies and they take it from the farmers in excess rates."

That terminated the interview.

It was unfortunate that the blameless Mr. Johnson had been identified with one of the senator's taboos. From the beginning of his political career the senator had jousted freely with the railroads. According to him the railroads had been no friend to his friends—the farmers and other toilers. The senator's mind, particularly in his earlier days, was a good deal like that of the primitive man, tattooed over with monstrous images. Typical monstrous images tattooed on the senator's mind are Wall Street, the railroads, high society, combinations, international bankers, and the nearer you get to them the worse they seem.

If the primitive man is affrighted by his taboos he is comforted by faith in his fetishes. The senator's pet fetishes are agricultural coöperation, the Volstead Act, the Rochdale experiment, the export debenture, more pay for the poor out of the pockets of the rich, the magic power of government to transmute leaden instincts into golden conduct. He is always for the unorganized man as against protected industry.

The senator was charmed with Ambassador Herrick, who had unconsciously prepared for this delightful rencounter by providentially writing a book on the coöperative movement some three or four years before.

An International Gathering of Dirt Farmers

A New Title

THAT evening we again sat in a hotel room and discussed the Rochdale coöperatives. Then came a round of official calls. It was a lean day that did not yield interviews with a dozen French functionaries. As a side diversion I arranged a call upon Monsieur Menier, the big chocolate manufacturer. A superserviceable lackey at the door demanded our cards.

"But I've never had any visiting cards printed," exclaimed the senator.

As a substitute he inscribed in pencil on a piece of paper, "Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, U. S. A." Now, the average Frenchman is an odd fish who quaintly writes roast beef "rosbif" and takes liberties even with the alphabet. Who but a Frenchman would convert the good old vowel *i* into *j* and then turn around and pronounce the *j* as if it were a *y*, and use *e* in the place of our *w*? Thus the impulsive Menier, advancing to meet his distinguished guest and reading from the improvised card,

SENATOR BROOKHART
OF
IOWA, U. S. A.

rolled out:

"*Enchanlé de vous voir, M'sieur le Senateur Brook-a-r-r-r-r de Yorah.*"

The senator, dumfounded at hearing his name rolled out like the roar of a machine gun, turned to me in an aside and inquired,

"What's he talking about Jehovah for?"

No wonder the senator couldn't get it out of his head that the French are a decadent people. One evening I got him to adjourn the discussion of the Rochdale experiment for a stroll on the grand boulevards, pleading the need of exercise, though goodness knows I needed no exercise at night after running around with him all day. Crowds of people were seated around little tables on the broad sidewalks of the Boulevard des Italiens. A happy, pleasure-loving throng, enjoying the soft June evening, sipping bock, sirup, *apéritifs*, puffing cigarettes, gossiping, ogling the passers-by.

"These people are bound straight for perdition," commented the senator judicially. "The drinking is even worse than I expected."

A delicious strain of music floated from a dancing pavilion.

"Let's go in and have some refreshment and watch the people dance," I suggested.

"No," replied the senator grimly, "I don't dance; I make other people dance."

The senator doesn't drink, dance, smoke, play cards, cuss, tell shady stories. Mr. Brookhart in five days had exhausted Paris and had exhausted me. I had expected to return to Vienna after heading the senator for England. But this was not to be. He had cabled Mr. Hoover that the success of his mission depended upon my continued attendance. My orders came to stand by the senator as long as needed. I had already come to admire and respect Mr. Brookhart and he interested me greatly as a human being filled with courage and devotion, and without a particle of pose or affectation. As Carlyle said of Sterling, "Despite many unsuitable wrappages of Church-of-Englandism and other, my heart loved the man."

Summer Styles of 1923 Representing Rumania, Paris and Iowa

The Senator Advises the Foreign Office

I HAD been hopping from one European country to another for the better part of six years, but could even the most efficient grasshopper be expected to keep pace with the Graf Zeppelin? Could any ordinary mortal stand the pace? Could tired nature hold out? Luckily I had friends among American officials in the European capitals. These kind people "spelled" me. I make particularly grateful recognition of the services of the following: Hugh Butler, American trade commissioner in London, Harry Sorensen, American trade commissioner at Copenhagen, Colonel Haskell, of the Hoover Relief Organization in Russia, Admiral Bristol, commander of our destroyer fleet in Turkish waters, Julian Gillespie, American commercial attaché at Constantinople, Margaret Goldsmith, American trade commissioner at Berlin, Leopold Kotnowski, secretary of the Polish-American Chamber of Commerce at Warsaw. Above all, Elizabeth Humes, now American trade commissioner at Rome. As translator, interpreter, liaison officer and sympathetic listener, Miss Humes' services were perfect beyond qualification or reservation. We cleaned up Paris in five days, but we left for England without seeing the Louvre, the Invalides, Notre Dame, the Arc de Triomphe, Montmartre, Versailles or Fontainebleau. Like the peasant hero of Gustave Nadaud's poem, "he never gazed on Carcassone."

We arrived in London on the evening of July third, and the next day called at the British Foreign Office for the purpose of "ascertaining what the British Government is going to do about Russia."

Ushered into the august presence of an undersecretary, ruddy of countenance, of the riding-to-hounds type as depicted in novels of British high life, the senator came directly to the point:

"Now, Mr. Secretary, what are you people going to do about Russia? Russia is up and coming, and it looks to me like we ought to recognize the Russian Government."

"But, senator, you must remember that the Soviet Government has confiscated millions of pounds sterling of British property, and until restitution is made, how can we be expected to treat them as if nothing of the kind had occurred? Furthermore, you must remember that the present

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THE BUILD-UP

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

HE HEARD old Tom Brook, his manager, talking to the newspaper boys in the next room. "Kerry is fit for the fight of his life," Tom was saying with practiced glibness. "He's never been in better condition or more confident. Just say for us that Kerry will win by a knock-out. We realize that the Russian is a great fighter, but Kerry will stop him."

Slouched in a training-camp morris chair, Kerry Sheridan noted the little silence that followed Tom's statement to the press. Three days earlier there would have been a few cynical chuckles and some joshing. But this was the morning of the big fight, the eve of what a thousand sports pages had called The Second Battle of the Century. Tonight, a crowd variously estimated at from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand would see Kerry Sheridan in the ring against Serge Kosloff, The Cossack Bone Crusher, or, less formally, The Big Sock From the Steppes.

The newspaper boys had been caught up in the general training-quarters tension; perhaps they were a bit awed by the imminence of this enormous thing they had helped to create.

"How many rounds will it go, Mr. Brook?"

"Kerry ought to knock him out before the seventh. I figure four or five."

"What about that injunction restraining Kerry from traveling to the city in a plane?"

"Harkness is going to withdraw it this morning as soon as court opens. Kerry will take off in the ship right after lunch. The boys are weighing in at 4:30."

"Will Kerry's fiancée listen-in from Denver?"

"Sure. That little girl is the greatest fight fan in the country. She would of flew over to be at the ringside, but couldn't on account of her—uh—mother's being sick."

Behind the door, Kerry Sheridan scowled. There was a letter in his sweater pocket postmarked Denver. A letter saying, in part, "I won't marry you as long as you're a prize fighter. I'm ashamed of you every time you fight. It's a dirty business."

Ruthie, out in Denver, wouldn't be listening in tonight. But Kerry Sheridan made no effort to correct the statement Manager Brook was giving the newspapers. It was his private opinion that the newspapers never got anything right anyway.

In the next room, Tom Brook was saying: "Let's go over to the cabin, boys. I got something that'll take our minds off the fight."

Feet shuffled across the mattinged floor and a door slammed.

The boxer stood up, stretching. A description of Kerry Sheridan, standing there, seems almost superfluous. His portrait was on every sports page in the United States that morning.

Smith of the Associated Press had written: "Kerry seems in the pink of condition. By temperament easy-going, he has worked himself to a tigerish fighting edge reminiscent of the old Dempsey." In the opinion of another sporting editor: "From the manner in which Kerry has been slamming his sparring partners around, he means to finish the Cossack quickly. He reminds me of Tunney before the Philadelphia fight."

Other experts, while conceding the Russian an outside chance, reminded their readers that a man-killer in ugly mood was raging for blood. A writer for one of the papers remarked: "There is concentrated ferocity in Kerry's scowl. He is using a vicious one-two that winds up in a crushing left hook to the jaw." And another authority in the sporting world summed it up: "I think this fight will be like the Dempsey-Willard go at Toledo. In Kerry Sheridan we have a whirlwind loaded with dynamite. How long it will last depends on the Russian's ability to take punishment."

"You'll Never be Able to Give Him What He Deserves. He'll Make it His Business to See You First"

Irritably, Kerry Sheridan kicked at the pile of newspapers on the floor. They contained portions of the forty thousand words a day which had issued forth from his training camp for the past month. He might have reflected that his features were as well known as President Hoover's or Lindbergh's; that twenty million Americans were acquainted with intimate details such as the state of his digestive and respiratory organs; the measurements of his chest, biceps, ankles, waist and neck; his muscular reactions and mental processes. He had shadow-boxed across the talking screen for fight fans of three continents; his voice on the radio had been heard even by members of the Byrd expedition in the antarctic while he exhorted the Boy Scouts of America on the subject of clean sportsmanship.

But he had come to dismiss this world-wide hullabaloo with one bitter word, "Bunk!" He said it now, and strode over to a window.

There, staring grumpily at the mountain lake and its fringe of pine trees, he thought about this little girl in Denver.

It was all the fault of the newspaper boys. They put pieces in the paper calling him a man-killer and predicting what he would do to this Kosloff ham. Of course that got Ruthie down on him. No wonder she kept hollering for him to quit the fight game.

Could he help it if Rip Harkness insisted on matching him with a big hunk of cheese like Kosloff? The Cossack Bone Crusher, The Big Sock From the Steppes. What a laugh! Kosloff wasn't even a good pork-and-beaner.

He and Rip had argued about it a long time. But Rip had discovered Kosloff, and Rip said he would draw better than any American. Rip had talked him down by saying: "They want a big colorful bum that can take it and has a chance of knocking your block off with a wild swing in the first round. Kosloff's the boy."

Ruthie just didn't know this fight racket. If Ruthie would go to a fight once, she'd find out that this whoopla in the papers about man-killing and bone-crushing was mostly due to the way newspaper boys wrote when they got excited. Still he wished Rip Harkness ——

There was a rap on the door. He grunted a welcome. Denny Crosland came in rather stealthily and locked the door behind him.

"'Lo, Denny. What's up?"

"Plenty. Sit down and I'll spill it."

Denny Crosland, a red-faced tiptoeing individual who always smelled of bad perfume and good whisky, lifted a leg across the corner of the table as Sheridan slouched into the morris chair.

"Rip ain't gonna get the gate he figured on," said Crosland abruptly. "He's at least five hundred grand shy."

The fighter stared at him. "How'd that happen?"

"The twenty-buck seats ain't selling and the fifteen and ten ain't much better. They was a howl in the papers this morning about nobody bein' able to see the scrap beyond the twenty-five-buck sections, and the safety commissioner made a squawk about overcrowding and exits."

Sheridan shrugged.

"Why tell me about it? I warned Rip that they wouldn't turn out for the Kosloff ham. It's Rip's funeral, ain't it?"

Crosland, whose connections with Rip Harkness were so vague that Rip could promptly disavow any statements made by his mouthpiece, coughed embarrassedly.

"Rip's had a lota tough breaks, Kerry. That strike at the arena cost him plenty, and you oughta know how much he's sunk in publicity. The radio ballyhoo alone cost him ——"

"Sa-ay, if Rip thinks I'm gonna come down on my cut he's crazy. You tell him so for me, will ya?"

The other shook his head.

"Nothing like 'at, Kerry. Nothing like 'at. Rip ain't no welsher. You'll get your four hundred and fifty grand—that is, if Rip's got it."

"Rip had better have it. See?"

A shrug. "Don't get sore. I just want you to know what Rip's up against. Them newspapers didn't give him no break at all. Nearly every expert picked you to win. The fans think Kosloff is just a set-up."

"He is, ain't he? Didn't I tell Rip so? The fans is suckers, but even suckers know when they're getting too much."

Crosland grinned derisively. "Fight fans can't get too much if it's fed to 'em right," he said. "Look at the two million, six hundred grand the boys took 'em for at Chicago. You can't blame the fans. Rip just didn't have the right build-up this time."

Sheridan stood up, eying Crosland steadily. "Just what are you trying to get at, Denny?"

A pause. Then: "Well, it's like this: Supposing—just supposing, of course—the Russian should happen to outpoint you tonight. The next time you fought ——"

"That's enough! I get you! Rip wants me to lay down, doesn't he?"

Crosland backed hastily toward the door.

"What put that into your head, Kerry? What put that into your head? Rip wanting you to lay down—haw-haw-haw! That's good!"

The fighter grabbed him and shook him hard. "Come clean! Did Rip send you here?"

"Kerry, I swear. Rip didn't know a thing ——"

"I oughta sock you!"

There was a pounding on the door. Crosland jerked away and unlatched it frantically. Tom Brook came into the room.

"Hey, Kerry, your hand! My gosh, Kerry! What's going on here?"

"Aw, this little rat is asking me to throw the fight. Rip sent him."

"Rip never sent me neither. Rip didn't know a thing about it. Kerry's just on edge over the scrap. He's imagining things out of his own head."

Manager Brook gave Crosland a shove through the door, saying, "Beat it, Denny. You oughta have better sense than talkin' like that. If I thought you really meant it, I'd crown you. Get outa here!"

The boxer watched them with narrowed eyes. He had noticed, with a stab of suspicion, that Tom Brook hadn't seemed greatly surprised to find Crosland in the room. And although his voice sounded righteously indignant now, he wasn't giving Denny any bum's rush. Was Tom in on this? Had Tom known that Denny was going to proposition him? Was that why he steered the newspaper boys away? Tom—his own manager?

Tom returned, smiling in unconcerned affability.

"Don't pay no attention to Denny," he said; "he's had too much licker."

Sheridan frowned. "Has Rip said anything to you about a fix?"

Manager Brook laughed loudly. "Sa-ay, your nerves are shot, Kerry! What's the matter, boy? Ain't scairt of the Russian, are you?"

It sounded all right. Maybe his nerves were on the blink. He always got that way just before fights. He and Tom had been together for three years. Tom was a funny little baldheaded, wrinkle-faced guy. He'd always liked Tom.

"Denny wasn't talking hot air," he growled, a little ashamed of himself for suspecting Tom. "Rip has got himself in a jam and wants me to help him out."

"Rip knows you better'n that. Forget it. We'll go for a walk. Hunh?"

He nodded glumly and followed Tom outside. The sound of typewriters clicking, mingled with the duller staccato of telegraph keys, came from the press quarters near by. On the shore of the lake a group of news cameramen were setting up to catch the take-off of the seaplane which rode at anchor on the placid green water. Two radio announcers were crossing a path in front of him and Tom. They waved and he waved in response.

"Why does Harkness want me to go down to town in a plane?"

"It's the follow-up of that injunction gag. Rip figures it's good psychology. The fact that you insist on flying in spite of Rip's injunction will prove to the fans that Rip can't handle you."

But he was thinking: "Maybe Rip figures I'll get air sick or something. Maybe that's the play."

Manager Brook nudged him as a tabloid photographer approached. The cameraman wanted a before-the-fight picture in case the boys at the weighing-in ceremony failed to get good shots. Kerry Sheridan tried hard to look cheerful.

He and Tom walked along the woodland path past the deserted training ring.

"How are the betting odds this morning?"

"You're a 2 to 1 favorite and they can't find any Kosloff money. It'll be 4 to 1 before night."

That was a good sign. If the bookies had even thought of a fix, it would show in the odds. Still, he couldn't forget what Denny Crosland had said. Rip Harkness was a hard guy. If Rip was actually in the red for the fight, he wouldn't take it lying down.

"We better not go any further this way," said Tom, out of a silence. "You might twist an ankle on these rocks."

He made no comment, but turned obediently up another path. Following Tom's fat, stubby figure, it occurred to him how entirely in Tom's power he would be tonight. Tom and Steve Grace were to be his seconds. In the excitement and stress of the fight he would have to depend on Tom and on Steve too. He hadn't thought much about that before. He had just taken it for granted.

"Listen, Tom," he said. "You gonna watch 'em tape his hands?"

"Why, sure. I always do," Tom replied, turning in surprise. "What's eating on you, Kerry? You got heebie-jeebies all of a sudden?"

He felt sheepish, but his doubts would not subside. A few steps farther along, he said: "What about these new ropes and the red floor that Rip's using?"

"The ropes'll keep you from burning your hide and the floor will cut down the glare. Quit worrying, will you?"

"Well, listen, Tom. Do me a favor, will ya? Watch the water and the sponge yourself tonight. Will ya?"

Manager Brook stopped in his tracks.

"You ain't distrustful of Steve, are you?"

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"How are the Betting Odds This Morning?" "You're a 2 to 1 Favorite and They Can't Find Any Kosloff Money. It'll be 4 to 1 Before Night"

AN EVENING AT LEON'S

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

SMILING Joe Jerwin lifted his glass, through which the light shone in such a way as to cast a blood-red stain on his hand. "Here's success to crime," he said gayly, demonstrating the aptitude of his sobriquet with a brief but winsome flash of gold and ivory.

We were dining at Leon's. I regret that an implied confidence prevents me from divulging Leon's real name or the exact locality of his establishment. Suffice it to say that it is a resort much frequented by very well-known people—well known to Leon, at least. I had been introduced and vouched for as a person of discretion and conduct by Mr. Jerwin himself, whom I had accidentally met before I had been in the city quite twenty-four hours. He had welcomed me after my years of absence with a cordial warmth that made it impossible to resist his invitation. Besides, I was curious about Joe, having seen his name in the public prints quite frequently. He was very well known indeed—not only to Leon.

"Crime seems to be succeeding fairly well," I remarked after I had courteously, but against my better nature, indorsed the reprehensible sentiment of Joe's toast. "Here's Leon, for instance."

That scoundrel, dark, slender and serious, had glided smoothly to our table, solicitous of our welfare. His arched eyebrows crescented a degree or two at my reference to him. Those eyebrows of his were remarkably expressive. He now turned his head and used them to arrest our passing waiter, bringing him to sweep an anxious glance over silver, glass and accessories, to realize with terror that he had omitted the basket of bread as a necessary complement of the hors d'œuvres. The unfortunate man sped away and almost instantly returned with the bread and agitated murmurs of apology, to which Leon responded with another elevation of his expressive eyebrows that suavely conveyed to the offender dire threats of penalties to come. This occurred so quickly that there seemed hardly a pause before I explained myself.

"You are prospering, aren't you, Leon? Coining money, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Ah, if you knew!" he replied, with a Gallic shrug. "No, I am not coining money; that would be a crime. No, gentleman, I am not prospering much. Too many hands out, *comme ça.*" He moved quickly to waggle an upturned palm behind him. "Or if not so, then on the collar of your coat." He dropped the subject and showed Joe a menu card, pointing to various items thereon and murmuring information that had not the remotest connection with anything to eat or drink, so far as I could make out. Joe listened, his blue eyes twinkling and apparently following the indicating finger. As he replied, also in a low voice and tapping the card here and there, I could hear what he said:

"Yeah? I was looking for that and I'm all set for it. Funny, though, that I happened to come here tonight. Fate! Well, there's one pigeon that's a little late spreading his pretty wings to flutter from this hamlet—unless somebody has wised him—and that would be just too bad for somebody. Foxy lad! He knew we were leery of him, but he thought we'd never dream that he had a wife in Detroit who could act as his go-between to make the dicker. But we happened to be hep, and we knew when he wired for her and the train she came in on and where she went to lie doggo until the deal was through. The rat! Of course, he'd have had to take the rap, but I'd have sprung him inside of a year. Immunity and steamer tickets, eh? He'll take a long, long trip, all right. Thanks a lot, Leon. I'll call on his widow tomorrow."

He chuckled, and the good-natured wrinkles radiating from the corners of his eyes deepened. He returned the card with a nod, and Leon glided away.

"That was a merry jest," I remarked. "Reminiscent, though. I seem to recall the ancient and honorable story of a delegation of Irishmen who had to break the news of her bereavement to Mrs. Sullivan. 'Does the Widow Sullivan live here?' says the tactful spokesman when the poor woman came to the door. Something like that. Remember?"

"I was thinking of that one when I made the crack," Joe acknowledged. "Certainly it was a delicate and gentle intimation of Mr. Sullivan's untimely end. Yes, I thought of that one. . . . Try those anchovies. I have a weakness for hors d'œuvres and you can depend on Leon's Médoc. It took me a long time to get used to drinking wine, but, believe it or not, I'm practically off whisky and beer."

I Saw Him Bow to the Lady, Who Seemed to be Doing Her Best to be Enchanting, and Succeeding Fairly Well

Joe broke off to wave his hand to an old-young man with a bulldog face who had bowed to him and grinned almost amiably from a not distant table. A stunted figure this, in a dinner coat—one of the two or three inky blots in the thronged room. His companion was a handsome woman, apparently in the thirties, who wore her abundant black hair parted in the middle and drawn in severely straight bands behind her ears, ending in a knot, anno 1860. Her pendent earrings were of the same period, but the classic regularity of her features and the perfect oval of her face made her coiffure seem an ageless perfection, and her costume, daring to the point of rashness, was modern as need be. At a word from Bulldog, she seemed startled for an instant, and then turned liquid black eyes upon Joe, considering him thoughtfully, one would have said. Then, and quite casually, she gave me a glance. I was piqued. In my present company, I thought, I deserved more attention. I might have been the most interesting kind of racketeer or gunman, apart from my intrinsic attractiveness.

"Who's your puggy friend?" I asked.

"Daw," Joe replied, and, as he saw that the name meant nothing to me, he added: "Assistant district attorney."

"Here?"

"Why not? Unofficially, of course. No reason why a man should be denied a little relaxation from the cares of office, is there? And how could he fight crime efficiently if he didn't mix with us criminals and get a line on us? I ask you. It's *sub rosa* here—a gorgeous full-bloom rose hanging right over our heads—and he knows it and we know it. We're out of the trenches, fraternizing. Guns checked at the door; and talking of guns ——"

"Efficient, is he?" I interrupted.

"Either that or blind, deaf and dumb. As the case may be. He's like the rest of us—has his weaknesses. You might think that one of 'em is with him now, but not so. He's not thinking of that fair dame's personal attractions; he's transacting official business with her. His great failing is his yen for jack and more jack and more jack still, and that's going to upset him one of these fine, breezy days; but it takes power to get it. Power comes first.

"Ah, if You Knew!" He Replied, With a Gallic Shrug. "No, Gentleman, I Am Not Prospering Much"

He's cold-blooded as a snake, vicious as a hyena, cunning as a dog fox, bloodthirsty as a weasel and crooked as a corkscrew. A rising young man, if he doesn't stub his toe—which he will."

Joe smiled and responded to the waved greeting of an important-looking citizen who had just entered with a friend. As Leon seated them the friend turned to look at Joe with some particularity. Everybody seemed to be interested in Joe. I was beginning to realize that my old-time acquaintance had ascended in the social scale at a remarkable rate of speed during my years of absence from the dirty old town I once knew so well. Yes, I knew the town and Joe when.

Now Erven was bowing to him—Erven, the son. I had seen him in the bank the day before, and for a moment I had thought it was the old man himself, so exact was the family resemblance. But at least ten years ago I had read in the Paris Herald of the death of Jared Erven at the advanced age of seventy-eight. He would now be safely deposited in the vault at Woodlawn, but his millions had gone rolling on, accreting steadily under his son's guidance.

"A fine dried chip of the old block, no doubt."

"Chip is right," said Joe. "Dry is right too. I guess he comes in here to make sure that none of his employes are patronizing the place. Yes, and he's extra dry as far as any milk of human kindness is concerned. No heart!" Joe shook his head gravely and speared a piece of orange to attach to a morsel of duckling. He was eating with much gusto. "How does a man get along without a heart, will you tell me—with no heart and no bowels of compassion, even for the widow and the fatherless?"

"You were talking about a widow a moment ago," I observed. I had been feeling vaguely uneasy about that widow. It was just a feeling; nothing more. Joe's radiant smile should have reassured me even if there had been anything definite to cause uneasiness.

Joe laid down knife and fork and pushed his chair back. "Excuse me for a moment," he said. "I almost forgot I had to call a man up on a little matter of business." He rose, and as he did so I noticed two hard-looking, pasty-faced young men at the small table against the opposite wall. At the moment that Joe moved his chair they moved theirs, and when he got up, one of the young men rose also, but immediately resumed his seat as Joe passed on with a nod that might or might not have had significance. At all events, the two followed the celebrity with their eyes as he entered the telephone booth beyond the uncurtained doorway, and in a moment or two one of them got up and, with elaborate carelessness, sauntered out of the room. I could see him standing in the hall, a short distance from the telephone booth. He had glanced down the staircase and now leaned against the balustrade, nonchalantly using a toothpick. His table companion eyed me furtively, and then his glance darted from place to place around the room, finally resting on the doorway.

I had seen that young man before. Where? His companion's face seemed familiar too. Then I remembered that they had got out of the taxi that drove up behind ours when Joe and I arrived at Leon's discriminatingly hospitable iron-barred door. They had been admitted without question, as Joe had been. H'm-m! But the widow business. Was it a joke? The recrudescence of a rather ghastly old gag? . . . "I'm Mrs. Sullivan." "Begging your pardon, ma'am, you're the Widow Sullivan. Mike went piecemeal to glory on a blast at the quarry ferninst, half an hour ago." . . . On a blast. Quite a little blasting of one sort or another going on in this town now. . . . Pineapples. . . . Leon had not been too audible when he imparted the information concerning—was the name Gooch? Yes, Gooch. Now who would Gooch be? The pigeon referred to? Stool pigeon?

Joe came from the booth beaming. "And that's that," he said, and spread his napkin over his plump knees. "Nothing on my mind now but the pie question." He signaled the hovering waiter and presently that question was satisfactorily settled for both of us. "I'm enjoying this to the limit," Joe told me. "It's good to be alive, ain't it? Good to be alive. A friend and a bottle to give him, as they used to say. I knew a man once who was the saddest human being you ever saw. He had plenty of money, a dandy home, the respect and esteem of the community, hosts of friends, a lovely wife who adored him, and four children who had all turned out well, but his doctor wouldn't allow him to eat pie. Well, there's been changes since Willie died. You haven't changed much, though, since that day in the Twenty-third Precinct Station when you got old Cap Wheeler to turn me loose."

"I doubt whether I should have done that," I said. "I suppose I thought there was a chance that you'd reform."

He laughed heartily—eyes, mouth, shoulders and paunch. "You don't think there's any change in me?"

I looked at him appraisingly. He was beautifully tailored, but unobtrusively so. In the days gone by his taste had run to loud checks and shirts with colorful stripes. He now wore no jewelry, beyond a slender watch chain of platinum and gold—he, Joe, who had so loved to decorate his person with glittering paste and yellow metal in bizarre forms. His long, flexible and well-manicured fingers, now drumming on the table before him, were innocent of rings; his hair was not so thick as it had once been, and the heavy mustache that had curled at the ends in convolvulus spirals, as I remembered it, was now trimmed to a neat stubble on his lip, and it was evident that expert tonsors and masseurs were grooming him. These things I frankly mentioned. I might have added that whereas his former bearing had been one of delectable impudence—a challenging brazenness—he now had in repose an air of calm, settled authority, even dignity. "Yes, you've changed—outwardly, at least," I concluded.

"A bit more surface polish, eh? . . . Better language, what?" His blue eyes twinkled at me. "Well, travel broadens a man, and I've traveled a lot since I last saw you. Back and forth across the Atlantic more times than I've got fingers and toes, and I've played the P. & O. boats. The Midway ain't the only place I've seen the streets of Cairo, and as for gay Paree, Homburg, Monte Carlo, Biarritz—wherever there's any circulation of sporting blood, why, I'm right at home there. You travel in the society of educated and refined suckers for a few years and you can't help rubbing off some of the sharp corners."

My subconscious mind was working on pigeons—fantails, pouters, tumblers, homers—and stools. As a boy I kept pigeons—interesting creatures, inhumanly faithful to their mates, billing and cooing, pairing once, as in the spring a livelier iris, and all that. What sort of an iris did pigeon Gooch sport? Where would he be nesting now?

I said, "I don't want to alarm you unnecessarily, Joe, but those two lads at the table opposite are giving you a whole lot of attention. I suppose you know they're tailing you."

"It's what I pay them for," said Joe, with his engaging smile. "There's another one outside with the driver in the taxi they came in. Little lambs, tagging along after me because they love me and because they know that some other people don't. Daw over there, for instance, would love to see me on the hot seat. He thinks he's fixing it for me right now." Joe chuckled. "One of the penalties of greatness." He laughed. "Cheese?"

"If I knew where this Gooch person was I think I'd tip him off," I thought. I said, "Roquefort and a demi-tasse."

"And cognac," added Joe, addressing Leon, who had come up to inquire if everything had been as it should be. He went away reassured. And presently Joe was dripping cognac on the sugar in his spoon and lighting it. The woman with the assistant district attorney seemed mightily interested in the process, even as she talked to her escort—with earnestness rather than vivacity, I thought. One could hardly have doubted that the conversation between these two was of more than ordinary moment, yet her liquid dark eyes wandered again and again from Daw's grotesquely animated face and emphatic gestures to the smiling Mr. Jerwin, now burning brandy for his coffee with the careful exactness of a chemist.

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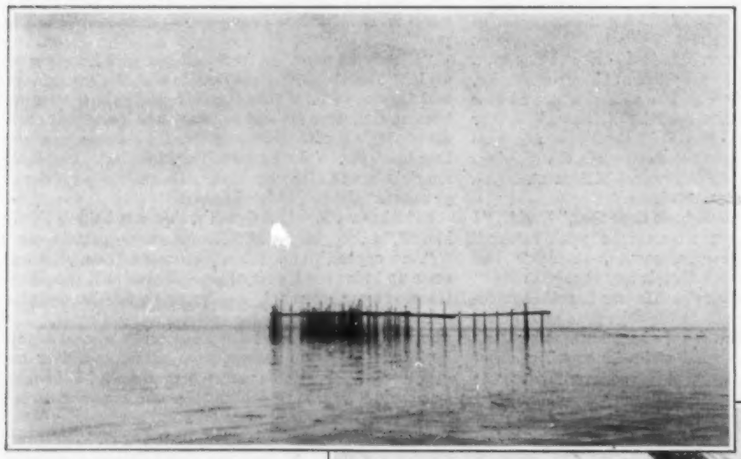
"A Bit More Surface Polish, Eh? . . . Better Language, What?" His Blue Eyes Twinkled at Me. "Well, Travel Broadens a Man"

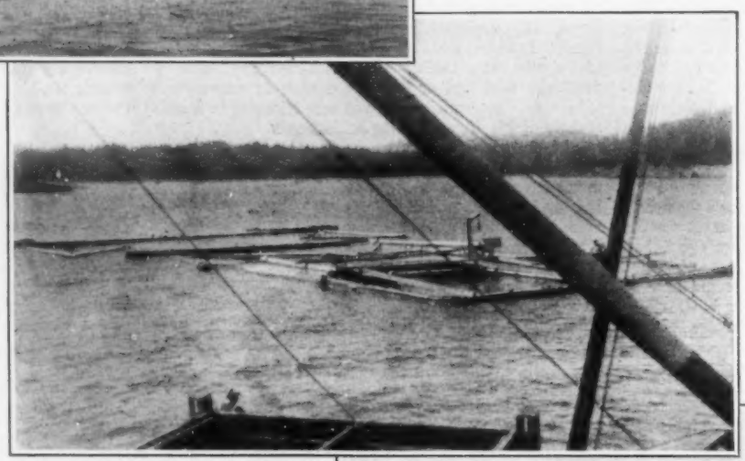
KIDDING OURSELVES ALONG

By Stewart Edward White

WE ARE the most ingenious people in the world when it comes to kidding ourselves along until it is almost too late to do anything about it. We are past masters at passing the buck. Undoubtedly, also, other people pass the buck, but they are not so expertly convincing about it. We are, as a race, extraordinarily reluctant to face the music, to admit that any condition of affairs is our fault. For instance, we can dig up, one after the other, reason after reason why ducks are scarce just for this year. The season is too wet, so the ducks have scattered; or too dry, so they have taken another line of flight; or too early, so they have gone right on through to Mexico; or some mysterious disease has made off with them; or any old reason except the possibility that killing three or four million of them each and every year in one state alone might have something to do with it. Confronted with such statistics in such fashion that we cannot dodge them, we blandly execute an about-face. Ducks are not scarce, we declare categorically. If they were scarce, it would not be possible to kill them at the rate of three or four million a year! Such an argument in a circle is highly ridiculous, of course; but we would rather be ridiculous than acknowledge that the situation is our doing, or do anything about it. I will say this: When things get desperate enough so that we can no longer kid ourselves along, and we are forced to do something about it, we are likely to do something quite thorough. But not until we have exhausted all the alibis.



A Salmon Pile Trap



A Floating Trap in Alaska

Alaska's Dependence on Salmon

FOR the past nine years, with the exception of 1925, I have cruised the waters of the Pacific Northwest. Afloat from four to five and a half months of each season, I have become not only familiar with most of the odd nooks and coves of British Columbia and Alaska, but have made there scores of acquaintances in all classes of life from the governor down to the one-man-power Siwash hand troller. It is a wonderful and lavish country, but one demanding of the sterner pioneer qualities that develop great individualism. That makes interesting people. It also makes for single-mindedness; a blindness to all but the chosen goal. And that, in turn, is a condition most favorable to the gentle art of kidding themselves along.

The greatest past and present resource of coastwise Alaska is the fisheries. They do a few other things, but as yet those things do not amount to very much, nor, with the exception of pulpwood, do they seem likely to become relatively very important. The merchants of the coast towns prosper or languish according to the season's run of salmon. The expansion in docks and floats, in canneries, in boats, ships, storage facilities, refrigerating plants, and the like, are directed toward taking and handling salmon, with a side effort at deflecting into Alaskan ports the halibut schooners, which now take their catches to Prince Rupert or Seattle. Whatever brave conversational gestures the booster may make toward this, that or the other possible source of prosperity, the fact remains that the one vital question you can ask, the question that will get you a heart-to-heart discussion, is: "How is the run this year?"

So, naturally, being what we are, we proceed to kid ourselves along. Why not? As one close enough to the drama to have been almost a part of it, I find it very easy to sympathize with the fierce, single-minded emotions of those next to its heart. For it is a drama—a tremendous drama—beginning in a slow pulse of elaborate preparation that quickens little by little to the crash of a great crescendo.

Without attempting a complete picture, let us sketch briefly a fishing season in the north.

All the long winter the cannery, with its many great buildings and its elaborate machinery and its lofts of gear, has slept in the remoteness of its snow and ice-bound inlet. The caretaker has occasionally shoveled the snow from the overburdened wharves and roofs, and has cooked his meals, and has listened to the boon of his radio. He is often the sole inhabitant of a miniature city, the building of which represents an elaboration of construction and expense and labor impossible to visualize unless one has visited one of these plants. The great buildings of the cannery proper have been placed on innumerable piles, all of which have had to be cut and transported and driven. The lumber of the buildings has been brought by ship from distant sawmills and erected by carpenters imported, probably, from Seattle, nearly a thousand miles away. Heavy and expensive machinery driven by a complete steam plant has been freighted in by water and installed by machinists, also imported for the purpose. Mechanical escalators for the conveyance of fish from boat or scow to the cannery floor, appropriate bins for sorting, long benches and tables for handling, dozens of gadgets that impress one anew with the ingenuity man learns from experience—huge steam cookers, labeling devices, complete box factories for the construction of packing cases from the raw materials, net lofts with all appliances for the making and mending of nets, oil docks with great tanks containing gasoline and Diesel oil for the seiners and tenders, "dolphins" and floats for the accommodation of boats, tall piles and stringers for the drying of nets, tarring vats, warehouses as big as a convention hall for the storage of the canned salmon awaiting shipments, a bewildering catalogue, besides, of various other things too numerous and too technical to be mentioned here—all these have been brought in by ships, and installed and tested and made ready. All this is before we have stepped ashore.

Gathering the Pot of a Floating Trap, in Preparation for Brailing

New Life in the Cannery Town

AND on shore is a well-appointed city in miniature. There is a big cookhouse and dining room, and dormitories, and row upon row of cottages, and a well-stocked store where the chance cruiser like myself can buy almost anything he wants, and a piped water system, and modern dwelling houses for the officers, and an electric-light plant, and a complete sending outfit of wireless, and showers, and probably a handball court and, perhaps, a lawn and garden or so for good measure. All this has been created against the side of a mountain, so steep that the streets are ordinarily of planks on piling, in some inlet remote by many, many miles not only from any civilization but even from any other human habitation. A fiat town, but admirably complete.

Early in the spring, as soon as the season breaks after the long, dark Alaskan winter, the caretaker's solitude is broken. A ship rounds the point and moors to the face of the pile dock. Disembark the manager and a crew of men. The cookhouse is put in commission and the dormitories are opened. From its hold the ship discharges an imposing cargo of supplies—foodstuffs, lumber and nails for boxes, cut tin for the manufacture of cans, bales of labels, stock for the store, roll upon roll of trap wire—all sorts of materials. The crew of men are mechanics of one sort or another. They at once set to work, and from that moment are continuously busy. The machinery must be overhauled, repaired and tested. The nets must be unpacked and tarred; the supplies

appropriately distributed and stored; the ravages of winter repaired. Everything must be prepared, shipshape and Bristol fashion, down to the last clinched nail, so that when the time comes nothing must be lacking. Tankers come in to replenish the oil dock.

And in the meantime, plowing their way north from distant Seattle, a whole fleet of tugs, fish carriers and cannery tenders is making its way across the Gulf, up Johnstone Strait, across stormy Queen Charlotte Sound, through the Inside Passage, dodging gales in Dixon Entrance. And before they could start, another army of men has fitted pistons and ground valves and calked and scraped and painted to put them in commission.

Their arrival begins another season of long, intensive preparation in the construction of the traps. The pile driver and its crew are towed to the various locations, where they are busy every reasonably calm day, pounding home in deep, rocky bottom the new one-hundred-foot piles in long rows and in the elaborate patterns of the spiller and the heart. And after they have completed their part, the riggers hang their net wire and their cord net—new every year, no matter what the condition of the piling—no small job in itself, involving sometimes deep-sea diving. Or, in some still cove, the floating traps, with their huge log partitions and their heavy binding chains and the ingenious intricacy of their mazes, are hewed from the primeval forest and fitted together, ready on the first appropriate calm spell to be towed at a snail's pace to their locations; there to be strung tight from their shore cables by enormous anchors so heavy that they can be handled only by a floating crane. These, too, must be hung after they are in place. After which is the detail of the trap watchers' boats and houses and supplies—a small detail, but one that must be attended to.

Getting Ready for the Run

WHILE all this is going on, hundreds of seine boats are going into commission. These are generally privately owned by the natives along the coast. They fish for the canneries by various arrangements, but ordinarily the cannery supplies them their nets and gear and gasoline. They must be rounded up and bargained with and outfitted. The cannery machinists are busy men, for the local custom is to get by all winter, if possible, in order to bring the full accumulation of engine trouble for free fixing at the cannery. Yes, the cannery does so without argument. It is going to need every keel when the time comes.

Any cannery manager could probably name a couple of thousand other matters besides the sequence I have so briefly sketched above. All the multitudinous detail settles on him, and he is the fellow who does the planning and arranging and worrying. Men are always at his elbow awaiting their turn for a word with him. Generally, the word means trouble. Things are not going as per plan; he must be prepared instantly to modify, and to modify effectively. Circumstances and some men are always finding themselves in need of more or different materials than the most careful foresight has provided; the manager must find more or find substitutes—and the supply market a thousand miles away. Human problems demand his patience; these workers of his are hat-tilted, two-fisted individualists "taking nothing from nobody and not much of that." They are wonders on the job, but they require handling sometimes. And over and above all this seething activity seems to hover Kooseyoonek, the grinning malicious little Indian god of frustration, who brings the spring gales at the most inopportune times, and hurts men beyond the skill of first aid, so that a precious tender must be spared to take them to the hospital at Wrangell or Juneau or Ketchikan, and generally sloshes about seeking to annoy.

As yet, mind you, the cannery is not officially running.

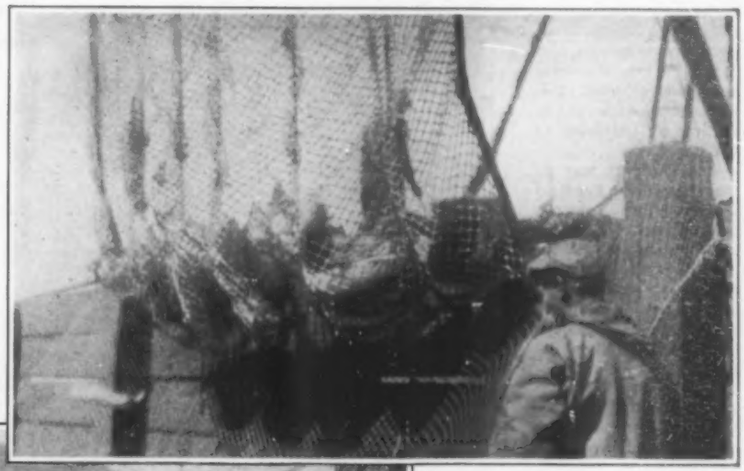
This sort of thing goes on for three or four months, at increasing speed. As the opening day of legal fishing approaches, that speed becomes frantic, for only rarely has the best foresight, experience and industry combined with lucky circumstance to bring all things to leisurely readiness. There are always a horde of last-minute matters to attend to. Something always happens. Nevertheless, it is even rarer that the last day dawns on things undone. The long months of preparation have culminated.

A last steamer draws up to the pile docks to discharge the cannery workers—Japanese, Filipinos, a few Chinese. The Indians have come in from the near-by villages. All the cottages and dormitories are occupied. The seine boats have gathered and are moored six deep to the floats. The trap watchers and their dories have been distributed by the tenders and are settled in their little sentry-box huts. The pile driver, its crew free, at least temporarily, for a game of cribbage or pinochle, nuzzles its mooring pile. Its job is done, but it must be kept available to repair damage from time to time. The fish scows, recalked and gay with new red paint, hang to the dolphins in clusters. The sturdy tenders, each with its lifting crew of huskies and its skipper and its cook, lie alongside the pile docks.

Whew! That is over!

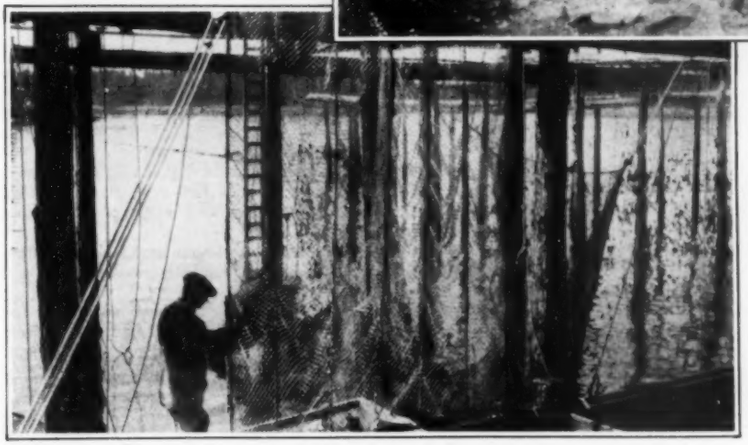
All these months of heavy toil and planning and hurry and nervous strain and worry have culminated in a spick-and-span and beautiful readiness. To reimburse it, this particular cannery manager figures he must put up, say, eighty thousand cases of canned salmon. That is a good many, but he has the men and the facilities to do it. But he must do so in a few precious weeks.

The fleet sets out. The cannery workers loaf, or read, or sleep, or play handball, or toss a baseball. Theirs is a waiting job now. They will be busy when the fish come in. No matter what time of the day or night, when the laden scows sidle to the chutes, they must pour forth to the job. Then, for as many hours as are necessary, they occupy each his appointed place, working at top speed until the last fish is in the can. At the sound of the whistle the place leaps into intense life. Men wielding pues—a sort of straight, barbless gaff—toss the fish from the scows to the chute which carries them up to the sorting floor in an unending silvery stream. Thence they move without intermission through the various hands and machines that clean them and cut them and weigh them and most ingeniously tuck them into their receptacles and vacuum-pack them and stack them in the cookers. It is astonishing how fast they drop into the racks—rattle, rattle, rattle; almost like rapid fire—and the long line of workers doing deftly each his bit, intent lest he make a false move and so hold up the whole process. For a mistake involving an instant's delay means so many less cans a minute. There is an atmosphere of concentration, of excitement held in effective leash. When the last can has plunked into the rack, everybody leans back with a sigh. Remains now only the extensive washing down and scrubbing that make of the modern well-run cannery a model of sweetness and cleanliness. The tired workers go back to their rest and their play.



Brailing. As Many as 20,000 Salmon are Sometimes Taken From a Trap at One Haul

The Pot Before Brailing. A Small Catch



Mending a Trap Web at Low Tide

An Anxious Time

BUT sometimes the tenders return from their first rounds of the season with few fish or with none at all. The seiners, cruising widely and hopefully in search of the telltale jumpings that mark a school, do not come in. The canning crew loafs in an increasingly distasteful idleness that rapidly focuses into a nervous and irritable tension. For while their wages go on just the same, it is a fact that a good crew becomes very partisan for a successful season, and would rather work than idle. The run, for some reason or another, is late this year, and the days of the short season are slipping by with dismaying rapidity. Three weeks only remain, and there are not yet enough fish in the boxes to cover the floor.

This is the nervous time for the manager. There is nothing he can do, nothing for him to do. He has done it all in the long feverish months of preparation. Remains only for him to figure, and to figure over again; revising both his hopes and his calculations to fit the diminishing days. A week ago he had ample elbowroom in time, all sorts of leisure to fill out his coveted quota. Now he is pressed. If the fish come in, it can still be done, but it will mean top-speed work and long hours and great devotion on the part

(Continued on Page 166)

THE DEATH APPLE

By Ben Ames Williams

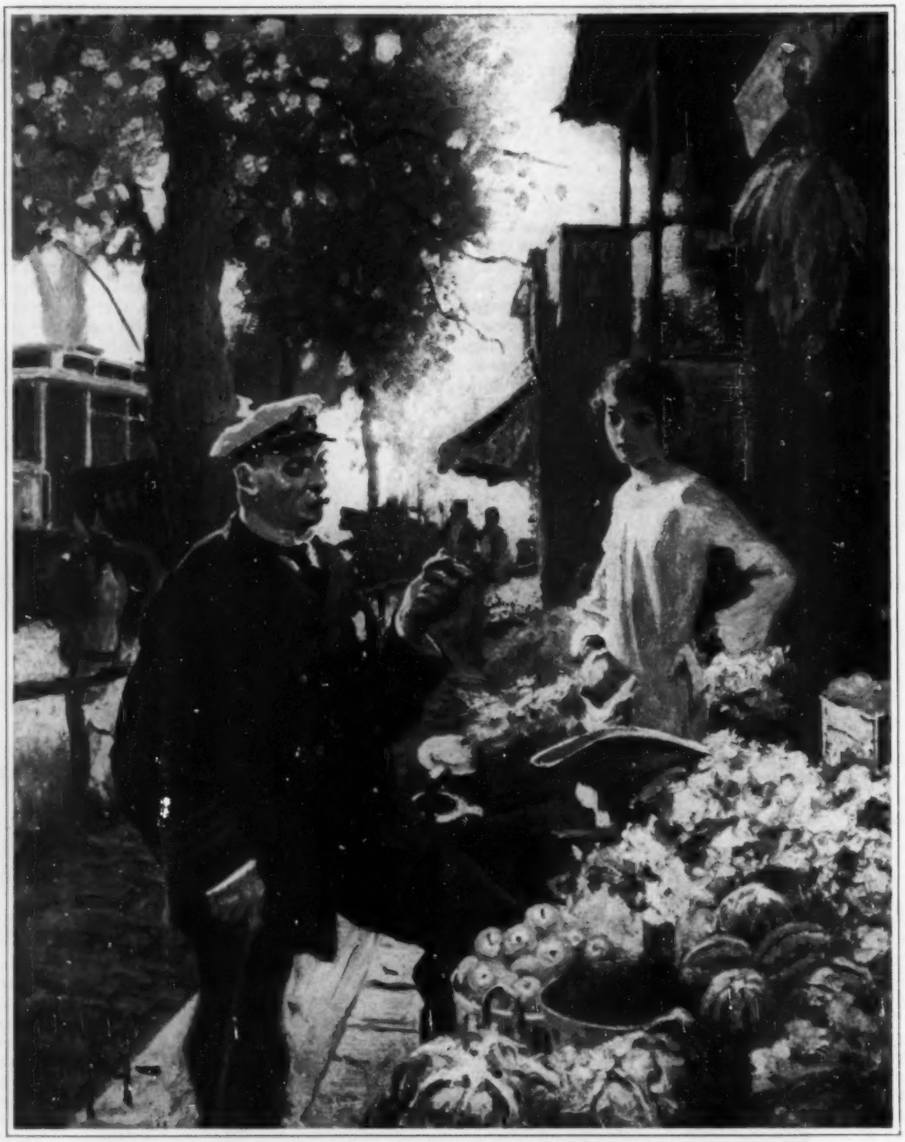
ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

MILFIELD is a little town in the hills. There are mills there, deriving power from the tumbling little river which threads the narrow valleys, but there are no fields worth the name. Second-growth forest crowds close about the borders of the town and clothes the steep hillsides above it; the white houses are threaded along the stream, or scattered down the traction line below the village, or clustered about the small, elm-shaded square.

Yet, though the town is small, it is by no means negligible. It is, for one thing, only two or three miles from North Bradford, the county seat. Also Milfield is—or was—the home town of Brant Murdock, whose name was in its time not unfamiliar to the local ear.

The simplest way to come from North Bradford down to Milfield is by the traction. Inspector Tope and Sergeant Dale swung off the car at the square, and the inspector looked around him inquiringly, appraising his surroundings. He was a round little old man, his hair white under the brim of his cap, his cheeks as bright as an apple, but he had a calm blue eye, and there was something keen beneath his easy good nature and his beaming smile.

He looked not unlike an apple, and it happened that he was fond of apples too. This was October; the hillside forests were a bright mosaic of brown and red and gold against the dark green of the black growth. So there were apples for sale at the fruit store just across the street, and the inspector crossed and bought three McIntosh Reds. He gave one to the sergeant—who was in civilian clothes on this occasion—and he began to eat one himself. His teeth tore the red cheek of the apple, and the white meat of it crunched pleasantly.



Tope Bought Some More Apples, But Their Flavor This Time Appeared to Displease Him. He Took a Bite From This One and From That, But Never More Than One Bite

He asked the fruit dealer the way to Chief Luger's office, and the man, with an interest suddenly bright in his eye, directed the two newcomers across the square. Tope and the sergeant followed a diagonal path beneath pleasant elms, and a moment later they were climbing the stairs to knock at a door labeled in black letters: Chief of Police.

Chief Luger bade them in, but when he heard their names he greeted them doubtfully. "I don't know's there's anything you can do more than we have done, inspector," he confessed. "But Payson—he's the district attorney—was over here last night, and he thought I ought to get someone up from Boston—just to cover us. So I telephoned."

Tope nodded cheerfully. "That's all right," he declared. "Glad to come and have a look around anyway."

"I heard you'd retired," Chief Luger remarked.

"I've been meaning to," Tope agreed. "I will, probably, by and by." He bit into the apple vigorously, stripped it to the core.

"Guess you like apples, by the look," Chief Luger remarked, with a grim smile. "Maybe that will give you an edge in this business. There's an apple in it, you know."

"I like them, yes," Tope agreed. "Only they hurt my teeth if they're a little sour. I've got a tooth that's bothering me. Good dentist here, is there? Just in case I have to get hold of one."

"Doctor Mason takes care of my teeth," the chief told him. "He's right across the square."

The old man nodded cheerfully and began to eat the other apple. "You might tell me what you've got so far," he suggested, and he listened with a quiet attention while the chief related what there was to tell.

Chief Luger was worried about this affair; that was plainly to be seen. Yet he did not look like a worrying man. He was large and well-fed, with a rich color beneath the bronze of his cheeks, and an arrogant confidence in his eye. But he confessed his concern in his first words now.

"This has bothered me a lot, kept me awake nights and all that," he explained. "It comes pretty close home, you know. Murdock was my father-in-law. My wife's been sick abed, ever since it happened. I was the one to find him, and I was the first one to see Jameson too. We don't have many killings up here, inspector. These are the first ones since I took the job here."

"Father-in-law?" Tope repeated. "I did see that in the papers, but I'd forgotten it. You'd better go over the whole thing, chief, if you've got the time."

"Plenty of time," Chief Luger assured him. "So here it is." And he continued carefully, like one setting his narrative in order as he spoke:

"You know who Mr. Murdock was, of course. A big man—one of the biggest in the state. He owned half of Milfield, and he had property in North Bradford too. And, of course, he'd been in politics all his life. Mayor of North Bradford twenty years ago, before he built his place out here and moved. Then in the House, at Boston, and the State Senate; and he could have been governor, and maybe senator at Washington if he'd wanted it. But for the last ten years he's been more active in private ways—state committee, and national committee, and so on. I guess he had a finger in most things that concerned state politics at all."

"I never kept very close track of politics," Inspector Tope confessed; and Sergeant Dale, sitting quietly by, looked at him thoughtfully.

"Murdock had a big estate below town here," Chief Luger went on. "My little place was right beyond his. He fronted on the river, and he'd put in a dam, made a little lake, had some canoes there, and so on. Then, besides the house, he had built a sort of office over his garage. He built that when Mrs. Murdock was sick and couldn't stand disturbance in the house, and Murdock had a lot of people coming to see him all the time. Mrs. Murdock died two years ago, but he kept on using the office over the garage. The garage was a couple of hundred yards below the house, below the orchard. He had a good orchard." The chief hesitated, chuckled. "Funny the way apples run all through this," he remarked, with a certain appreciation in his tone. "Brant was in his office down there, eating apples, when he was killed."

"That was at night, wasn't it?" Tope prompted.

"A week ago last night," Chief Luger agreed. "Brant had a man and a woman taking care of the house for him. The man was an Italian, and his wife was young—thirty-two or three—kind of pretty." He hesitated. "I'm giving you all the angles," he explained. "Murdock had told me about her, spoken about her being pretty. She and the man left town a day or two afterward. I didn't have anything to hold them on, but I've kept track of them. They're in Boston now. Registered at one of the agencies, looking for a job."

"You mean this man might have been jealous of Murdock?" the inspector asked explicitly; and the chief said in a certain confusion:

"I'm giving you all the angles; that's all. It was the man's night out, but Murdock always made one of them stay to answer the phone. He didn't have a phone in the garage. The man was in North Bradford; he was seen there. There was nobody in the house but the woman."

"And Murdock was down in the garage?"

"I saw him in the orchard, picking some apples, just before dark," Chief Luger explained. "We talked a few

minutes, and I went upstairs with him, and sat there and talked a little while. I came home about nine o'clock. Mrs. Luger had come uptown to the movies, and she got back about quarter of ten and we went to bed."

The inspector nodded.

"Then, in the morning," the chief continued, "Mrs. Luger called up the Murdock house on the phone. She wanted to talk to her father. But the woman there said he wasn't downstairs yet, and Mrs. Luger told her to have him call us up. Then, a little while after, the woman telephoned that Mr. Murdock wasn't in his room and hadn't slept there.

"I thought maybe he'd slept in the office. He had a bed and a bathroom there. So my wife and I walked over there to see, and found him."

"Dead?" Inspector Tope remarked.

"He'd been shot through the head," the chief explained steadily enough. "I tried to stop Mrs. Luger, but she pushed past me into the room. He'd been sitting there at his desk, and he had toppled forward. The bullet went in the side of his head and out again, through the window toward the river. He'd been eating an apple. It was on the rug under his hand. His hand was hanging down beside the chair."

"Dead quite a while?"

"Eight to twelve hours, they said. It was half-past eight in the morning when we found him."

Tope sighed and sat up a little more erectly, his fat hands resting on his fat knees. "Anyone who might have done it?" he asked. "Anyone at all?"

Chief Luger made an expressive gesture with both hands. "Plenty," he confessed. "There was this Italian who worked for him. Then he'd been having trouble with the men in the mill, and a lot of them were boiling mad. He had political enemies too. I've checked up some of them. One of them was in North Bradford, but so far as I can find out, this man was in town all evening. But Brant had made enemies enough. A big man will."

"Scared of them, was he?" Tope inquired.

Luger shook his head. "You couldn't scare Brant," he declared; and he added: "He was a husky citizen, for one thing. And he could handle a gun. Always had one in the top drawer of his desk. It was there that morning. He hadn't touched it."

"So he must have known the man who shot him?" Tope suggested.

"I thought of that," the chief agreed. "Yes. Whoever did it was in the room with him. Must have been. There weren't any windows on the side the bullet came from. Yes."

"Who is going to make anything by his death?" Tope asked; and the chief shook his head.

"Not a soul," he admitted. "Not as far as I know."

"Might have been a quarrel, you think?"

"He did get roaring mad sometimes," the chief assented. "And he was hard as nails."

Tope nodded again. "So," he agreed, and he sighed and patted his knees reflectively. "Well, how about Jameson?" he asked. "Maybe there's something in that business that will hook up with this. Some resemblance. Notice anything?"

Chief Luger smiled grimly. "Nothing but the apple," he admitted.

"Papers had that straight about the apple, did they?"

"More or less," the chief confessed. "We tried to make it out a suicide, so the killer would think we were fooled. But the papers got hold of the apple thing."

"Let's have it," Tope suggested. "Just what happened, far as you know?"

The chief hesitated; then he reached for his phone and held a brief conversation. Had Bob Rook reported this morning? No? He returned the phone to the hook, and spoke to Tope.

"Bob's working on it now," he explained. "I borrowed him from the state police before Payson told me to send for you. Bob was due to report last night, but he didn't. Now, about Jameson."

Jameson, he said, was a youngster, and a smart young man. "He was the best man I had," Chief Luger confessed. "And I put him on this case right away. Of course, I was working too. We kept in touch with each other right along—checking up on this one and that one, and so on. He did most of the running around. I had to keep in touch with the office here."

He hesitated, pounded his fist with sudden heat. "It was the same man killed him and Murdock!" he cried. "And I'll get him if it takes twenty years. Murdock was in my family, you might say; and I liked Jameson as if he'd been my own boy. He was a good youngster, inspector."

"Sure it wasn't suicide, then?"

"Suicide? No. Here's what happened."

He leaned forward, speaking with a sudden intent and heated earnestness.

"Jameson telephoned me last Tuesday night at home," he said. "He called up from Vint Chapel's farm, five miles from here, up on the mountain. He told me he had something. Wanted me to come right up."

The chief hesitated. "He said he'd meet me at Two-Barns," he explained. "That's a farm that belonged to Murdock, on a back road up on the mountain. It used to belong to an old man named Frisbee. Frisbee borrowed some money from Murdock four or five years ago, and Murdock finally had to foreclose on him and move Frisbee out. Old Frisbee died that winter, and his boy came back here and raised Cain. Claimed his father died of a broken heart, and he blamed Murdock."

"Where's young Frisbee now?" Tope asked attentively.

"He works in a garage in Springfield," Chief Luger replied. "I've checked up on him. He was out with a car that evening—the night Murdock was killed. And he was out the night Jameson was killed. It's only forty miles or so to Springfield from here. Frisbee won't tell us where he went either night. I'm watching him. He took the speedometer out of his car the day before the night Murdock was killed, so you can't

(Continued on Page 193)

He Hesitated, and the Room Was Suddenly Very Still. The Inspector Smiled Cheerfully. "Doctor Mason Here Tells Me You Can Identify a Man by His Teeth," He Remarked

A Tale of the Old Main Line

Tony Said Some Terribly Vulgar Things in Regard to Luella Maddox. Bob Maddox Couldn't Help But Hear

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

WE WERE rolling through the new cut-off—sixty cars of meat and other perishables. Far, far ahead the scream of the engine whistle sifted back over the rumbling loads, drifted through the open windows and doors of the caboose. We were calling for the board, demanding the right to enter the terminal over the leased trackage known as the Belt.

"There's a story about the old main line, kid," said Johnny Griswold, the skipper. He puffed at his pipe. "Or maybe it ain't a story. I dunno." Puff, puff. "I use more matches than I do tobacco, kid." Puff, puff. "I've waded through a couple of million magazines, I bet, an' I ain't never seen a yarn like it. Funny kind of story."

"Yeah," I contributed.

"It's about Bob Maddox," said Johnny seriously—"Whistlin' Bob Maddox."

"Shucks!" quoth the lad. "Everybody on the system knows that yarn."

"Do they, now?" said the conductor, looking wise.

"Bob Maddox," I said. "Why, skipper, I've worked up on the old main line."

"I was at Townley when he left," said Johnny. "Kid, you never seen such a storm. March 3, 1903—that's the date. She derailed at Long Street crossing; they never raised the engine." He talked and talked and talked. "She's at the bottom of the Smoky"—puff, puff—"she's covered over with silt, but there never was such an engine. The Luella Maddox."

"Listen, skipper," I interrupted: "the whole business was just tragedy. Maddox's wife was trifling. I've heard it said that Maddox's own fireman, named Polk, was the guilty one."

"Maybe so, kid," said Johnny, puffing on his pipe. "Her name was Luella Maddox."

I nodded. We sat a while in silence.

"I tell you there's a real story behind all this." Johnny astonished me with his vehemence. "Get your mind out of the gutter an' forget some of your big words, an' you might see it!"

II

I WAS pretty familiar with the story of Maddox, and Johnny told me many things that heretofore I'd guessed at or vaguely wondered about. I knew why Maddox always whistled at Long Street; knew, as did everyone, that he was reputed to have done so for twenty-six years. But Johnny hinted at other things.

After I left the skipper I did my best to dig out all the facts of the yarn. Newspaper files, railroad records; I burrowed and delved into reams of musty papers. I hunted up several old-timers, talked with them.

No. 5, the Cannonball, was derailed at Long Street crossing just outside Carlysle, on March 3, 1903. Robert Maddox was the engineer, Antonio Polk was the fireman, the engine was the Luella Maddox. Records, records, records: Mrs. Maddox, killed with a companion at Long Street crossing, March 3, 1903. An account of the derailment, explanations of the causes. An account of the storm of March 3, 1903; of the run the Luella Maddox made that night. One hundred and ninety-six miles from Townley by the old main line, yet in three hours and twenty minutes she was coming into Carlysle!

An estimate of the cost of raising the Luella Maddox from the Smoky, and the abandonment of the project because of prohibitive costs. And one faded sheet, which afterward I was to remember well—a record of the failure of the Luella Maddox on March 1, 1903—two days before the wreck. She had broken a guide yoke and another engine had to tow her train home. Gossip, gossip, gossip. Mrs. Maddox had been unfaithful. Maddox thought Tony Polk was the guilty one—Tony Polk, his own fireman. Knew this to be true, in fact, on the afternoon of March third of that long-ago year.

A picture of the Luella Maddox, old and faded. On the side of the headlight the full face of her for whom the engine was named.

One day I drove out the river road from Carlysle until I came to Long Street. I parked the car near the underpass and waited for the River Branch local. Once this had been the route of the main line.

I knew the formula when Maddox passed Long Street. I heard the plug coming, heard the whistle wail mournfully, heard the bell ding-donging. The whistle wailed and the bell clamored as the engine rumbled past overhead. I looked up and saw Maddox, thin lips, hard eyes, leather face. The same old grouch I'd known, big as a mountain, hard as a grate bar. I waved at him, but he never so much as glanced down.

After the local had passed I climbed the fence and entered the vacant lot reputed to be owned by Maddox. In a corner of this lot was a small, grassy square within which was a marble headstone. Though badly worn by the changing climate and the storms of more than a quarter of a century, the lettering could still be read:

LUELLA MADDOX
MARCH 3, 1903

III

"HE'S back again," boomed Johnny Griswold. "Take the weight off your feet, kid. Be with you in a minute."

Soon he was free of his caboose desk, came and squatted.

"Write that story, kid?"

I told him of my researches, of my talk with old-timers. We jabbered at each other. I showed him the brown, faded picture of the Luella Maddox.

"There never was such a engine," from Johnny, waving the photograph wildly. "I tell you she could outrun anything on wheels! And never a black mark against her."

I denied this, saying I had seen the bulletin of her failure two days before the wreck.

"You would find that," said the skipper coldly. He lit his pipe, puffed spasmodically. "Well, did you write the story?" he growled.

I produced the short manuscript.

"This is just the body of the yarn," I explained. "How a person is supposed to do a job when he doesn't understand what he's trying to do has got me licked. You tell me the secret of this mystery and I might do better."

Johnny reached for the typed pages.

"Most of it's just outline," I said, "you understand."

"Lemme alone, you muttonhead," said the skipper impatiently, beginning to read.

Luella Maddox

THE MANUSCRIPT

Robert Maddox, railroad engineer, married a finely built young woman with the face of an angel and practically no morals. She fooled him for years, for Maddox had a single-track mind and it never occurred to him to suspect her.

The time of this yarn is the beginning of the twentieth century—back in the days when railroad engines were named rather than numbered, back in the days when each engineer had an engine of his own. Maddox was married on the day he took charge of his first assigned engine, and this locomotive, so old railroad records show, was named the Jenny Lind.

Several days after his marriage, to the utter consternation of various officials, Maddox rechristened his mill—renamed her the Luella Maddox. He'd had a painter blot out Jenny Lind on the cab and reletter it with the name of his wife. He bolted a heavy brass casting on the front end with L. M. in bright, raised figures shown thereon. And, splendor of splendors, on each side of the headlight was a full-face picture of the young woman, and at night, with the wick lit, you could make out her features from a distance of three hundred yards.

How Bob Maddox got away with this is difficult to explain. The brass hats may have charged it up to the natural aberrations of a young married man and let the matter ride. Then, too, it must be admitted that Luella was not unknown in railroad circles, and probably popular. The point of the matter is that Maddox was ready to risk nearly anything to please his wife, that the engine was named Luella Maddox, and that the name stuck.

The Luella Maddox was an American type locomotive—one of the breed that has established speed records up to one hundred and twenty miles an hour. Built like a greyhound, slender barrel and four slim-spoked drive wheels—built for speed. She carried a water pump on her right crosshead that always worked, and an inspirator in the cab that had never been known to do business. Her graceful rods, as well as all motion work, carried the sheen of polish; she was smothered with brass and nickel and copper, not to mention gold leaf for lettering and a silver whistle for dress occasions.

She gleamed like fabled treasure and she could outrun a tornado. She was called the pride of the system, and no less than nine women wrote poems and dedicated same to her.

As for Bob Maddox, if he found so much as a speck of rust on his second love, he wasn't fit for human companionship for two weeks.

It was a standing joke on the railroad as to whether Maddox was married to his wife or to his engine. A fine runner, a high-class mechanic, this Maddox. He and the Luella set the division record for fast running, towing the Cannonball, and to this day the record stands, like this:

June 16, 1900.
Train No. 5, Townley to Carlysle, 196 miles.
Lapsed time, 3 hrs., 42 min.
Between Oden and Hypo attained speed of 106.3 m. p. h.
Engine: Luella Maddox.
Engineer: Robt. Maddox.
Fireman: Antonio Polk.

Around 1900 the engineer was also the mechanic, and was held responsible for all necessary light repairs. Maddox sweated Tony Polk until the fireman was sick of the engine. It wasn't enough to cram her with coal all day or all night; when they'd made the terminal Tony had just begun to work. Maddox loved doing it; Tony got fed up on the everlasting program of work, work, work. Probably Maddox was a hard master, but he had a reputation to sustain, and, regardless of the feelings of the fireman, he proceeded to sustain it.

The Luella Maddox entered service in 1899; in four years she traveled better than 380,000 miles, and the only time she was out of line was when she broke a guide yoke on March first of 1903. And that failure—the one and only—was caused by a faulty casting and not by shoddy workmanship. These facts are high praise to Engineer Maddox.

It was in the winter of 1903 that it was rumored up and down the railroad that the brass hats were considering pooling all locomotives. All engines on present-day railroads are pooled—that is, the roundhouse maintains all engines in good running repair and the first engineer out gets the first locomotive ready for service. No engineer, thus, has any regularly assigned engine. If the rumor that fled up and down the rails in the spring of 1903 was true, Maddox realized he would lose the Luella, and he would as soon have parted with his right arm. It was in the spring of 1903, also, that Maddox began to have definite suspicions of his wife. That he suspected Tony Polk is not to be doubted.

It Was a Standing Joke on the Railroad as to Whether Maddox Was Married to His Wife or to His Engine

Eighty, Ninety, One Hundred Miles an Hour on the Down Grades; the Cab Floor a Jackstraw in a Typhoon, the Fireman White-Faced, Maddox Sneering, Jeering

These two things must have worried Bob Maddox a great deal; his little world seemed about to crumble around his ears. Certain it is that he began to spend every spare minute working his engine, taking up brasses, reducing lateral, making her as near perfect mechanically as a locomotive can be made. Rumor said that the engines were to be pooled because the engine crews were not maintaining them. This was a reaction, you might say—his trying to make his engine perfect. His trouble at home was the basis for it. His engine was all he had left, and he wanted to keep her.

Those who knew him used to wonder when he slept. When he wasn't out on the road he was working. Tony Polk dodged him whenever possible; everyone thought the fireman did this because Maddox was so unreasonable. Tony kept away from Maddox as much as he could, but the reason for this wasn't altogether a distaste for work.

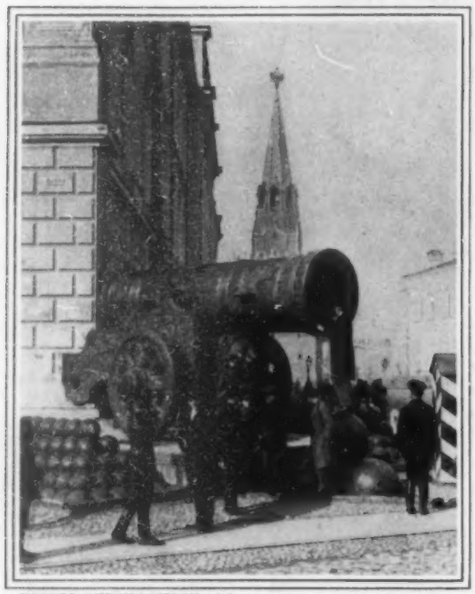
On March first the Luella failed. Maddox rawhided his fireman, blamed everybody for the rotten casting. Not a pleasant man to be around when soreheaded—this broad-shouldered, big-fisted Maddox. On March second they got a new guide yoke and installed it, but for some reason they weren't called that night. Perhaps Maddox found some other work he wanted to do.

All this at Townley. And it was at Townley, on the afternoon of March third, that curly-haired Tony Polk spilled every bean in the bag. Tony was at a table in the railroad restaurant, bragging with a couple of switchmen—bragging in a loud voice.

(Continued on Page 154)

PRISONERS OF UTOPIA

By George Sylvester Viereck



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The Great Czar Cannon, Weighing 40 Tons, in the Kremlin Arsenal, Moscow

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The King of Bells, Weighing 200 Tons, in the Kremlin

THE lithe young man clapped his hands. Out of the mass of humanity in the Kulturpark, a dozen children joyously followed his call and formed a circle around him. He began to dance, still clapping his hands, illustrating the motions of an old Russian folk dance. Another young man played a folk tune on an accordion. The combination appealed irresistibly to the little ones. Soon the children were followed by their elders, all dancing joyously and rhythmically in the afternoon sun.

From a near-by circus, where a white-faced clown went through his immemorial ritual, came roars of laughter. It was the only laughter I heard in Moscow. Grown-ups joined in the hilarity of the children. The Russian people have so little to entertain them that they are grateful for every diversion.

But a pale little woman, shriveled and shabby, standing aside from the crowd, seemed to take no part in the merriment. Her intellectual face, showing traces of beauty as well as refinement, was drawn into haggard lines. I made some remarks to my wife. When she heard us speak English, the faded little woman pricked up her ears.

"You understand English?" I asked.

No Passports Issued

"YES," she said, with a slight but perceptible accent. "I lived in England for years as a governess in a rich Russian family. That," she added with a sigh, "was in the old days."

She stopped short, for fear of saying too much.

"You do not seem to be happy," I said to her.

She eyed us suspiciously, but perhaps we passed muster or perhaps her heart was too full for caution. After walking with us a little while, the iciness of her mood dissolved. She became quite confidential.

She had lived most of her life in England; it was there that war overtook her. The liberal atmosphere of Great Britain had kindled in her an ardent dislike of Russian absolutism. When Lenin proclaimed the new heaven on earth in Russia, she had been stirred to the depth of her being. Returning home, she placed herself at the disposal of the government, which utilized her linguistic ability. But the contrast between reality and her Utopian dream soon chilled her enthusiasm. Now, half starved, she shares one room with two other women equally unfortunate.

In constant fear of a drunken workman next door, the three women battle to maintain the semblance of gentility. They are handicapped because they are not proletarians.

"You are not," I remarked, "a member of the Communist Party?"

"Oh, no," she said; "it is very hard to break into that exclusive organization without protection. At this very moment they are expelling thousands of members who fail to register the proper degree of enthusiasm for the Red International."

Frightened by her own temerity, she looked around, but there was no one within hearing.

"If," she continued, dropping her voice, "I were a member of the party, I would not have to live on a small piece of malodorous sausage, a crust of stale bread and a cup of weak tea."

"But why don't you go back to England?" I said.

"If I only could," she sighed. "I have no money to buy a passport."

"Perhaps I could help to get you a passport."

"Oh, no," she said helplessly. "The price of passports for a Russian citizen is prohibitive. I would have to pay two hundred or maybe three hundred rubles. That is more money than I shall have ever again in my life. And even if I could afford to pay for the passport and for the ticket, permission would never be granted to me to leave the country. The government issues no passports to anyone unless it approves of his journey. There must be thousands, if not millions, in the same position. We would like to leave, but cannot go. We are prisoners."

"Prisoners of Utopia!" I remarked to myself.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Young Women Workers Receiving Instructions in Machine-Gun Warfare

Russia will not permit these unfortunates to depart because, telling tales out of school, they would paint an unfavorable picture of Russian conditions. Neither will she permit them to earn enough to keep body and soul together. Russia is interested in the children. She is indifferent to the majority of men and women of maturer years. The Bolshevists admit that they despair of the fixed ideas of the old generation. Bolshevism pins its hope on the children. In the meantime it awaits patiently the demise of their elders.

Haunted by the feeling that they no longer fit into the world which violates their dignity and begrudges them even a crust of bread, these prisoners of Utopia wander about, distracted and forlorn, clinging to their icons and to their old clothes. Nevertheless, one by one everything that reminds them of the past goes to the market place where, to escape actual starvation, the old bourgeoisie sells its faded belongings. Secondhand clothes, old corsets, even used toothbrushes may be found in that mart, together with a little chain or an old pair of dancing slippers.

They dare not discuss their troubles, even at home. There is no privacy, and if there were, the walls have ears—more ears than they had under the Czar. Now and then, maybe, plain men and women come together at a package party, to which each makes some contribution in edibles or in vodka and tea. At these the women discuss old times, always in fear of a raid, always talking in subdued voices, for you never can tell where a secret police spy is hidden.

The Chinese Wall

"WHY," I asked an official of the Bolshevist Government, "does the Russian Government refuse practically all passports to its own citizens?"

The official denied the impeachment. He admitted that the government does not encourage travel for luxury or for pleasure.

"However, there are, at this moment, no less than 200 Soviet business men and technicians in the United States to study American conditions. We must restrict travel to men and women whose trips will bring a direct economic or cultural return."

"What do you charge for passports?"

"Foreign travel is a luxury. Luxuries are highly taxed in the U. S. S. R. Since foreign loans are not available, we must use every source of revenue to secure funds for our economic construction and our vast educational tasks."

The cost of a passport in Bolshevist Russia depends on the traveler. Fifty rubles is the price for especially favored classes—workers, students, scientists. Three hundred rubles is the price for persons living on an income "not derived from their personal labor."

Without friends in high quarters, the poor little governess who poured out her heart to me in the Kulturpark would have to pay through the nose for her passport. Her

trip would not be encouraged. In fact, her application for a passport would meet with refusal. Except for a favored few, those who dwell under the Soviet hammer, the sickle and the star are as securely incarcerated as if they were convicts carrying a ball and chain.

No Asiatic despotism is more anxious to isolate its people. Under the Romanoffs, for all their autocracy, the face of Russia was turned toward the west. Under Bolshevism, Russia turns her face eastward. "Welcome, fellow Asiatic," Stalin, the Bolshevist dictator, greeted a visitor from Japan. Bolshevism deliberately abandoned St. Petersburg, which embodies the yearning of Russia to achieve western culture, for Moscow. Under the Bolshevist rule the capital of Peter the Great, now named in honor of Lenin, is slowly dying, except for those relics which the Bolshevists, with a keen historical sense, are turning into museums for purposes of their own.

The Kremlin, with its golden spirals that dominate the Bolshevist capital, is Asiatic, not European. Not so many centuries ago the Manchurian invader ruled over Russia. To this day the remnants of a Chinese wall may be seen in Moscow. The Chinese wall is breaking down, but the Bolshevists are building a new Chinese wall around Russia. If the walls of Troy rose to music, the walls of Russia rise to the chant of communism.

Lenin imprisoned the Russian people behind the magic wall in order to construct his Marxist Utopia without disturbance from within or without. Many Utopias have been dreamed by dreamers and statesmen since Plato and Sir Thomas More, but here is the first attempt to translate such fantasy into reality on a gigantic scale.

The Bolshevik Oligarchy

THE Russian wall is not entirely metaphysical, for it is buttressed by Bolshevist bayonets. Soviet Russia is a huge fortress, occupying 8,336,864 square miles, with over 160 races and tongues. All Russia is a prison.

Now and then, the gates of the fortress open for a sally upon the enemy territory without. Now and then, the drawbridge is lowered to receive the machinery and experts from other lands. But the sole object of obtaining the machinery is to isolate Russia still more, to make her completely independent of other nations. Now and then, a scout is released to bring information from the world without to his Bolshevist masters. But the 150,000,000 people of Russia, like the faded little governess in the Kulturpark, are prisoners of Utopia. Only an Asiatic brain could conceive such a prison.

The world was astonished to see the son of a small country squire, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, enthroned in the Kremlin, the mystical master of Russia. But the secret becomes clear if one studies his features. He spent the larger part of his life in Siberian prisons and in Swiss cafés, squabbling over fine points of communist doctrine, but in his heart Lenin was an Asiatic despot. Stalin, though lacking the genius of Lenin, is made in a similar mold. Stalin is a Czar with the panoply of Bolshevism. Unlike his predecessor, the new dictator is not Russian but Georgian. Georgia has been under the rule of the Czars for less than 150 years. Now a Georgian rules all Russia, even as a Corsican once ruled France.

It is doubtful if Stalin would dare to face his people as Napoleon did, even after his return from Elba. Bolshevist leaders rarely appear on the streets, except in swift motor cars. Stalin's black hair and black mustache are not even seen in the Kremlin except by his intimates. Stalin and the eight other Bolshevist oligarchs who nominally share with him the rule of the Soviet state, prefer to hide, surrounded by armed guards, in the Kremlin. They, too, are prisoners in their own Utopia. The Kremlin itself, with its nineteen turrets rising on a terraced height fifty yards above the River Moskva, is a fortress surrounded by a wall a mile in circumference.

The Kremlin's golden turrets reflect moonlight and sunlight. Its palaces and churches, spread in Oriental confusion, dominate the capital. Each of the churches raises five domes like five arms to heaven. The tallest, in the center, stands for Jesus, the four smaller ones symbolize the four gospels. The most imposing church is the edifice erected by Ivan the Terrible. After the architect had completed his task, the Czar asked him, "Do you think you could devise another masterpiece as perfect as this?" When the artist joyfully replied, "Yes," the despot put out his eyes. He did not want a structure of equal magnificence to be raised anywhere else in the world.

The Communist Party, upon which the rule of the Soviet Government rests, embraces less than one-half of 1 per cent of the total population of Russia. The membership of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is 1,529,280. More than half are members on probation. This reduces still further the number of actual members. About 460,000 workers, 140,000 state officials, 90,000 peasants and 17,000 representing divers occupations, constitute the actual membership.

No one is permitted to become a member of the party who is not regarded as "morally fit to be a communist." He is subjected to a rigid examination in the gospel of Marx and Lenin, which someone, not inaptly, called the Old and the New Testament of Bolshevism. He must give evidence of unusual intelligence and skill as a propagandist. Another qualification is atheism.

Workers in a Sewing-Machine Factory Being Taught How to Handle the New Gas Masks Against Poisonous Fumes

Young Members of the "Comsomol" Wearing Gas Masks in the Monster Anti-Imperialistic Demonstration

PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Group of Pioneers Marching to Work. The Greatest and Most Popular Organization in Russia Today is the So-Called "Pioneers' Army." It is Composed of Russia's Youth Who Have Been Trained to Work in the Field With the Same Spirit of Zest and Enthusiasm of Soldiers Marching to Defend Their Fatherland

For the Good of the Party

THOUGH every member of the Communist Party has a job, the salaries are low and the duties exacting. "Party members," the statistical director of an important Soviet bureau explained to me, "are regarded as the shock troops of the advance. Politically, the party is subjected periodically to a weeding-out process in which members neglecting their extra civic duties are removed. Party members convicted of illegal acts receive sterner penalties than ordinary citizens."

The Bolshevist spokesman cited the case of a party member—an engineer educated abroad before the revolution, now technical director of a large plant in Moscow. "His schedule for extra professional party work takes up on an average five nights a week. It consists largely of technical lectures to train workers for more highly skilled jobs. For this work he receives no pay. His wife, a high-grade English translator, earns more money than he."

The gentleman may be a good engineer, but he would not be permitted to hold his job on that account if he were not a good communist as well, "a soldier on the economic or cultural front of Bolshevism." Party regularity is more important than efficiency.

(Continued on Page 175)

SIZZLING SADIE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

PROF. ALECK CHAMPAGNE, owner and director of Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra, was on pleasure bent.

He sat behind the wheel of his rickety little car and directed a speedy and crazy course along the broad expanse of Twenty-third Street, pausing at length before a distinctly modest home, the unpretentiousness of which was shadowed by a great oak.

Before alighting, Professor Champagne produced a pocket comb and a tiny mirror. For perhaps three minutes he busied himself with the task of overcoming in some small degree the obvious oversight of Mother Nature.

Aleck was long on music, but short on beauty. He was of medium height, but his loose-jointed slouch gave an impression of length. His very best suit of navy blue fitted him about a week too late. Beneath a flowered waistcoat he wore a stiff-bosomed shirt, and he also sported a celluloid collar and an amazing necktie. On his bulletlike head was a derby hat which originally had been black, but was now alarmingly rusty.

The professor passed through the swinging gate, mounted two steps to the veranda, and rapped on the door. It was opened by a buxom woman of uncertain years who stared unhappily into the gloom.

"Well," she questioned, "who is it, an' what is you doin' heah?"

The caller made a low bow.

"I is Professor Champagne," he announced with dignity. "An' I has come fo' Miss Ester Babble."

The face of the respectable boarding-house landlady was wreathed in smiles and her manner became excessively cordial.

"Oh, it's you, professor? Come right in. Miss Ester will be ready in a minute."

In the tiny combination dining and living room the professor waited. Within five minutes a vision appeared—a full-blown and ravishing young colored woman whose gown was of cerise and whose manner was extremely cordial. She advanced to the professor with one hand outstretched.

"You is heah early, Aleck."

"I ain't," he returned promptly. "But even if I was, I reckon any feller would want to be when he had a date with you."

"Oh, Aleck! Always you is th'owin' compliments so promiscuous."

"They is all true, Ester. Good-lookin' is the one thing you ain't nothin' else but."

She stared rapturously at the emaciated little musician.

"Where at is we gwine tonight, Aleck?"

"Wherever you say."

"I say whatever you say."

"Well," he suggested, "how about a fried chicken dinner an' a li'l' dancin' at Epic Peters' roadhouse?"

"Oh, honey, them is the fondest things I is of."

"Fine. Le's go."

He shifted the derby hat to his right hand and ostentatiously crooked his left elbow. She took his arm and they walked through the front door. The landlady gazed after them delightedly.

What a couple! Professor Champagne was Birmingham's most foremost colored orchestra leader; and the pulchritudinous Ester Babble was reputed to have a great future ahead of her with the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Thus far Miss Ester had been allotted only unimportant rôles, but everybody knew that both President Orifice R. Latimer and Production Manager J. Cæsar Clump had praised her work unstintedly.

The budding romance was the talk of Birmingham's dusky society set. Until the advent of Miss Babble, the professor had been regarded as a confirmed misogynist. But his fall had been sudden and complete. All day, every day, he mooned about whatever set was the scene of her professional activity, and it was apparent to everyone save the dazzled Aleck that Ester was far from averse to his attentions.

Of course she wasn't in love with him. Not yet, at any rate. But even the humble Aleck was inclined to believe that if nothing disturbed the serene progress of his ardent courtship, success might eventually crown his efforts.

"I Reckon You is Right, Aleck. A Dead Musician Ain't Hardly No Good A-tall, is He?"

Wherefore, he made haste slowly and reveled in his proximity to the fair lady who, at this late date, had swept him from his feet.

Ester herself was in doubt. Once in the not too distant past she had fancied herself enamored of a colored gentleman, and the affair had resulted in much misery. Even yet, Miss Babble could not think of Albany White without a shudder of apprehension. He had been dictatorial, inconsiderate and somewhat rough. His courtship had been of the caveman variety, and Ester knew that she didn't like it, and for that reason Aleck's shy diffidence was his greatest asset. Anything that marked him as different from Ester's former fiancé was certain to appeal to the lady.

The professor escorted his girl friend to the curb, helped her into his unpretentious automobile, climbed in beside her, pressed the starter and clattered off toward the south.

Being absorbed in the delight of her presence, he did not see something which was happening under the big oak tree which shaded Ester's boarding house.

From the shadow of that tree a large and vindictive colored gentleman emerged. In the half light he looked no smaller than a respectable mountain, and a close observer would have seen readily enough that he was in the grip of a powerful emotion.

As a matter of fact, Albany White was racked by jealousy. Not yet had he succeeded in banishing affection for Ester from his heart, and his brief period as her fiancé had served only to plunge him more hopelessly in love. And now, tonight, he had watched her walking from the veranda of her boarding house on the arm of another man—a man whose name had been linked publicly with hers. Albany frothed with fury.

For a few seconds he stared after the departing car. Then he leaped down the street, turned the corner, and jumped into the driver's seat of a rented automobile. Three seconds later he was in hot pursuit of the happy couple.

Less than thirty minutes after that, Mr. White's car returned to the house where Miss Ester Babble boarded, and Miss Babble stepped out. Her body was shaken with sobs and quivering with anger. She shook a puny fist in the face of her mammoth ex-fiancé.

"Y-y-y-you was brutal!" she cried.

"Fumadiddles!"

"You was! Beatin' up a man half yo' size."

"'Tain't my fault Aleck couldn't grow no larger. An' anyway, what right has he got takin' my gal out joy ridin'?"

"I ain't yo' gal."

"Says you! Wasn't we engaged?"

"Was ain't is!"

"Maybe not, Ester. But so long as I has got two fists, you ain't gwine git engaged to nobody else but me. 'Cause ev'y man you go with, Ise gwine do him wuss than I did Aleck tonight."

"Oh, Albany, that ain't fair."

"Maybe not," he admitted grimly. "But the most thing I is about you is crazy, an' I ain't gwine stand back an' see you commit matrimony with some half-baked, dried-up, no-'count li'l' shrimp like Aleck Champagne."

She tossed her head. "Maybe he ain't no big brute like you, but he's got a soul. An' he's a gemmun."

"Yeh? An' I reckon that he'ped him tonight when I busted him in the eye, didn't it? I don't know nobody easier to lick than a gemmun. 'Most always they don't know nothin' about fightin'."

She shook her head.

"I an' you is th'oo, Albany. I don't do nothin' but hate you—an' I do that plenty. You better had leave me alone."

"So had Aleck. An' if he don't he's gwine wake up some mawnin' countin' lily roots."

She swept into the house and flung herself across the bed in a paroxysm of weeping. Meanwhile, Albany White traveled downtown to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. He took a chair in the lobby and waited.

Ten minutes later a human wreck appeared. Professor Aleck Champagne looked as though he had lost a spirited argument with Fate. His clothes were torn, his shirt bosom ripped, his celluloid collar completely absent, and one eye was more than half closed.

He did not see his nemesis as he lurched across the lobby, obtained his key and staggered up the stairs to his room. But when, less than a minute later, the door opened and Albany entered, the professor backed into a corner and eyed the big man in terror.

"Git out of heah!" he quavered.

"Who says?"

"I—I'll call the law."

"Yeh? An' when the law finishes with me, I'll finish with you."

Aleck Champagne dropped into a chair and clutched an aching forehead in two trembling hands.

"Oh, Albany," he moaned, "you sho' has treated me unkind."

"Yeh? An' what I done to you tonight ain't on'y a sample of what you git less'n you keep away fum my gal."

"But Ester ain't yo' gal."

"She is."

"But she tol' me ——"

"She don't know nothin' about it. An' even if she ain't my gal, she ain't gwine be nobody else's. Git this, Aleck, an' git it straight. Ise crazy 'bout Ester an' I don't prepose to stan' back an' do nothin' while some half-cooked piece of tripe like you tries to make ma'iage with her."

"Ise Crazy 'Bout Ester an' I Don't Prepose to Stan' Back an' Do Nothin'"

"Y-you mean ev'y time I go out with her you is gwine beat me up?"

"I don't mean nothin' else."

"Oh, whoa is me!"

"But otherwise, Aleck, you is safe. An' what I has said about you goes fo' ev'ybody else. I want Ester."

"She says you ain't gwine git her. She hates you."

"Maybe so, an' maybe not. But until she is married to somebody else, I ain't gwine give up hope."

"Oh, Lawsy! Ain't you got no kindness in yo' heart?"

"Not a smitch. All I come up heah fo' was to warn you. Fum now on Ise gwine be on the watch, an' does you even walk down the street with Ester Babble, you better have lots of liniment an' co't plaster in yo' pockets, 'cause, brother, you is sho'ly gwine need 'em."

The evil-visaged Mr. White walked through the door and slammed it behind him. Aleck, torn with agony and doubt, stared at the oak panels.

"That feller," he anathematized, "is abolutely annoying."

The skinny little musician rang for cracked ice and busied himself with many thoughts. He was halfway between the devil, whom he didn't like, and the deep sea, in which he was unable to swim.

"They ain't but two things I can do," he mourned, "an' bofe of them is wrong."

Aleck adored Ester Babble, but dared not court her on pain of becoming a mayhemee. Yet he desired to marry the fair young lady. He had a profound hunch that once Ester married him, even so obtuse and stubborn a person as Albany might realize that he didn't have a chance, and would therefore refrain from committing chronic assault and battery. But Aleck's courtship had not yet reached the point where he could suggest immediate matrimony with any hope of success. He knew that he was popular with Ester, but certainly she would demand more of his time and attention before committing herself to his care for the balance of her natural life.

All through a dreary and pain-filled night, Aleck tossed on his bed. It was not until the first gray finger of dawn emerged from the blackness of night that an idea came to him. It came suddenly, and the professor sat up straight in bed, his eyes shining triumphantly.

"Hot ziggity dam!" said he. Then, as an afterthought: "If on'y Ester is willin'."

He reached the Midnight lot at nine o'clock. Miss Babble, cast in the rôle of flapperette in the current production, rushed to meet him.

"Aleck," she cried, "was you hurt?"

He blinked. "Didn't it sort of look that way to you, honey?"

"Oh, Aleck! Albany was plumb cruel. I was downright ashamed of him."

"Well," he confessed, "I wasn't so proud of him myse'f."

She pressed his hand warmly. "Us ain't gwine pay no 'tention to that big brute nohow, is we?"

"Hmph! What you mean, we?"

"I an' you. We is gwine out together same as always."

"No, ma'am. Maybe you is goin' out together, but I ain't. If I takes two mo' trips like I took with you las' night, I would suddenly become extinct, an' same is somethin' I don't hahdly crave."

"I reckon you is right, Aleck. A dead musician ain't hardly no good a-tall, is he?"

"None. Or even less than that." He lowered his voice. "Ise crazy 'bout you, gal."

"Oh, Mistuh Champagne."

"Call me professor."

"Oh, professor! You ain't really crazy, is you?"

"I is. Plumb goofy."

"Ain't you the complimentin'est man!"

"I mean it. An' what I crave to know, honey, is this: Does you in any way 'ciprocate my defection?"

She hesitated and blushed. "We-e-ell, I like you heaps."

"But you don't love me?"

"I ain't said I don't."

"But Ise askin' you: Does you does or does you don't?"

"I don't know, Aleck—an' tha's the Lord's troof."

"You ain't in love with nobody else?"

"Nos-suh."

"Promise?"

"Cross my heart."

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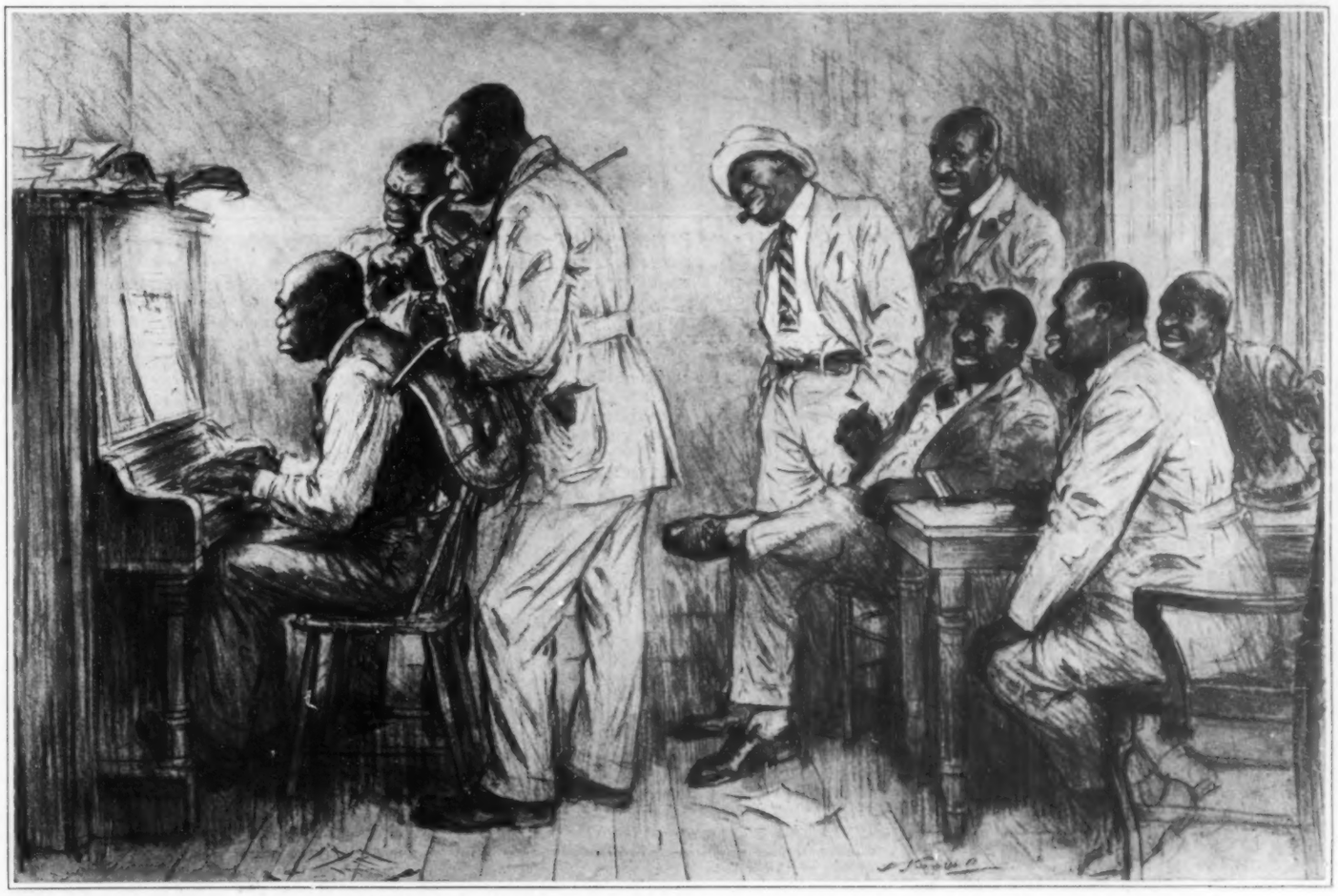

Webster Fingered the Introductory Chord, Professor Champagne Scraped the First Notes From His Violin, and Sam Gin Tremoloed His Saxophone

THE SHAGGY LEGION

Coleman, Giving Fleabit His Head, Turned in the Saddle and Opened on His Pursuers With His Rifle in an Effort to Retard Them

VII

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT IS reported that when Daniel Boone first stood in the passes of the Cumberlands and looked down upon the lovely valleys of Kentucky, swarming with great herds of bison, he said to his companions, "I am richer by far than the man in the Scriptures who owned the cattle on a thousand hills, for I own the wild cattle of more than a thousand valleys."

As in the West the buffaloes laid out trails that traversed the prairies and disappeared in the sky, so in Kentucky their countless hoofs had laid out broad roads. "Buffalo traces," the pioneering settlers termed these beaten highways. And it was over these traces, laid out in advance for them by the shaggy herds, that the settlers advanced into the wilderness of Kentucky and won it from savagery. The vast bison herds of Kentucky at first were believed to be inexhaustible. But the white men took a heavy toll. In a surprisingly short span of time the herds had been thinned out in Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and the broad savannas of Western Georgia. The countless buffaloes of the Illinois prairies were next to suffer, and somewhere round 1830 the buffalo was believed to be extinct throughout all of its former great range everywhere east of the Mississippi River.

There were left then the countless millions of the shaggy legion that ranged from the plains of Texas to the Canadian prairies almost to Great Slave Lake, from the Mississippi to the high mountain meadows of the Rockies and in some places beyond that great divide.

But long prior to 1830 the white men had begun their deadly work upon the Western herds. The first of that famous little group of men who became known as Northmen—Alexander Henry, Thompson, Peter Pond, and, slightly later, McKenzie, Frazer, Peter Ogden and others equally prominent in the annals of the Northwest Company—had penetrated far to the north and west to establish a trading post in 1775 or thereabouts, which later became known as Edmonton, Alberta.

The records left behind by those early voyageurs portrayed a picture of animal life in such abundance that even the African game fields scarce could equal it. In addition to the limitless herds of buffalo and antelope, great bands of deer and elk were everywhere in evidence on the prairies. Bears rambled unafraid across the open country. It was no unusual occurrence for a party of voyageurs to kill from three to a dozen bears in a day's journey, if so inclined.

There is reason to believe that round 1800, in addition to the regular trade in furs and swan skins, kegs of pickled tongues constituted at least a small item of commerce. Shortly thereafter the American fur brigades pressed on to scour the West. They, too, took heavy toll of the herds. Then more than a quarter of a century of robe trading had accounted for millions of the shaggy brutes. The trade with Santa Fé, the settlers swarming into Texas and Eastern Kansas, Iowa and the length of the Missouri River, hunters for the emigrant trains to Oregon and California, subsequent bull-train travel throughout the West, the numerous mining camps, overland stage and pony express stations and military posts—all had tended to reduce the numbers of the buffalo legions. And now the Kansas Pacific, pushing westward across Kansas, hired hunters to supply the grading and construction camps with meat.

The buffaloes still were believed to be inexhaustible. But Breck Coleman was firmly of the opinion that there was not one buffalo remaining for every four that had roamed the plains in his early youth.

The remaining herds were diminishing rapidly. The robe trade had died, so of course the tremendous killing for robes had ceased. That would tend to offset the killing done by settlers and meat hunters. It would be a long time before the buffalo disappeared. Not in his lifetime, Coleman thought. If by any chance they did disappear, his occupation as a professional hunter would pass out with the buffalo. To what could he then turn for a livelihood? Cows, he thought. He had paid but little heed to all the talk of wealth to be derived from bringing Texas cows up to range on the prairies. But the sight of a big trail herd destined for the Dakota country had fired his imagination. Some day he would turn stockman. It would take money, though. However, he already had a considerable credit balance with a dozen or more stores and trading companies. He knew nothing of banking. When he sold his catch of furs—or formerly, before the robe trade had died, the buffalo robes he had secured from the Indians as an independent trader—to some trading company, he simply took such trade goods as he needed and left his credit balance on deposit. He could raise a sizable sum by collecting those various balances. He'd go on hunting and make as much more as was necessary. Then, when he felt inclined to change occupations, he would be prepared. He had been meat hunting for the new mining camp of Denver. But so many impoverished gold seekers had taken to hunting as a means of securing a grub stake that the market had been oversupplied. Coleman could never be certain of selling a load of meat after he had hauled it into camp. He had moved toward the south and east, therefore,

intending eventually to view for himself those Texas trail herds that were arriving at Central Kansas points.

He traveled with his two wagons, each drawn by four mules, the reins of the second rig handled by Dick Conley, who had hired out to Coleman as helper in wolfing and meat-hunting operations at a flat sum of five dollars a day. Just prior to sundown they made a halt on the prairie and cooked a meal. Half an hour after darkness had settled they hitched up and drove on for some five or six miles before stopping for the night. This as a precaution against being located and surprised by any prowling hostiles who might have seen the smoke of their cook fire. This was dangerous country.

There was a hundred-mile-wide strip of country from round Fort McPherson on the Platte, stretching south across the Republican and past Fort Wallace on the Smoky Hill, including the Arkansas country from west of Fort Dodge eastward to Fort Larned, and on south to the Cimarron and the Washita that was known to many plainsmen under the general name of the war-road country.

From time immemorial both northern and southern plains tribes, when at war, had traversed that strip in raiding one another's country. There was peace among the tribes now. They had buried the hatchet among themselves. Sioux, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Comanches and the Northern and Southern Cheyennes still traveled the war-road country in visiting back and forth. When war parties of any of those tribes traversed that stretch nowadays, it was for the purpose of harrying the whites. But the tribes were quiet now. However, none knew better than Coleman that they would take to the warpath unexpectedly when they did go out again. And that wouldn't be long, likely. Coleman did not believe in taking unnecessary chances with the red men.

On the second morning thereafter, he and Conley having made camp in the vicinity of a big buffalo herd, he started out on a meat hunt. Working up into the wind, he came first to the great herd bulls that always were to be found on the outskirts. But it was meat that Coleman wanted, and these stringy old bulls were unfit for food. He worked his way up a ravine and presently came within range of a group of fifty or more cows, calves and yearlings.

The wind was right and before firing the first shot he made careful preparations by placing a hundred or so of the big Sharp cartridges in a row on the edge of the ravine. Resting the buffalo gun on his hat, which he had pressed down over the fresh earth of a gopher mound, he drew a careful bead behind the shoulder of a cow something more than a hundred yards away.

He heard the impact of the heavy ball. The cow went down in a heap. The buffalo nearest her peered about in all directions, but could see no enemy. Only Coleman's head showed above the bank of the ravine. The blood scent excited the animals and they drew near to inspect the stricken cow. One young bull lowered his head and gored her carcass.

Another cow dropped as a slug from the big Sharp struck her behind the shoulder. The group of buffaloes could see no enemy, the wind carried no tidings of danger to their nostrils, and their stupidity was such that they failed to connect the distant reports with the casualties among their number as one after another fell prey to the sharpshooter in the ravine. The herd milled stupidly and Coleman, firing rapidly, but accurately, dropped nineteen animals almost in their tracks with the big buffalo gun. Then a cow, slightly wounded, rushed madly away at the impact of the bullet. The panic was communicated to the rest of the herd. The remaining animals stampeded in the wake of the running cow. Other near-by groups became alarmed and ran in the same direction.

Coleman did not bother to cross to his victims. Instead he returned to his horse, mounted and crossed a prairie ridge into the next valley. The buffaloes there were unalarmed and he soon repeated his performance, killing twenty-three cows and yearlings from one stand. He rode back to the scene of his former operations and found Conley there with the wagons, already engaged in dressing out the kill.

The two men took only the hind quarters and a section of the back of each animal, leaving the foreparts for the wolves. Having dressed out and loaded the meat, they repaired to the scene of the second kill. Then Coleman headed on toward Fort Wallace on the Smoky Hill route that led through Northern Kansas to the new mining camps of Colorado. There he disposed of his meat at the prevailing price of five dollars a saddle, which included the hind quarters and back of a buffalo.

A few days later he disposed of another load in Pond City, the settlement that had sprung up a few miles from Fort Wallace. Moving eastward along the Smoky Hill stage route, he encountered the outfits of many gold seekers, their prairie schooners bearing the legend Pike's Peak or Bust. He sold some little meat at various overland stage stations along the trail, disposed of a full load of forty-odd saddles in Fort Hays and another in Hays City, a mile or more north of the fort.

He found a ready market. The camp was buzzing with excitement over a coming sporting event that had been widely heralded on the plains. William Cody, formerly scout, freighter, overland stage driver and pony express rider for the great firm of Majors, Russel & Waddel, had hired out to the Kansas Pacific Railroad contractors to provide the construction camps with buffalo meat. So successful had Cody been in this pursuit that the railroaders had bestowed upon him the title of Buffalo Bill.

William Comstock, noted scout and frontiersman, was a favorite among Army officers on the plains, particularly round Fort Wallace in the war-road country. They insisted that if there was to be a Buffalo Bill on the plains, Comstock should have the title. Their partisans had induced the two principals to stage a match. The Kansas Pacific had advertised the event and booked excursionists from as far east as St. Louis.

Coleman decided to attend. Wild Bill Hickok, Sharp Grover and Coleman rode to Sheridan, where the contest was to be staged. Coleman found a vast concourse of people in Sheridan. Bets were running high. He was desirous of placing a wager, but could not decide which contestant to back. He had known Cody when the latter

(Continued on Page 80)

Two Men Rode the Points to Guide the Leaders

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Back to Work

WITH all its rich and natural resources, this country could never have become great if the successive generations had been afraid of hard work or had discovered a substitute for honest toil. The frontiersman and his wife worked with their hands from morning until night, and if many of their descendants devote shorter hours to office and business, they match their ancestors' physical exertions with equal or greater mental pains. Under modern conditions, the country needs a thousand and one varieties of technical, supervisory, specializing and organizing workers, because the multitude of tasks to be done piles up not only swiftly as far as mere volume and numbers are concerned but in ever greater complexity and difficulty. It is unthinkable that in such an age there should be loafers and parasites among those who have the physical, moral and mental qualities to work at all. There is too much to be done for any man or woman to seek a substitute for work.

So, whatever loss or injury came from the slump in stock prices, there is sure to be benefit if more people are compelled to go back to their jobs. The morale of the country was threatened by the concentration of so many upon what they called their investments rather than upon what they could accomplish in business and the professions. We are the last to decry the efforts of men and women to increase their means by judicious purchase of inherently valuable securities. But there must be proportion and reason in all things. To suppose that throngs in all walks of life and in all sections of the country could quite suddenly shift their major interest from the duties and tasks which had engaged most of their lives to the process of making quick fortunes out of stock quotations, without bringing a terrible reckoning in its train, is absurd.

We cannot live without a sense of balance or relationship. It is all very well to profit from the enhancement in one's investments, but obviously this is far less important than having an occupation which satisfies one's sense of accomplishment. Only a dunce supposes there is any substantial gain individually or collectively in procuring wealth without a corresponding contribution to society. Making one's living in the stock market looked so much easier for a while than making it in one's own occupation. To most individuals this would mean moral deterioration if carried on long enough, and if sufficient individuals should attempt it, there would be no one left to do the work of the world. After all, people could not keep on making money in stocks unless other people were working day and night to make the properties back of the stocks of value. To try to live off the values which other men are creating, when they, too, are attempting to do the same thing, is the last word in logical absurdity.

Here is a case for reason and moderation. Ambitious business leaders should not give up the idea of rounding out their enterprises through mergers if there are real economies to be effected. But such combinations cannot be based on inflated prices if the prices are deflated. Corporations should not give up the idea of interesting officials and employes in their stock. But if these men become so interested in the stock that they fail to give the best they have to their employers, then the scheme fails of its very purpose. The public will be foolish if it turns sharply against common stocks as investments. They play a part in building competences and fortunes. But all the wealth we have rests upon unremitting toil, which depends in turn upon many contributions of routine drudgery, manual and technical skill, organization and planning. If we are to increase the wealth we have, or even to maintain it, there can be very few slackers in this joint enterprise.

The Tariff Issue

THE prolonged wrangle in the Senate over tariffs is most to be regretted if it has added in any way to friction or misunderstanding between the industrial East and the agricultural West. We cannot believe that the interests of the two sections are as far apart as many political speeches would indicate. It is difficult to see how enlightened industrialists can fail to take into reckoning the needs and problems of agriculture. On the other hand, the farmers' chief market is in this country, and as far as can be seen, industry must have protection if the integrity of the home market is to be maintained. Jealousy of Eastern wealth will not promote the interests of the West, nor will the attempt to erect political realignments on the basis of agrarian discontent.

But the special session of Congress was called by President Hoover primarily in behalf of agriculture. It ill behooves rich, densely populated and highly industrialized Eastern states to make exorbitant demands for higher duties. Protection is quite generally agreed to be a desirable policy, but rates so high as to constitute embargoes upon foreign goods, which give the domestic manufacturer an exclusive monopoly, are in rather a different category. Protective tariffs are to give domestic industries a fair chance and something more, but not to stamp out every suggestion of foreign competition. Home industries should be encouraged, but not given every privilege which the most grasping lobbyist asks for.

When Congress revises tariffs, no matter how great the ability of its members or how eager their desire to serve the public welfare, there is sure to be injected no end of greedy sectional trading as well as outright playing of politics. Because of this condition, both parties agreed some years ago to the appointment of a Tariff Commission by the President, this commission to recommend to the President the advance or reduction of duties to the extent of fifty per cent of those already set by Congress. The President was given the power either to promulgate or veto the recommendations. Such a commission should, in theory at least, be of great help to the Congress in providing emergency relief between the periodical revisions by Congress itself. Whether the commission has actually proved itself scientific and impartial is a matter of extreme difference of opinion. Certainly the principle or idea of a flexible provision in the hands of an expert body in continuous session is a good one, and we are inclined to feel that the practical consideration of getting results renders it desirable that the commission report to the President. But no such device will command confidence in the long run unless the expert body displays real impartiality. The purpose, of course, is not to satisfy every demand for an increase in rates. Eastern industries have not been the only offenders. What is needed in the tariff situation is not only a spirit of sectional compromise, with less jealousy on the part of the West and less hoggishness on the part of the East, but a sense of decent moderation all around.

The Day's Work

THE widely held impression is that business is an in-and-out affair and that the first duty of a keen business executive is to watch for signs forecasting bad business, and act accordingly. But a great many signs of bad business have been playing false. In point of fact, although the business in any one locality or in any one industry may fluctuate considerably, the total volume of business in the country increases slowly and steadily. A certain number of companies and even of industries are always on their way out, but at the same time others are on their way in. Carl Snyder, of the Federal Reserve Bank, has plotted in a single curve more than two hundred elements which give a fair cross-section of our whole economic life. This curve shows that the whole business of the country has increased for many years at a uniform rate of about four per cent a year and that the volume has varied almost negligibly during the periods which have been called "depressed" and the periods which have been called "prosperous." He finds that many of our notions concerning the progress of business have been due to giving too much weight to financial conditions in Wall Street, to pig-iron production and to key industries. The actual distinction between periods of prosperity and periods of depression seems to lie more in the point of view than in the actual conditions.

Somewhat involuntarily the country seems to have adjusted itself to the facts of business through the pressure of what once was known as hand-to-mouth buying. In the old days merchants and manufacturers speculated on what people ought to buy, instead of selling them what they would buy. Thus business alternated between periods of hopeful buying and despairing selling. Now production is fairly adjusted to consumption, and wise business men no longer raise prices in the hopes of making a clean-up.

Lately we have had a smash in the prices of securities due not to any business or credit condition but as a sequel to wild speculation. The mere fact that we could have had such a wave of speculation is evidence of the splendid prosperity of the country; for otherwise people would not have had the money with which to speculate. For several years the public bought securities regardless of their value, in the hope of reselling them at a higher price. Gradually over several months the hopes of reselling at a higher price lessened, and then in one week they abandoned hope and sold as they had bought—regardless of value.

How much money they lost in all this will never be known. The paper losses far exceed the money losses, and in casting the national balance sheet it must also be remembered that for every seller there was also a buyer. The condition of industry was not the reason for the smash. Some of the corporations whose stock went begging for buyers were at the very time declaring dividends which early in the year would have caused buyers to beg for the stock.

Those who lost money in the stock market will for a while have a diminished purchasing power, but those who won—and they are not saying anything—will have an increased purchasing power. What the rich men won or lost does not count, for their purchases have no effect upon the volume of business of the country. But no matter how widespread have been the losses, and taking even the most exaggerated reports, the number of people involved and the amounts of money involved are small compared with the total turnover of business in the country.

This volume of business comes from the wage earner and the farmer. The wage earner is at work and drawing good wages. The farm income promises to be higher than it has been for some years. There would appear to be no reason to expect other than a continuance of good business, except for one fact: the belief of such executives as have lost money in the market that the whole country is poor and disconsolate, just because they happen to be that way.

The real business leaders of the country have not, during these past months or any other months, given themselves up to watching ticker tape.

English Prisons—What They are Like

By Lord Brentford—"Jix"

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

NO, GUV'NOR; Gawd 'elp me, I didn't do it!"

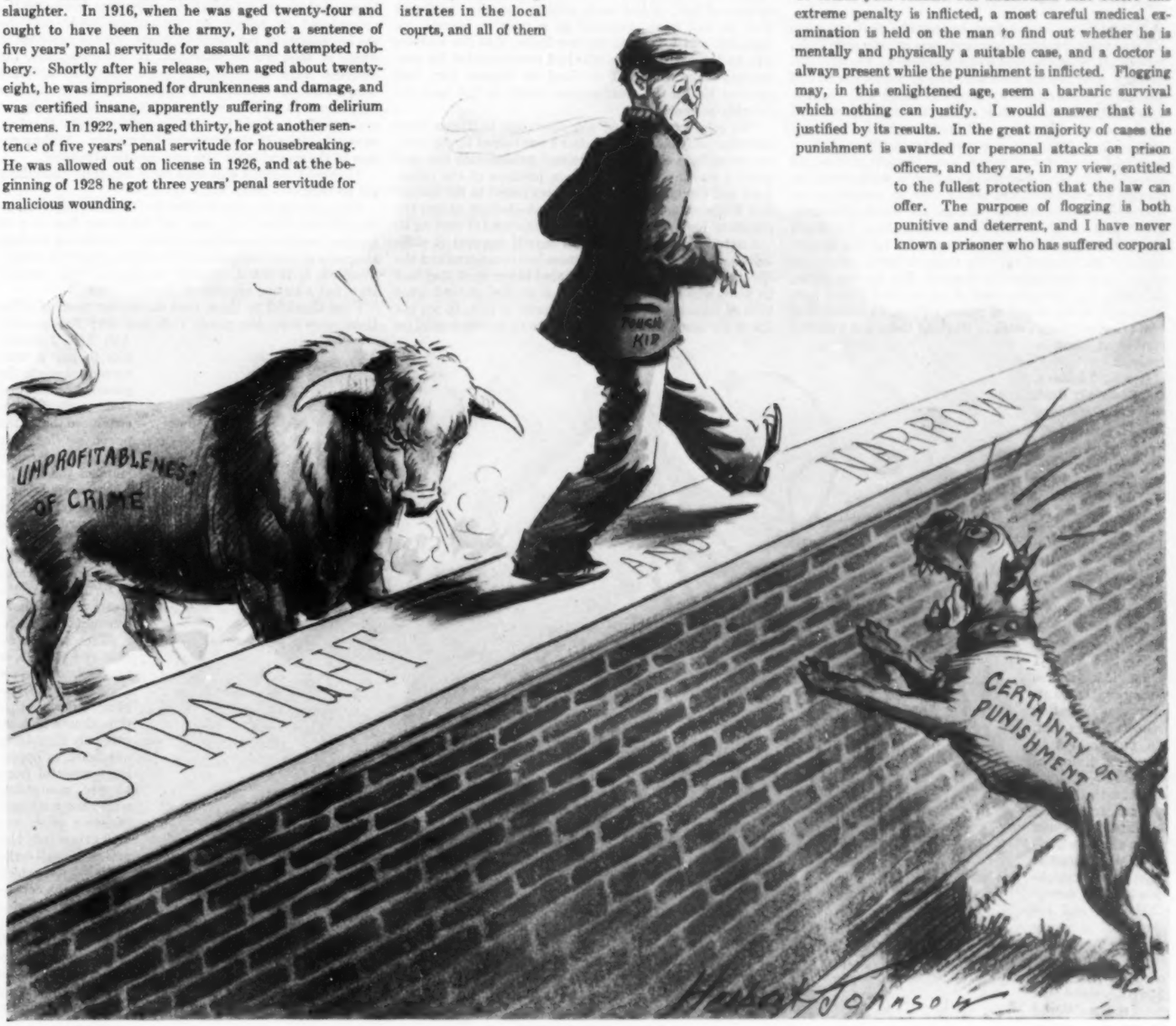
"We'll see about that," says the burly constable. "You come along with me." And at the sight of a pair of steel handcuffs the wretched man whimpers, "All right, guv'nor, I'll come quiet"—and together they go off to the nearest police station.

He is tried before the magistrate. It may be he is an old and hardened offender, and is sent off to the quarter sessions, or to the assizes, where he can have a more severe sentence passed upon him than is possible at the police court, and there he is convicted. It isn't his first sentence. Here is his record:

He first went to prison for a month at the age of seventeen, in 1909, on a charge of loitering. Between the ages of eighteen and nineteen he served four short prison sentences. In 1912, when aged twenty, he appears to have been a bookmaker's clerk, and in a quarrel, shot and killed the man who was assaulting him. For this he got a sentence of three years' penal servitude for manslaughter. In 1916, when he was aged twenty-four and ought to have been in the army, he got a sentence of five years' penal servitude for assault and attempted robbery. Shortly after his release, when aged about twenty-eight, he was imprisoned for drunkenness and damage, and was certified insane, apparently suffering from delirium tremens. In 1922, when aged thirty, he got another sentence of five years' penal servitude for housebreaking. He was allowed out on license in 1926, and at the beginning of 1928 he got three years' penal servitude for malicious wounding.

This record is, as a matter of fact, a true one. The man came under my notice at the end of my period of office as Home Secretary for violently assaulting an officer in the prison where he was serving his sentence. This is one of the few crimes for which corporal punishment may be inflicted in prison; the others being mutiny and incitement to mutiny. These latter are, of course, of very rare occurrence, but violent attacks on officers are perhaps not quite so rare, although comparatively so. In no case can a flogging be ordered until the case has been investigated and an inquiry held by a board of prison visitors or the official visiting committee of the prison, two members of which must be justices of the peace or magistrates. These prison visitors and visiting committees are appointed by the Home Secretary and are composed of men and women of experience in dealing with crimes and criminals; some of them experienced magistrates in the local courts, and all of them persons of intelligence and knowledge. But even then these boards cannot order a sentence of flogging until it has been confirmed by the Secretary of State. It is, of course, a horrible duty; in some ways one of the most horrible that I had to perform, because my act was not merely ministerial, it was the decision of a judge from which there was no appeal; in fact, one of my colleagues whom I asked to take over the duties of the Home Office when I had once to go away for a month's complete rest, expressed his willingness to do it, but said that under no circumstances could he undertake the mental anxiety of dealing with a case of flogging.

Happily, as I say, the cases are rare. In 1927, for instance, I had twelve cases, one of which I declined to confirm and another I reduced from twenty-four strokes to eighteen. In 1926 I had, curiously, the same number, but in that year there were circumstances in four cases which induced me to decline to permit the flogging to take place. Of course your readers will understand that before this extreme penalty is inflicted, a most careful medical examination is held on the man to find out whether he is mentally and physically a suitable case, and a doctor is always present while the punishment is inflicted. Flogging may, in this enlightened age, seem a barbaric survival which nothing can justify. I would answer that it is justified by its results. In the great majority of cases the punishment is awarded for personal attacks on prison officers, and they are, in my view, entitled to the fullest protection that the law can offer. The purpose of flogging is both punitive and deterrent, and I have never known a prisoner who has suffered corporal



WATCH YOUR STEP!

punishment to commit a second time an offense such as will render him liable to the same penalty. Strange as it may seem, the cat has even been known to exercise a reformative influence. I received a report from Dartmoor that the change effected in a man by twenty-four strokes, which were awarded for gross personal violence to a prison officer, was almost unbelievable. I was told that "what was once a morose brute is now a reasonable human being with unbounded possibilities for good."

However, let us go back a little to find out what happened to the typical prisoner about whom I have written, before he reaches the stage in the last paragraph. It is quite obvious that society is entitled to defend itself against predatory action such as that of burglary, theft, and, even more, against crimes against the person, such as assault with violence, rape and murder. I shall deal later with the improvement and possible redemption of criminals, but, undoubtedly, the very reason for the existence of a police force, the detection of crime and the administration of justice is to protect the noncriminal portion of the population. Without this branch of the work of the Home Secretary, one would tremble to think what the conditions of our great cities would be, and the nearer one gets to the certitude of conviction and the sureness of the punishment that follows, the nearer one gets to the abolition of crime in any civilized state. An effective police force and a properly administered prison service are the foundations upon which the civilization of today rests.

A New View on Criminal Punishment

A CRIMINAL may, indeed, be thankful that his crime was not committed a hundred years or more ago. Then, indeed, the prison service was a disgrace to any civilized country. Our prisons then were simply scenes of riot and debauchery; the novice in crime was mixed with the hardened and abandoned villain, so that the man who once entered prison, for however trivial an offense, herded as he was with confirmed jailbirds, was initiated into crimes of which he would never, out of prison, have thought, and would almost inevitably leave prison soaked in wickedness, returning to civilization not with a view to amendment or reform but determined to lead the life which ultimately might lead to its forfeit, for in those days the death penalty was given for many crimes of a far less serious nature than murder. It was these dreadful conditions which drove the immortal Howard and his coadjutor, Elizabeth Fry, along the road of reform, and I have been interested, in my study of prison reform, to realize that while Howard was at work in England there was a similar movement afoot in America.

It was, I believe, Dr. Benjamin Rush who, in Philadelphia, in 1787, pressed hard the suggestion that the retributive and punitive character of imprisonment should be subordinated to the reformative. This has now been applied in practice. I cannot claim that the change in the prison service is due to myself—it began long before my time—but what I can say is that I have encouraged to the utmost that alteration in our prison system. To my readers in America, living in forty-eight different states, with the prisons matters of local administration and not under the Federal Government at all, it may be remarkable that the responsibility for and the direction of every prison in the country are in the hands of one man—the Home Secretary—and that man, as I mentioned in my first article, one who has many other subjects with which to deal besides the detection and the punishment of crime. Under the Prison Commissioners, who are appointed by the Home Secretary, who are responsible to him, and who have to obey any directions which he may give them, there are now five convict prisons, thirty-two local prisons, five Borstal institutions and two preventive detention prisons.

The policy of the commissioners was determined by myself. Naturally, if there was any conflict of opinion between them and myself, we used to meet and talk things over; but from the public point of view and that of the House of Commons, I was responsible, and if I were to give way against my better judgment to the view of the Prison Commissioners, or, indeed, to any other branch of any of the services controlled by the Home Secretary, I should be responsible to Parliament and would not be able to shelter myself by saying that the opinion in question was that of the Prison Commissioners, or the Commissioner of Police, as the case might be, because I had the power to make them do as I thought right. Accordingly I determined the policy of the Prison Commissioners; I made or approved the appointments to the prison service, and in case of the dismissal of a warder or other official for bribery, trafficking with prisoners or any other serious offense, the matter had to come before me, and my decision was final. I remember once the case came before me of a prison governor who had been misappropriating some money. The commissioners advised that he should be dismissed from the service. It so happened that I had recently visited the prison, had seen the man and formed a poor opinion of him. I had made certain inquiries and found that he had been promoted to a position beyond his capacity, and I came to the conclusion that the mistake was on the part of those who had recommended his promotion. Accordingly I declined to dismiss him, but reduced him to the position from which he had been unsuitably promoted.

The prisoners' diet and any alteration in it also came before myself, and in this matter I was helped by my wife, who used from time to time to visit prisons with me; and when I was investigating certain portions of the prison work and discipline, she always went round to the larders and kitchens, and there investigated—indeed, tasted the prisoners' food, and inquired into the method of cooking it.

I naturally wanted to see for myself the sort of difficulties with which prison governors had to contend and the life that the prisoners led. I wanted to see what they had to wear, what they ate, what they worked at, and what kind of punishments they underwent; in fact, to see the life of the man from early morning until he was locked up in his cell at night. It is the thousand and one details which make up a prisoner's day that are of importance in prison administration. With this object in mind, I visited the convict prisons at Dartmoor and Parkhurst, the local prisons at Maidstone, Pentonville, Dorchester and Manchester, the women's prison at Holloway, the remand prison at Brixton, the preventive detention prison at Camp Hill and the Borstal institutions at Portland and Feltham; and I can say without fear of contradiction, and I hope without fear of being misunderstood, that I have spent more time in prison than any previous Home Secretary.

The Prison on the Moor

OF THE prisons I did visit, by far the most impressive is Dartmoor, built a hundred or more years ago to take the unfortunate prisoners of war captured in the Napoleonic wars with France; though I think that Portland, which was a convict prison before it was converted into a Borstal institution, is, in some respects, a close rival. Standing in grim isolation on the height of a wild and desolate moor, Dartmoor prison, seen from outside, seems to dominate the landscape. Once in sight of it, there is no possibility, however fine the day, however clear the sky, however gripping the beauty of the moor, of driving its presence from your consciousness. The hopes, fears, hates of the generations of convicts who have passed long years of their lives there are still vibrant in the air, and they speak so insistently of the tragedies of life as we have made it that the voice of Nature dies in our ears. But once inside the building the impression is very different; then the moor dominates the prison and all within it; the prison walls may be the boundaries of the convicts' world, but the moor is the whole of their visible universe. It is curious, too, the different ways in which the moor reacts on different temperaments. One of the prisoners—obviously a man of refinement—was commenting rather than complaining to me of the food. I told him that he couldn't expect the state to supply him with the best moor-fed mutton. At the mention of the word "moor" he became almost violent.

"I should damned well hope not," he said. "Anything fed on that —— moor can stay on it."

There are others who develop for it a quiet affection. It is onto the moor that they will take their first step of freedom and the moor seems to them to be waiting through the years of their confinement to welcome them on release. They see in it not a constant mockery of their captive state but a lasting message of hope.

I am thankful to think that during my term of office there were very few prison riots and very few escapes. And here I should like to pay a well-earned tribute to the prison governors and their staffs. I am convinced that if the prison service were not so admirably manned the tale of disorder would be a far longer one. I have heard the opinion expressed that a warder's job must be a soft one. Nothing is farther from the truth. The strain of constant vigilance, whether against escape and the like, or personal attack, of maintaining discipline by means other than those which secure only a grudging obedience, of opposing a cheerful front to the monotony which the work and in some cases the situation of the prison entail—the strain of these, which by no means constitute the whole of a warder's tasks, makes of his job one of the most exacting in the public service. Much of the success of our prison

A Criminal May, Indeed, be Thankful That His Crime Was Not Committed a Hundred Years or More Ago

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THE SHYSTER

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

New Clients Came In to Tell Us Bluntly What They Were Going to Do and What They Expected Us to Do—Sinister Persons With Coldly Sinister Plans

VI

AS SOON as I could get in touch with my burglars I asked them to decide between themselves which should plead guilty in return for a suspended sentence, and which should stand trial. Settlement of this question called for expert diplomacy on my part because the two young men had turned traitor to each other immediately after their arrest; when facing what they regard as certain conviction thieves often do, in spite of romantic legends to the contrary. Under my encouragement, however, they renewed their rough-and-tumble friendship and good-naturedly settled the matter by matching coins. Thenceforth, I explained to them, I would be attorney of record only for the one who stood trial. The other would represent himself as having no attorney, which would be reasonable since he was throwing himself upon the mercy of the prosecutor. But I promised to look after him when the appropriate time arrived.

The case went to trial with three important items of testimony confronting my client. First, there was his own confession of guilt; second, there was the testimony of his accomplice; third, there was the testimony of the fence who had received the stolen goods. Outside of a court of law this would have been a formidable case, but in the court room it is not incontestable. A confession can be disposed of fairly easily when the defendant repudiates it and swears that it was obtained under duress. Next I excoriated the fence on cross-examination and forced him to refuse to answer more than a dozen questions on the ground that to do so might incriminate him. In fact, I proved such close connection between himself and my client that I could set up the legal point that he was virtually an accomplice. Any juror could see, after this cross-examination, that the fence had turned upon the thieves in order to save his own hide. And that was the truth.

But what I did to him was only a warm-up for the handling of my other burglar when he took the stand. First, I proved his long criminal record; then I made him tell where he had lived during the preceding two years, and the list of addresses grew and grew until everyone in the court room laughed. He gave thirty-two and admitted that that probably wasn't half. Over and over again I fired at him the charge that he had been promised something in return for his testimony. Under his agreement with the prosecutor he had to say that there was no promise, but he said it weakly. Every indication pointed to such an agreement. And, of course, there was one.

However, my client was so covered with guilt that I expected an adverse verdict from the jury in spite of all these efforts; my purpose in making them was to raise the legal point that a man cannot be convicted upon the testimony of accomplices unless this testimony is well corroborated by others. I felt sure of reversing the case on appeal, but the terrific pounding I gave the state's witnesses so damaged them in the eyes of the jurors that my client won an acquittal. Immediately he was arrested and held as a material witness against the lad who had just testified against him.

Prosecutor and detectives tried to strengthen their case while I demanded prompt trial. With one client acquitted I could now appear as counsel of record for my other burglar. The prosecutor managed to bolster his case a trifle and we went to trial. This case was simply a duplicate of the first except that my two burglars had reversed their rôles. The former defendant was now a witness and the former witness was now defendant. If the same jurors had tried both cases they would, no doubt, have found my procedure astounding, for I now gloated over the long criminal record of my acquitted burglar and utterly broke down the credibility of his testimony. Fortunately a different jury witnessed this performance. The fence received the same grilling as during the former trial, and my client repudiated his confession, explaining it on the ground that he had been threatened. The state's case had been somewhat strengthened, but it was still entirely inadequate to meet the test of appeal to the higher courts. The jury disagreed. I demanded a prompt second trial or dismissal. The prosecutor was inclined to let matters stand with the case pending, but the police had gathered more evidence against the fence and now decided to proceed against him. Evidently their agreement with him, whatever it may have been, didn't hold if his testimony failed to convict my burglars. Or they may have broken their promise; I don't know. At any rate, in order to clear the way for my second burglar to testify without the embarrassment of an indictment pending against him it was dismissed.

As soon as the fence was indicted he sent for me. When I arrived he told me that he had just supplied my burglars with funds to leave the state and remain out of the jurisdiction of the court until after his trial. Payment of my fee had left them broke but appreciative, and they were now enjoying a vacation. However, I saw in this new case the opportunity for a marvelous stroke of business so I called them back and informed the prosecutor where they could be found.

When the case went to trial both of them testified with delightful frankness that they were burglars, that they had stolen the goods in question, sold it to the fence who was now my client, and that he knew the goods had been stolen because they told him so. They could give this testimony with absolute safety, because they had already been in jeopardy and could not again be arrested for the specific transaction in question. I did not pound them very hard this time because there was no need for it and I had a deeper plan. My fence was convicted, but on appeal the case was not only reversed but thrown out of court. My burglars had plainly proved themselves accomplices of the fence and the appellate court upheld my contention to that

(Continued on Page 34)

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(Continued from Page 32)

effect. In short, my fence couldn't be convicted on the inadequately corroborated testimony of his accomplices any more than they could be convicted on his testimony. I had now liberated all three of them, not only in spite of their confessions of guilt but partly because of these very confessions. Thereafter any fence who found himself in trouble was more than likely to employ me even though he had other counsel. Business came to my office in a torrent.

It is amazing to me that so many peace officers and prosecutors seem to feel that they don't have to work hard to convict a known criminal. Their attitude apparently is: "Why, everyone knows that that fellow is a crook. Just to look at him is enough. We're not going to let that skunk stand on his constitutional rights and privileges." I don't mean to intimate that all peace officers nor even one-quarter of the prosecutors are guilty of this absurdity, but enough of them are to help the criminal's lawyer mightily. And as I said before, what amazes me is the fact that even one of them should make such a silly error. The criminal's constitutional rights are no less guaranteed than any other man's; moreover, it is far more essential for him to take advantage of them. Occasionally an innocent man is demanding and expecting complete exoneration from the court and jury; he not only intends to prove himself not guilty but he is determined to go farther and prove himself innocent, but no real criminal ever bothers about such matters. All he wants is a clear exit, and if any peace officer or prosecutor will just be so kind as to violate his undeniable rights, he has it, guilty or not.

I was especially glad that my fame brought me the business of those who traffic in stolen goods, because they are much more prosperous than the thieves. The latter are usually reckless young fools, but the fences and receivers make money. Nearly all of them operate under the advice of counsel, whom they consult with a view to remaining out of the toils of the law.

I advised a group that I finally brought together to establish a warehouse business that made their operations much safer. In fact, before three years had elapsed that warehouse had kept every one of them out of the penitentiary. And time after time it saved the thieves with whom they did a regular business. I can explain very easily the reason for this warehouse. As a rule, stolen goods must be identified in order to complete the prosecution's case. That will not hold good in every instance, but it is generally true. Now there are many types of goods that once mixed up with similar goods in a warehouse can scarcely be identified at all. We found, too, that experienced warehousemen knew where to look for identification marks on bulky goods such as bolts of fine cloth. Jobs of this kind are carefully planned. Before the stolen goods arrived the warehouse would have on hand a suitable assortment of similar goods owned by various merchants, jobbers, retailers or speculators. When the stolen property came in new identification marks would be provided, or at least the real marks would be removed, and the stuff suitably scattered through what was on hand.

The warehouse brought me many clients whose business claimed very little of my time and brought large fees. I recall only one dissatisfied patron of the institution. He was a bootlegger who made wine on a large scale and scoured the country for old wine barrels. The longer they had been used, the better they were for his purpose, so he sent out scouts to find and ship them to our warehouse. As soon as a carload had been assembled they were sent as railway freight to his winery. One of these precious carloads of barrels was smashed in a wreck and as part of the job of clearing up the wreck the pieces were burned. My client nearly burst a blood vessel. He wanted damages, damages, damages! The barrels, he protested, were almost priceless to him. The railway company offered new oak barrels. Again he went into hysterics. New oak barrels would make his wine taste like poison. I couldn't possibly collect damages nor sue nor do anything else except say "thank you" for the railway company's small check and lose that client forever. He protested bitterly that there was no such thing as justice. The law was a joke, and I was an incompetent fool. If the Government wished to prosecute him for bootlegging, all right; let the officers first catch him; but in the interim his barrels were worth what they had cost and he wanted fair payment for them. He was an amusing fellow, but I must admit that I found a certain amount of justice in his contention.

Casey had political affiliations that brought us business. These affiliations did not mean much in the way of power or influence, but his numerous friendships in a realm marked by turbulence and graft resulted in clients. I had had enough of seeking political power and frequently warned him of its dangers. However, he was too excessively Irish to take the advice as seriously as I meant it and let politics alone.

One of the cases he brought us added enormously to the firm's prestige and eventually served to draw Katzenjammer as well as Casey into the whirlpool of politics for profit. I handled the case in question. The defendant was an employe of a contracting firm that was active in politics for business reasons. Such a firm usually burdens its pay roll with lame ducks and the poor relations of office-holders, and this one was no exception. Our client was a political lame duck and grafter who, while employed in the office of this firm, stole about twelve thousand dollars of its funds. On being arrested he hastened to summon his friend, Casey. At first it appeared that nothing we could do would save him, but to our amazement he was indicted for conspiracy to steal the money instead of the actual

(Continued on Page 161)

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	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66							A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Model T					E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.							B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

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MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

There Was Another Outburst of Shouts From the Graders: "The Train! The Train! Rally on the Train!"

The Railroad Builders—By F. Britten Austin

JULY 1, 1862. A room in Washington. It lay amid a pile of other papers and parchments—a document whose first words were engrossed with ornate elaboration: AN ACT to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Missouri River to the Pacific Coast, and to secure to the Government the use of the same for postal, military and other purposes.

A gaunt, wearied man, seated at the table, picked up paper after paper of those superimposed upon it, assured himself of the correctness of their contents, signed them: "Abraham Lincoln, President."

He worked his way down to that heavy, many-folioed document, picked it up, scanned it with shrewd thoughtful eyes, sighed deeply as from an interior relief as he read it. At last was authentically to be born that great project which for ten years had dominated the imagination of the American people, the then visionary project for which Asa Whitney had prematurely sacrificed himself and his fortune in the 40's. More than 1500 miles of but sketchily explored prairie, mountain and desert divided the extreme western outposts of the East from the eastern outposts of that new America on the Pacific shore; an America so isolated that not a few of the wisest and most patriotic statesmen had counseled its establishment as an independent republic. Distant 19,000 miles around the stormy Horn, or five weeks' travel by the Panama route, with an alternative of seventeen precarious days between the Missouri and California by the coaches of the overland stage, frequently galloping for dear life from swarms of hostile Indians, that independent Pacific republic became, indeed, ever more probable in default of rapid and effective communication with the East.

The entire nation had long ago awakened to that necessity; its ominously differentiated sections hotly endeavoring to wed it to their partisan ambitions. During the troubled years before the bombardment of Sumter had proclaimed secession an embattled fact, the South had vehemently orated and intrigued for a Southern railroad to the West which should automatically carry with it an extension of their "peculiar institution," which—so their politicians imagined—should make the South for all time predominant. The impossibility of raising a dollar from the North for such a scheme had reduced Southern-controlled Administrations to a stubborn thwarting, by time-honored congressional methods, of the rival Northern projects, playing off against each other the competitive claims of a northwestern or central route. Those quarrels were now over. For more than a year the nation had been rent in twain. Only a Northern Little Congress now sat in Washington. A Union Pacific Railroad had become a political possibility.

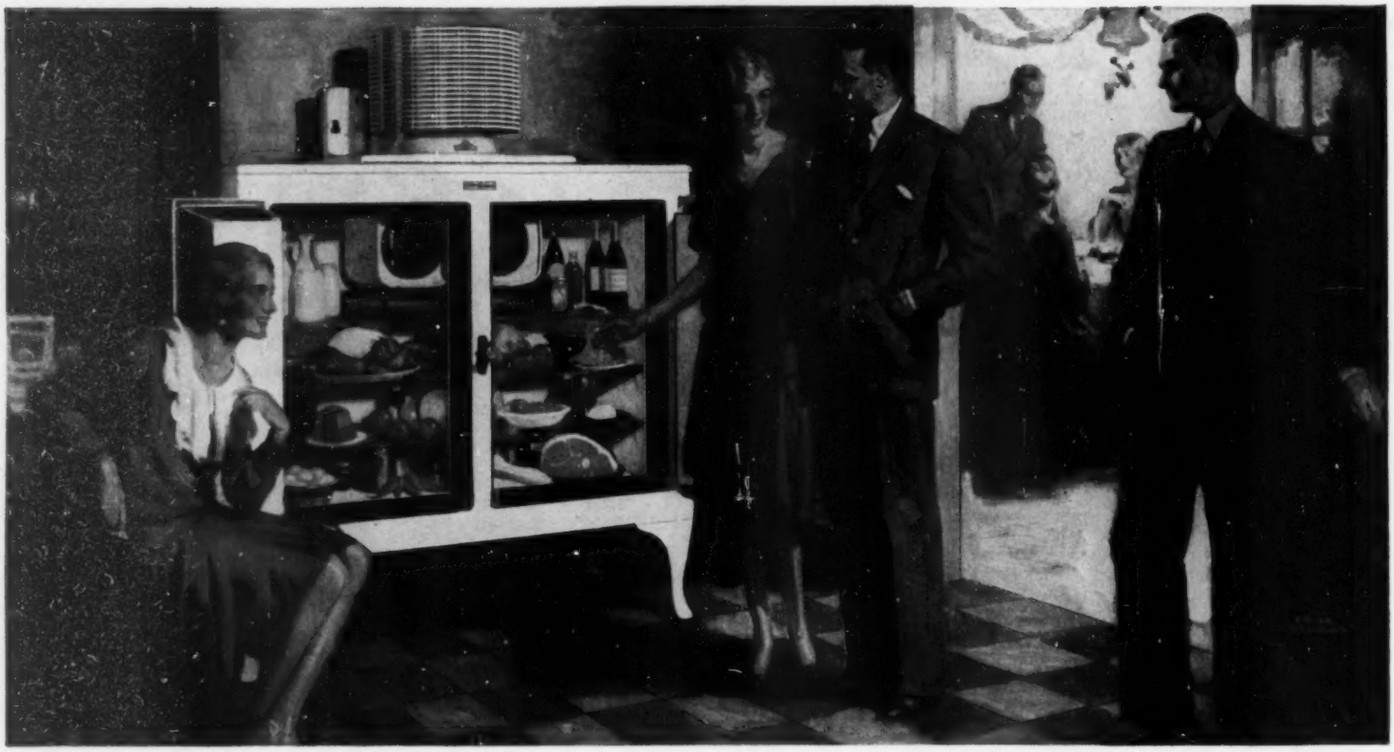
The germ of it had already sprung into being. Far away in the West, three weeks before Bull Run, on June 28, 1861, four prominent Californians—Leland Stanford, governor of the state; Charles Crocker, proprietor of a store in Sacramento; Messrs. Huntington and Hopkins, hardware and miners' supplies, Sacramento, together with a brilliant young engineer, Theodore D. Judah, had formed themselves into the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California, with a proclaimed program of surmounting the Sierra Nevada and pushing eastward. Huntington and Judah had come East to secure Federal aid for their undertaking. They had made contact with that somewhat flamboyant railroad enthusiast, Dr. Thomas C. Durant, of New York, conspicuously connected with the original Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, and with certain of his friends already veteran lobbyists for a transcontinental road that should start from the Missouri. In that wartime Little Congress, unusually subservient to the wishes of the Administration, their jointly agreed bill had passed the House on June 24, 1862, by 104 votes to 21, had passed the Senate four days previously by 25 to 5. Such, briefly, was the history of the document now presented for that presidential signature which would make it law.

A Gaunt, Wearied Man Picked Up Paper After Paper, Assured Himself of the Correctness of Their Contents, Signed Them: "Abraham Lincoln, President"

It provided that the board of commissioners for the Union Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Company—not yet constituted—was authorized "to lay out, locate, construct, furnish, maintain and enjoy a continuous railroad and telegraph, with the appurtenances" from "a point on the one hundredth meridian west . . . between the south margin of the valley of the Republican River and the north margin of the valley of the Platte River, in the territory of Nebraska . . . thence running westerly upon the most direct, central and practicable route, through the territories of the United States, to the western boundary of the territory of Nevada, there to meet and connect with the line of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California." East of the hundredth meridian, two other railroads were authorized to build to connect with the Union Pacific, and the Union Pacific itself was to build eastward to a point "to be fixed by the President" on the western border of Iowa, and, therefore, on the eastern shore of the unbridged Missouri River. The Government would assist both companies with subsidies, payable on each forty completed and accepted miles, of $16,000 a mile across the plains, $48,000 a mile through the mountains, $32,000 a mile between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada, together with a grant of vacant lands within ten miles of both sides of the line for five alternate sections per mile, a total of some eleven million acres. The track throughout was to be "of uniform width, to be determined by the President of the United States, so that, when completed, cars can be run from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. . . . The whole line of said railroad shall be operated . . . as one connected continuous line." Connection at the Nevada-California boundary must be made before July 1, 1874, and there must be "a continuous line of railroad ready for use, from the Missouri River to the navigable waters of the Sacramento River, in California, by the first day of July, 1876."

Such were the main features of the act, complicated by many minor provisions, which President Lincoln scanned through on that first of July when a disaster-laden telegram had informed him that McClellan's huge host, bloodily foiled in what should have been an overwhelming advance on Richmond, was now

(Continued on Page 38)



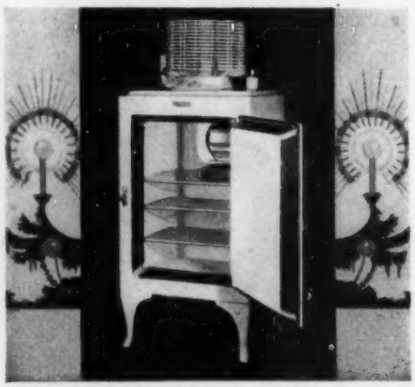
Happy to own it . . . proud to show it

Really, you can't blame her. Who wouldn't drag her friends out into the kitchen to show off her new General Electric? There it stands, gleaming white, strong as a safe, incredibly quiet . . . the envy of all who see it.

For a gift that gives all-year usefulness, that makes every-day tasks lighter, that safeguards health, the General Electric is really ideal. It makes a generous supply of ice cubes and, of course, freezes those luscious desserts which every hostess enjoys serving.

When you buy a General Electric you are choosing the one and only electric refrigerator which has an *all-steel* cabinet. It is rust-proof, warp-proof. Its doors are finished with trim black Textolite edges, an attractive contrast to the whiteness of the cabinet. The inside corners are rounded so that they are most easy to clean. And the graceful legs leave plenty of broom-room under the cabinet. In fact, this refrigerator has every detail that makes for greatest sanitation and cleanliness.

And the General Electric is the only refrigerator which has all its mechanism mounted on top in an hermetically sealed steel casing . . . out of the way, dust-proof. It never needs oiling and leaves the greatest cabinet area for food storage. It allows the heat to rise *above* the cabinet—not up through it. It has an accessible freezing regulator and it creates absolutely no radio interference.



Prices on the new all-steel models now start as low as $215 at the factory.

When you are deciding on the gift that will best serve the whole family, consider the sound value which the General Electric offers. The operating cost is but a few cents a day and not a single owner has thus far paid a dollar for repairs or service. No other refrigerator approaches this record. Conveniently spaced payments can be arranged.

For complete information about all the models, write to Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Ask for an illustrated Booklet—S-12.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 37)

fighting for its life at Malvern Hill; the best that could be hoped from its panic-stricken Little Napoleon a retreat in which the wreck of that army might precariously be saved. In that black hour, he, the President, had just drafted a letter to be shown confidentially to the governors of the loyal states:

"I expect to maintain this contest until successful, or till I die, or am conquered, or my term expires, or Congress or the country forsake me." His mouth was grim-set now with that resolve as he glanced through these legally phrased clauses, forced his mind to turn from the crisis of the cause he personified to this ambitious railroad project, which would be but a mockery if that cause were lost.

It was already ultra-familiar to him in all its details, was framed in close accordance with his own views. Three years before, in 1859, at the optimistically styled Pacific Hotel in the Iowa frontier settlement of Council Bluffs, overlooking Omaha on the other side of the Missouri, he had met a twenty-nine-year-old railroad engineer, by name Dodge, just returned from six years of surveying across the prairies and the mountains to Salt Lake City. For two hours he had talked with that extremely intelligent young man, had been convinced by him that the emigrant trail from Omaha up the Platte, over the Rockies and by the Great Salt Lake was the one practicable route for a transcontinental railroad. Young Dodge would have been just the man to have built it. Pity he wasn't available—he was now a general somewhere in the Army, he seemed to remember. But with what was at hand, the line must go through. The Trent affair last year had demonstrated the danger of war with England. If in existing circumstances it occurred, the Pacific States would be utterly isolated.

The projectors of this railroad and their friends in the lobby thought only of the dazzling profits unquestionably assured by a through route to the fabulous wealth of the Orient. He saw the road as the means of conveying the military strength of the United States from Atlantic to Pacific without interference by anyone. He saw it as more than that—as a vital bond between the far-scattered American people, from ocean to ocean linking them in an enduring and impregnable unity. The mere decreeing of it now, in this hour of disaster, was defiantly eloquent of his faith in the eventual triumph of that Union, purchased at such dreadful cost. He bent his head for a moment, shadowed his eyes with his hand. "Almighty God, vouchsafe that this great undertaking be carried to successful completion for the permanent good of these United States." He took up his pen, dipped it in the ink, wrote his signature: "Abraham Lincoln, President."

He pushed the document from him, stared at it for a moment. It was no longer a mere document. It was a vision—a vision of shining rails stretching beyond sight into the Western distance—a vision of peoples yet unborn filling the intermediate empty spaces—the people of the United States.

It was July 10, 1865, at Omaha, a straggling mushroom town of tents and wooden shacks. The Union was recently triumphant in overwhelming victory. President Lincoln was recently dead. At the "initial point" of the Union Pacific Railroad on the western bank of the Missouri River, a group of men in professional broadcloth stood at the extremity of a roughly graded track. Close to them were unkempt Irish workmen, standing ready by piles of timber, by piles of iron rails; other workmen ready with sledge hammers and spikes, chairs and bolts. The first rail of the transcontinental road was at long last to be laid.

It was, nevertheless, not the first ceremony at that spot. As far back as December 2, 1863, the exuberantly spectacular George Francis Train had made a grandiloquent oration while Governor Saunders of Nebraska had dug the first sod of the new line. There had been fireworks, a brass band and much enthusiastic cheering. The celebration had bankrupted the company's treasury. It would receive no money from the Government until its first forty miles, costing $1,000,000, had been completed. The capitalists of the East had stood skeptically aloof, reluctantly taking up small lines of shares on a 10 per cent initial payment. At the end of 1863 its cash subscriptions had pitifully totaled $217,700. Not until the fall of 1864 had the company even started to grade the first line of track.

Far away in California, the Central Pacific had bridged the American River, had completed thirty-one miles of track by July, 1864, despite the furious opposition of the stage lines and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, monopolist of the route via Panama, despite an appallingly empty exchequer necessitating the employment of the last cent of the personal credit of its chief promoters. But the Central Pacific had Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, and that brilliant young Theodore D. Judah, knowing the Sierra as a lover knows a difficult sweetheart, who had lamentably died in October 1863. The Union Pacific yet waited for a man equal to one of them.

In 1864, a revolutionary change for the better had improved the financial status of the two companies. The lobbyists of the Central and of the Union had worked desperately to induce Congress to amend the Act of 1862, had—untruthfully—sworn that, if the Pacific Railroad failed, California would be lost to the Union. A bill had been rushed through, perhaps, or, indeed, perhaps not, the bill which had been recommended in committee, had been signed by the President on the second of July. By that act the government advances had been degraded to a second mortgage on the roads, the companies had been authorized to issue their own bonds to equivalent amounts as first mortgages, while simultaneously the land grant was doubled to 12,800 acres a mile.

The Union Pacific let the contract for its first hundred miles. In January, 1865, the chief engineer, Peter A. Dey, resigned in indignation at the doubtfully honest terms of that contract. The contractor himself broke down on the task almost at the outset. The company decided to do its own work, formed its chief stockholders into a construction company styled the Crédit Mobilier. Sidney Dillon, in 1834 a train boy on the puffing clanking brigades of cars of the Albany & Schenectady, and all his subsequent career a railroad contractor, came into that concern. President Lincoln sent for sturdily honorable Oakes Ames, maker of the Old Colony shovels, and begged him to take hold and see the company through. "By building this road," he had said, "you will become the remembered man of your generation." The Union Pacific had at last found the first of its men.

That was all ancient history, stale to the eager little group of professional engineers standing in the heat of that July day at Omaha. A whistle blew. Workmen carried up ties of zinc-impregnated cottonwood—procured at great trouble and expense from far up and down the Missouri—laid them transversely across the raw track stretching nakedly into the prairie. Two other gangs carried up a pair of rails, laid them on the ties. An overseer adjusted them parallel at the correct gauge of four feet,

(Continued on Page 92)

President Leland Stanford Struck. The Telegraph Instrument Clicked: "Dot-Dot-Dot! Done!"

Kardex signals *orange* ...and UARCO builds extra sales of $150,000

"JONES using obsolete equipment . . . Myers hasn't ordered in six months . . . Brown not using his register at present . . . Salesman hasn't called on Scott in three months."

On thousands of accounts of the United Autographic Register Company of Chicago, Kardex flashed these vital bits of information.

As a result, the executives immediately sent out letters, bulletins to salesmen and advertising material . . . all aimed at dormant customers. One letter alone stimulated 42% of them to the tune of $150,000 in extra purchases!

". . . and even from the standpoint of the better service Kardex enables us to give customers," states Walter R. Barker, president of the United Autographic, Manifold, and Globe Register Companies, "our investment has been justified."

With the help of Kardex, thousands of other concerns are getting new pictures of their businesses, and with results as remarkable as UARCO.

Whether put to work on sales, credit, personnel or stock control, Kardex can bring in greater profits to every business in America.

Reduces selling costs 95%

When Kardex flashed the simple fact that 14,000 of its 23,000 accounts did not warrant the expense of a salesman's call even once a year, a large chemical manufacturer was able not only to cut selling costs 95% on these accounts but also, by increased sales efforts on other accounts, to increase materially his volume of business.

Decreases back payments 50%

Hearn's department store in New York used Kardex to cut its delinquent installment payments over 50%. Simply and clearly this system of color signals flashes the exact condition of every account to the credit manager.

Costs little—easy to operate

In clear and simple signals on its visible edge, Kardex flashes the information you want—right on the dot. No waiting for clerks to search through bulky ledgers. No hunting for misfiled cards.

Let a Remington Rand man tell you more about it. Expertly and impartially, he will show you a dozen ways to make and save more money.

Phone the nearest branch today, or write to Remington Rand Business Service, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

KARDEX

VISIBLE RECORDS

Remington · Library Bureau · Safe-Cabinet
Dalton · Baker-Vawter · Kalamazoo

Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

	100 150	CHAMBERLAIN GEO. R.	CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO	HARDWARE

■ *Red* Using obsolete equipment. ■ *Orange* Hasn't ordered in nine months. ■ *Green* Salesman hasn't called in four months. ■ *Blue* Buying only 50% of what he did last year.

Fifth Avenue—Once Removed

As Told to Mary Margaret McBride

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

PLUMBER'S helper I've called myself ever since I married my master plumber, nearly forty years ago. And plumber's helper, I once signed my name in a vicomte's visitors' book right under His Eminence Cardinal Hayes himself.

I recollect, though, that a prominent film star's manager, when he got a bill headed Plumbing Supplies—it was my husband's billhead—for thirty dresses, threw up his hands in surprise. He said he'd paid many a bill for costumes, but it was the first time he had ever known an actress' wardrobe to be supplied by a plumber. Or even a plumber's assistant. So, maybe it's time I changed my title, or, anyway, added to it.

There's a French word—*commissionnaire*—that might suit, because I sell most everything you can think of for 1400 of New York's Four Hundred, and charge them 10 per cent commission.

In forty years my business has run into the millions and my 10 per cent commissions have bought me a home and other houses on Long Island, a car and chauffeur, and more stocks and bonds than I dreamt were in the world when I was a young one in Ireland. Yet I've never advertised, never had a card or a billhead printed. More than that, I've always carried on my business in my husband's plumbing shop, in New York City.

I've never needed signs and advertising, though. "Who are you in New York if you don't know Annie?" a society woman said one time at a fashionable luncheon. And everybody laughed and agreed. They all knew me. Hundreds of other society women that give me their things to sell know me, and so do hundreds of stage women that buy them.

Secondhand

THIS is how it goes: If one of my clients has a lot of dresses, shoes, underwear, furniture, jewelry or goldfish she doesn't want—and once I had an alligator to sell!—she puts them up in a bundle and sends them to me. I sell them to folks who can use them. One auctioneer and I have sold the entire contents of at least forty homes that, before they were broken up by death or divorce, belonged to some of the richest people in New York City. Then again, some client may want to buy a family portrait, a parrot or the like, and I take care of that too. Generally, I get bargains.

But selling's what I like best. Once I went up to the Plaza Hotel for luncheon with four friends, wearing four diamond bracelets on my arm. All the bracelets changed arms and I came away with four good-sized checks.

A wholesale jeweler I've dealt with for many years likes to tell a story about my salesmanship. I sold him a society woman's car that she'd had in storage quite a while. It looked wonderful, but a few days afterward he telephoned, all flustered.

"Annie, what kind of a car did you sell me, anyway?" he shouted. "My chauffeur just called to say that all four tires have blown up at once and he's stuck in Fifth Avenue."

The jeweler, in turn, sold that car to a taxi driver who wanted a smart-looking bus, and one night when he was on his way to the opera, he heard a clankety-clank, and there was his old friend, stuck, as usual. I have the grace to blush when he talks about that car.

A member of another jewelry firm estimated not long ago that at least $500,000 worth of silver and jewelry has passed through my hands to them since I began to deal with them in their little shop more than thirty years ago. Now they have a great big place on Fifth Avenue. Why, the senior partner will tell you that one day alone I sold him 680 diamonds—brought them in loose in my pockets and handed them over.

I often have as much as $75,000 worth of jewelry on hand. A good deal of the silver is duplicate pieces people get for wedding presents. I know one bride who had twenty sets of candlesticks, all the same pattern. They get lots of doubles in clocks, too, and ladles and finicky silver things. One time I had a consignment of duplicates worth probably $5000 from a wedding. I was so worried about keeping it in the plumbing shop that a jeweler let me put the stuff in his vaults and sell it from there.

The way I went into buying and selling for the Four Hundred was that a society woman I knew had a lot of dresses left her that she didn't want, and she said, "See if you can't sell them for me, Annie."

This was after I married my plumber. I said to him, "Believe I'll try it," and "Suit yourself," said he. It was before most houses had telephones, but there was a pay station in our shop that lots of actresses in the neighborhood used. I just put the dresses on a rack close by the telephone where no woman that came in could help looking at them. My, I sold the whole batch out in no time!

She was so pleased about it that she told all her friends, and two or three of them said, "Ask her if she'll sell some things for me." So I did that too.

I didn't realize then that I was starting a business that would do more than plumbing to take care of me in my old age, but whenever they'd ask me, I'd sell their things. The first year, I made nice spending money for myself. Still, I didn't think much about it, not even when the women I sold for began to ask me to buy for them too. But after a year or so, it began to be a real business and I got in Laura to help me. Everybody along Broadway and Park Avenue knows Laura. She's a fine saleswoman and all the force I've needed.

The Fine Ladies'd Gather There and Sit Around on Odd Pieces of Plumbing Fixtures and Talk

My First Client

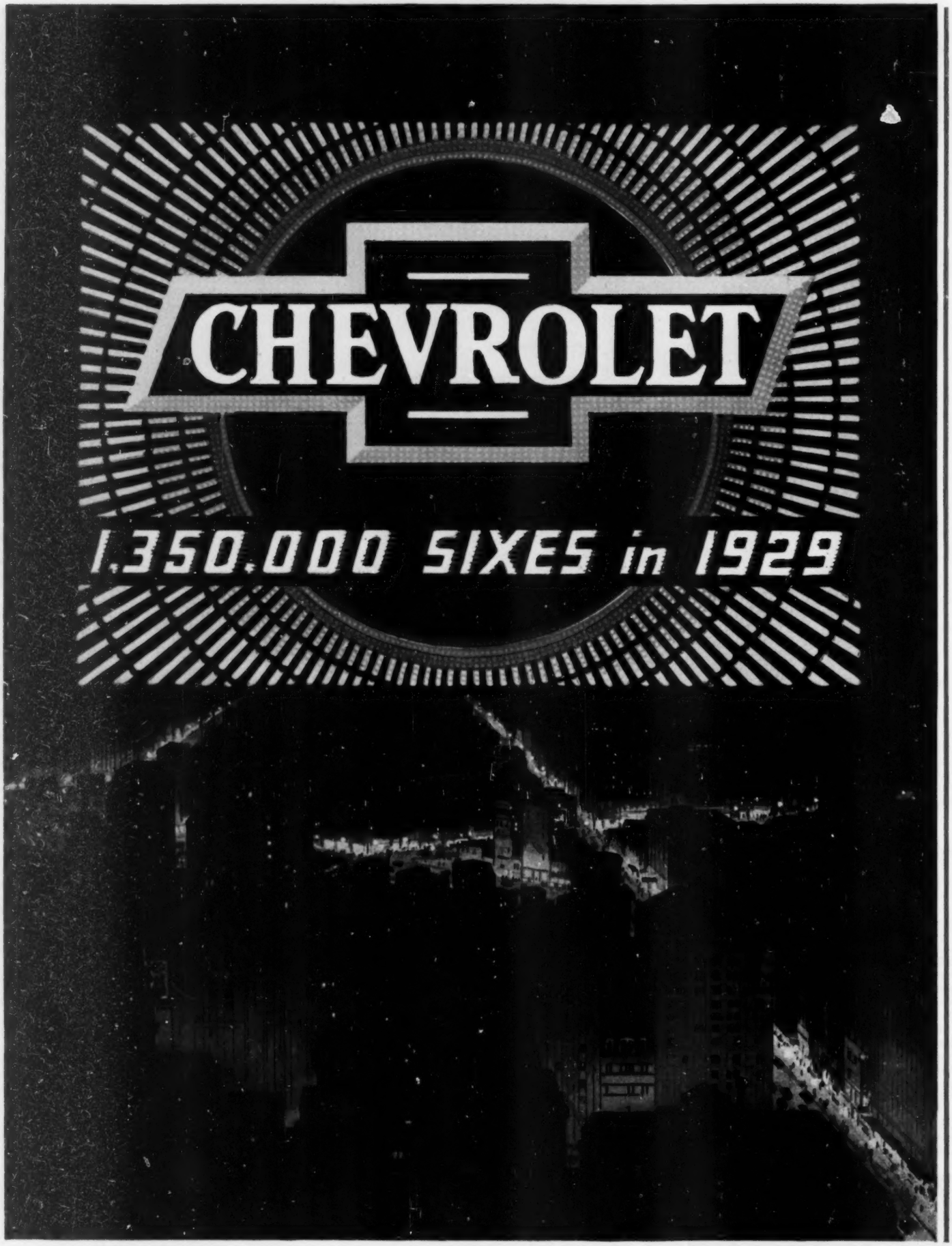
I REMEMBER the first thing I was asked to buy was a stained-glass window to go into a private chapel. It cost $5000.

The business grew so gradually, year by year, that it never came to me that I needed a place of my own, and, besides, the fine ladies got used to our dusty plumbing shop. In fact, they seemed to like it. They'd gather there and sit around on odd pieces of plumbing fixtures and talk. That was handy for me, because I could go on being a plumber's helper at the same time I sold dresses. That's all there ever has been to my business—just people sending in clothes to sell and others coming in to buy them. But it was all started by that first client. She was certainly good to me. When she died she left me a piano and a picture of herself, painted by Waugh. I've been offered $2000 for that picture.

The way I met her was through nursing her aunt, a woman that was the flower of charity and goodness. I've known her to wake up in the night thinking of things to do for others. I went to her soon after I came to this country, and stayed until she died. I nursed in two other rich families before I married.

I expect I've already said I'm Irish or given it away somehow. They all say I'm Irish as Paddy's pig. I was born in Limerick. My father had an estate, but lost it when I was a year old. After he died and the rest of my family came to America, I was looked after by a doctor who was consulting surgeon to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. He had me brought up in a convent and trained to be a nurse. Afterward I helped him in his practice. He was a fine man and knew all about human nature as well as human anatomy. I'll tell you an example.

(Continued on Page 44)


CHEVROLET
1,350,000 SIXES in 1929

Again -
CHEVROLET'S
Greatest Year!

At the conclusion of the greatest year in its history, Chevrolet wishes to express its appreciation for the public confidence that has made this record possible. Since January 1st, a million three hundred and fifty thousand six-cylinder Chevrolets have been delivered . . . the fifth consecutive time that Chevrolet has established a new yearly record. In keeping with its long-established policy, Chevrolet pledges itself anew to use the savings of this increased production in building better automobiles, at prices within the reach of all. As a result of this policy, there has been made available to buyers in the low-price field a measure of quality that was once provided only in the highest priced cars. And in the future, as in the past, Chevrolet will continue to bring greater quality and value to a larger number of people.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

◆

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

(Continued from Page 41)

One day an old Irish farmer came in and wanted something for his rheumatism. The doctor had me fix up a little water colored with logwood bark and put it in a bottle. Then he told the man to rub the liquid briskly on the affected part every night and morning. When the patient was gone I said, "But, doctor dear, that was only water. How can that help him?"

The doctor laughed and patted my shoulder. "It's all right, Mike"—he called me Mike. "It's the rubbing will do the work, but he never would believe that, so we must give him something to rub in that he does believe in." We had calls for thousands of bottles of that medicine.

When I was sixteen there was black typhus in a village near Limerick. Nobody would go near the victims except my doctor and me. He said, "Mike, we've got to pull them through"—and we did.

I was eighteen when I came to America to seek my fortune. I was poor, and when I got to New York one of my cousins said I'd best do general housework if I was to earn my own keep. I didn't know what that was, but she told me it was cooking and cleaning. I said mighty quick that I could cook all right. Molly, the cook at home, often bribed me with a shilling to do the cooking for her when she felt lazy.

So it was decided that I was to do general housework. But next morning I went for a walk along Madison Avenue and, lo and behold, the first person I ran into was Kitty Sullivan herself, of my very own parish.

When I told her that I was going to do general housework she said: "But you're trained to be a nurse."

I told her indeed I was, and under the best doctor in the world.

"Well," said she, "I'll get you a better job than that. The lady I work for is needing somebody right now to take care of her. You come along and see her."

A fine woman she was too. And she wasn't the only good woman I've known among the Four Hundred, by a long shot.

Most everybody believes society women are hard and cold. I know better. The average society woman—and I mean real society now, not the climber that wants to break in and has money that comes from nobody knows where—does all kinds of good deeds that she never advertises.

Of course everybody asks, Why, if they're so generous, should rich women sell their old clothes? Why don't they give them away? The answer is that they don't often know people to give their kind of clothes to that would need or could use them. So they have me sell the things and then some charity gets the proceeds, except for my commission—and in some cases I even forget to deduct that. Rich women race with one another to see who can have the most to give to organizations for looking after orphans and old people and sick ones. They do, for a fact.

Charity That Really Helps

MOST of them give to organized charities the money they get for letting their names be used to advertise cosmetics and the like too. Besides that, they do good privately. I have a list of society women that I call on regularly when I hear of anybody in trouble.

I recollect very well the day that Miss Margaret Wilson came in with some friends to pick out a coat for a poor old woman. Each one wanted to pay, and they bought the old woman an outfit that a queen wouldn't be ashamed of, before they were through.

I remember that day particularly because I'd just said, "I do believe everybody except the President of the United States has been in this shop," and in walked Miss Margaret Wilson, a President's daughter.

And then another day, not long ago, a little actress came into my shop looking very seedy—hungry, I expect she was. A lovely dress a wealthy woman had just sent in was hanging near the door, and the actress said:

"Oh, if I only had that, I know I could get an engagement. But of course you wouldn't take $7.70 for it. That's every cent I've got."

I telephoned my client. She said, "Sell her the dress, Annie, for seventy cents, and tell her to keep the seven dollars for carfare!"

Wasn't that nice? Another time a kid from the chorus was in to try to find an outfit so she could look decent to go out and get a job. She was married a year ago and now her husband's got consumption.

"He ought to go away, Annie," the kid says to me, great big tears oozing out of her brown eyes and rolling down her cheeks. "The doctor says he's got to have good care and different air, but I don't know how he's to get it. I haven't even got a job and we're almost broke."

Well, I don't sob with them over things like that, no matter how sorry I feel, because it doesn't do any good and gets me all stirred up besides. But I let her pick out a dress and buy it on time. And the minute she walks out of the shop, I march over to the telephone and call up one of my clients.

"Say, Mrs. X," I tell her, "I've had a kid from the chorus in here crying because her husband's got consumption and ought to be sent away. She's out of work and neither of them's got a cent."

That was all that was needed.

"How much do you want, Annie?" asks the woman. "I'll send you a check—no, I'll come down and bring it."

She did, too, next day and we had a long powwow in the shop, with her ending up by asking me to luncheon. You'd be surprised how often they do that—and to dinner, tea and their daughters' weddings too. I often eat at Pierre's or the Marguery or the Metropolitan Club, right among the dowagers and debutantes. Pretty good for a poor plumber's wife, I say sometimes.

On such occasions I'm a walking advertisement for my own business—dress from this one, coat from that one and shoes generally from one well-known society matron. Wherever I see her, my eyes just naturally drift to her feet. Then she laughs and says, "You can soon have them, Annie." It just happens that I can wear all her shoes with the greatest comfort.

It's not only New York women who are my customers. Thousands of society women all over the United States—Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Boston—send me things to sell. And one woman said she heard of me in Monte Carlo. I even got a letter all the way from Germany the other day, addressed to me care of my automobile license number. Somebody with clothes to sell.

Ahead of the Styles

FORTY dresses came in recently from a customer who married a Texas rancher last fall. She wrote that it didn't look as if she was going to need many party dresses on the ranch. But she's glad of it. She likes riding the range better than playing bridge.

Rich women buy a lot of dresses in a year. We've had in as many as 150 dresses from one woman at a time. Some think nothing of ordering twenty to thirty dresses at once from their dressmakers, and do that as often as the spirit moves them, which may be every month or so. These dresses cost from $150 to $500. When they come to me they sell at different prices, depending upon how much they've been worn. I've seen dresses that never cost a cent less than $400 sell for nine dollars and ten dollars. Others, in better condition, bring twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars, sometimes seventy-five dollars or even more.

Generally, for a dress in good condition that originally cost $150, the selling price would be fifteen dollars, about 10 per cent of the original price. There's a lot of wear in most dresses I sell for fifteen dollars, and a lot of style too. A dress that cost $250 would bring about twenty dollars or thirty dollars, and so on up.

Shoes—some cost $100 when they're new, because they're made especially for the person—sell for from fifty cents to three or four dollars, and many a little actress is glad they've been broken in for her when she's trudging New York streets looking for a job. Coats bring the best prices. Once I sold a fur coat for more than it cost in the first place. It was seal, which doesn't show wear so much as many other furs. Silver and the like which hasn't been used sells for about a tenth off the first price; jewelry the same, though sometimes an old piece of jewelry brings a good deal more than was paid for it. I remember one ring, very old, that a society woman valued at $1000. I sold it for $1600 for her.

Some of the dresses that come in are hardly worn at all. Yet a client that never wears most dresses more than twice sent me one the other day so frazzled out that I said to her, "Nobody would buy that thing."

"No, I suppose not," she agreed, fingering it as if she'd a mind to take it home with her again. "Well, give it to some nice girl, then. Wearing that dress just naturally brings good luck."

Sometimes I'll get a whole package and not one dress that's ever been on anybody's back. That may mean that the owner's gone into mourning suddenly or retired to the country for a rest; but, more likely, it's just that she didn't like what she ordered after she got it home. Or maybe Friend Husband said, "That's terrible." Or, again, she might have seen somebody else with one like it.

Big dressmakers have to be mighty careful about making up the same model for women that may run into one another at Palm Beach or Southampton. It used to be that when prominent women ordered their clothes from Paris, they got guaranties from their dressmakers that the models they picked out would be made up for them exclusively and wouldn't appear in New York for at least a year. They paid more on account of this guaranty, and I've known more than one woman to get her money back when the promise wasn't kept to the letter. Some houses still give certain women this guaranty.

Dresses made special like that stay in style for years. I remember, when one well-known actress was playing in New York, fashion artists from all over used to come to her dressing room to sketch her latest models. She had a lovely sapphire-blue velvet, an orange satin, and an embroidered chiffon—all French models bought from me. The three cost nearly $1000 when they were new. The woman who owned them was worth perhaps $25,000,000, but had to go into mourning.

And when a fashion magazine requested another actress to come and pose in a new model, she arrived for the appointment wearing the Paris original of the copy they had ready for her. The original was from my place. Its first owner had bought it more than a year before.

I had to get an actress through the customs one time when she came back from Europe. Her dresses, all bought from me, had French labels and looked so stylish the customs men couldn't believe they weren't the latest models from the Rue de la Paix.

I don't wonder that authors write stories around shops like mine. There's so much romance going on all the time that you get used to it and forget a lot of it. Many a time girls have come in to buy dresses to wear on week-end parties, but I only remember once that a purchaser ever ran into the original owner, as always seems to happen in the stories. This was when an actress bought from me a gold-colored evening dress that had grown too small for a Long Island lady. The Long Island lady invited the actress to spend the week-end and the actress took the dress along to wear while she was there. The hostess recognized her dress and told me about it afterward, but of course we never let on to the actress.

Actresses are my best customers on the buying side. Many motion-picture companies buy several hundred dresses at a time. I remember how one actress who's quite famous today got a chance, when she was working her way up, to have her picture printed in a big magazine. It was going to mean a lot to her, but she didn't have the right clothes to wear and no money to buy them, so I hunted around till I found a dress that suited her. My, it was a beauty—probably cost $300 or more, and had hardly been worn at all. I told her I'd lend it for the picture, but it was too long and we didn't dare cut it off, so she had to stand up on a stool and let the dress hang down. But the picture was lovely.

Identifying President Roosevelt

I LIKE people who know their position is secure and can be comfortable about it. Importance is all in the point of view, I sometimes say. Whenever I see a woman thinking so much of herself, I always feel like telling her a story I heard former President Roosevelt tell at a wedding in Oyster Bay some years ago. I guess it was just after he was out of the White House. He said that he went down to his home in Oyster Bay to put in a few quiet days at writing.

The very first morning he couldn't work because of the noisy small boys playing outside on his grounds. He went out and told them to go away. They went, but came back. Again he sent them away, but they wouldn't hush their noise, so finally he drew himself up to look as impressive as he could and said: "Do you know who I am?"

Two of the boys just stared, but the third—his coachman's little boy—looking him over carelesslike, said: "Sure, I know you. You're de man dat rides in me fadder's carriage!"

To tell you the truth, when people get upstage with me, I throw them out of my shop. I did that to one woman not so long ago—threw her out, and her dresses after her. She was a nice woman, though, underneath her nonsense, and had a good sense of humor. This is how she came back at me: Next day a messenger brought a package, handed it in, and started away, walking fast.

I said, "What's this, boy?"

Over his shoulder he said, mentioning the lady's name, "Well, ma'am, she tol' me to trow dem in an' run."

Well, I had to laugh, and then, of course, I sold the things for her just like I'd said I wouldn't.

If it weren't that I was taught as a child to keep a quiet tongue in my head, I might be telling more stories than I ever shall. For instance, there's the one about the gold bag that we found in a chair from a society bachelor's apartment. The bag was marked with the name of a rich matron, and had no right to be where it was. I sold it for charity—charity which covers a multitude of sins.

Or I might tell of the lady who is known by an assumed name on our books. She doesn't want her real name connected with anything secondhand.

(Continued on Page 182)

A sun-room of any house . . but MODERNIZED

Make it your room. Just follow these simple suggestions for fixing up . . .

TOO OFTEN the brightest room in the house shows the dullest of decorating ideas. It's a catch-all for cast-off things—an orphan that never gets anything new.

Have you ever thought that your sun porch is the one room in which you really can show how clever you are with color? Yes, that's the room in which you can be a modern if you wish . . . even daringly different.

To show you how just a few simple touches will transform that everyday sun porch, Hazel Dell Brown of our Bureau of Interior Decoration planned the interior illustrated. She began at the very bottom, the natural foundation for the room—the floor. Over time-scarred boards she installed one of the very newest effects in Armstrong's Linoleum, a colorful rubble-stone design embossed in three different planes. It was just the floor to capture every bit of sunshiny cheer, to interestingly reflect the play of light and shadow.

This Armstrong Floor gave her the clue for the rest of the original touches—recessed flower arch, colored pottery jars, painted Venetian blinds, yes, even that unique aquarium with its red-scalloped frame.

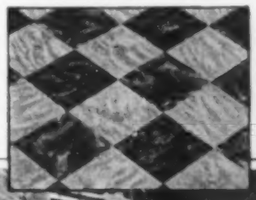
You could have this same room in your house—or one just as bright, just as original *but entirely different from floor to ceiling.* For today in Armstrong's Linoleum, you are offered floor patterns and colors of almost every description. Merely stop in at any good department, furniture, or linoleum store. Choose the design that you like best. A few days later your new floor will be in place—firmly cemented over linoleum lining felt—the old floor out of sight and out of mind forever.

It's really surprising what inspiration a new Armstrong Floor will be in planning the rest of the decoration . . . surprising, too, to find how little care your new floors need. The surface is made spot-proof, stain-proof by the new Accolac Process. Dirt wipes right up. Light waxing and polishing keeps the surface gleaming. In rooms where floors need frequent washing, you can quickly restore the original lustre by an occasional application of Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Let Mrs. Brown Help You . . . Perhaps you would like Mrs. Brown to help you in fixing up your own sun porch. She will gladly aid you, free of charge, even send you room color schemes made up of actual materials.

This personal service is explained in Mrs. Brown's latest book—"New Ideas in Home Decoration," with color illustrations of all types of rooms, really new ideas. Just send 10¢ (Canada, 20¢). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 325 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 69



Embossed Inlaid No. 6092

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Rainy days can't dim the cheer of this modern sun room. Nor of its colorful Armstrong Floor—Embossed Inlaid No. 6101.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

A PETRIE TO THE RESCUE!

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

EVERYBODY connected with the Atlas Advertising Agency—dramatized by the familiar Atlas advertising trade-mark depicting the familiar male figure supporting the world on his shoulders as he studied the book of human knowledge supported on his bare knee; the bent one—occupied a square on the great chart of organization which hung on the very English wall of the reception room of the Atlas Advertising Agency.

The large pink oblong at the top of the chart, from which all things administrative, creative and mechanical emanated through a complicated system of lines, or tracks, contained the name of T. Tattersal Byrd, President. The name of this distinguished publicist is, of course, familiar to all as the author of Are Human Beings Really Human?, Do We Think—and When?, The Bible, the Sales Manual of the Ages. The favorite picture of the head of the Atlas Advertising Agency is also easily recallable by all readers of The Inspirational Monthly—the darkly probing eyes under heavy brows, the wide mouth with its quiet smile of toleration, the heavy chin, supported by the palm and little finger of the right hand. A newspaper once confused the half tone of T. Tattersal Byrd, in town as the guest of Rotary, with the picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Directly below the large pink oblong were two squares, side by side. The one to the left, tinted to a delicate lemon, contained the name of Alvin Ashley Mudge, Vice President and Account Executive. The one to the right, in a complementary shade of light blue, proclaimed another Vice President and Account Executive—William Alexander Brodie. Though the names of both of these gentlemen may be quite unknown outside the world of advertising, their creative efforts are known wherever people read.

Through a Sort of Haze He Remembered a Choked, Small Voice Which Disclaimed Any Interest in, or Responsibility For, the Acts of People to Whom One Was Polite

Alvin Ashley Mudge may mean nothing to milady, but what modern woman is unacquainted with La Belle Cliquette? What modern woman, indeed? What was it the Countess of Blashford—*née* The Honorable Lydia Lee-Leigh—said in an advertisement only last month?

> La Belle Cliquette is a confirmed habit with me, and my mother's—the Duchess of Sperl, *née* Eleanor Bothewell, of Philadelphia—dressing table is never without the delicate witchery of La Belle Cliquette preparations. To me they symbolize the charm of smart people. . . . Cricket week at Sperl. . . . Tea at the Ritz. . . . Moonlight playing hide and seek among the roses in the formal garden at Leigh-on-Moor. . . .

Or the accompanying comment:

> MRS.
> PRUDDEN VAN ALLYN PRUDDEN
> SELECTS LA BELLE CLIQUETTE PREPARATIONS
> AS SHE SELECTS HER THOROUGHBRED HUNTERS.
>
> The brilliant young matron, known to her intimates at Aiken and Pinehurst as Mrs. Pruddy Van Prudden, a fair descendant of the first Reynard Colfax of Virginia—formerly Fifi Colfax—knows her dressing table as she knows her stable.
>
> "Nine out of ten of the homes I visit," she tells us, "provide La Belle Cliquette preparations as a matter of course. But I never take a chance. Imagine the horror of that tenth time! Think of descending to dinner without that subtle aura of allure that La Belle Cliquette so charmingly provides."

La Belle Cliquette preparations are not, as so many people suppose, the product of the beauty chemist nearly so much as they are the children of that amazing mind which lurks behind the severe wrought-silver spectacles of Alvin Ashley Mudge. When Hubert J. K. Sparks, head of the new-business department of Atlas, dilates upon the service the organization headed by T. Tattersal Byrd renders to its clients, he dwells, almost lovingly, on La Belle Cliquette.

"This account," he explains, "came to us as a small manufacturer of toilet preparations. Ever hear of Excello Vanishing Cream? Or Excello Ashes of Roses Perfume? Or Excello Night Cream? . . . Neither did anybody else. They were sold at cut prices. The company was spending forty thousand a year in advertising, and getting nowhere fast. What happened? After a careful study of the situation by Mr. Byrd, the account was placed in the hands of our Mr. Mudge, vice president and account executive.

"A wonderful fellow, Mudge. A great marketer! A born stylist! Almost overnight Excello preparations vanished, together with their cheap jars and their thirty-nine-cent price tags. Came the dawn. La Belle Cliquette. Mudge put his heart and soul into that account. He worked for a week alone evolving, with a noted sculptor, a series of containers which would breathe the very spirit of beauty and distinctiveness. He lavished months upon the monumental task of evolving a campaign to make women aura-minded. He poured his genius without stint into obtaining not just the testimonials of persons but the statements of the smart, the rich, the cultured, in order to obtain universal acceptance of La Belle Cliquette. He wrote words in praise of La Belle Cliquette that Byron might have envied. And what happened? La Belle Cliquette is spending more than a million dollars a year in making people beauty-conscious."

And for every person that knows the six feet of freckled, tousled genius that is William Alexander Brodie, a million know—

> WET SMACKS
> Are you tired? Have you dandruff? Are you timid in a crowd? Is your mother-in-law coming for the winter?
>
> TRY WET SMACKS
> The confection of the century! Build your body and your spirit with this delicious combination of yeast, toasted almonds and rich milk chocolate.
>
> Try a bar today.
> All up-and-doing stores—five cents.

Or the advertisement that made fifty million people Wet-Smack conscious last year.

> Would You Pay a Nickel to See an Earthquake? Buy a Wet Smack bar today. Eat it! Look at yourself in the mirror. The tingling vitamins of the yeast! The invigorating tang of the generous portion of salted almonds! The blood-building zip of rich milk chocolate!
> Whoopee!

As Hubert J. K. Sparks puts it to the prospective client: "Nobody in the profession is closer to the hearts of the masses than Big Bill Brodie. S. Bullfinch & Co. are spending a million and a quarter on Wet Smacks, and Big Bill is selling more than a million bars every week for them. Think of that for public acceptance of a five-cent article that didn't exist two years ago. A million people a week—every week—Wet-Smack-minded!

"That's what we have to offer to the prospective client who knows the value of imagination in business. The triple threat to American desires and appetites. The inspiration of a great broad mind attuned to the wide aspects of commerce and industry to guide and lead. The genius of a man like Mudge that is as precise, and yet as delicate, as the

(Continued on Page 48)

CHRYSLER'S BIGGEST VALUE

NEW CHRYSLER "66" COUPE, $985

TODAY'S Chrysler "66"—the lowest-priced six ever to bear the Chrysler name—is in every way Chrysler's biggest value. It gives you Chrysler beauty, Chrysler luxury—and Chrysler performance!

Here is high-compression power from any gasoline. Here is a superb engine with 7-bearing crankshaft and Iso-therm Invar Strut pistons; with impulse neutralizer and with positive fuel pump instead of a vacuum tank. Rubber engine mountings are another important advantage in this power plant.

$985

AND UP . . . F. O. B. DETROIT

Here is the safety of weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Here are remarkable riding qualities secured through a perfectly balanced chassis and extra-long springs—and a new type of rubber-core spring shackle, noiseless as well as resilient, and never in need of lubrication.

Just ask the nearest Chrysler dealer for a demonstration. He will gladly place a Chrysler "66" in your hands, at your convenience, for any test or series of tests you desire to make.

> > PRICES < <

Business Coupe	$985	Brougham	$ 995
Roadster (with rumble seat)	995	Royal Coupe (with rumble seat)	1045
Phaeton	995	Royal Sedan	1065

F. O. B. Detroit (Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER "66"

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 46)

knife of a surgeon. The lusty power of a man like Bill Brodie that kindles sales consciousness by looking straight into the eyes of everyday people and talking to them in the same simple fashion. That is what we have to offer every advertiser in America. Imagination! Real creative sales effort! Great mental balance! Teamwork that brings home the bacon!"

And it was into this smoothly working machine of advertising, merchandising and sales promotion that Fate, grinning malevolently, tossed five-feet-one of seductive monkey wrench. A little square near the bottom of the Atlas chart soon gave her name and place in the Atlas scheme of things: Miss Patricia Whelan—Layout Artist. And almost as soon T. Tattersal Byrd found himself with a delicate problem staring straight into his dark and probing eyes—a problem with a small white face, pert blue eyes under brows as black as the India ink that spread so deftly on the drawing board before them, and a mop of hair like rusty iron in the summer sun; a problem which threatened not only to disrupt the teamwork which brings home the bacon but gave every evidence of destroying the mental balance upon which all great creative sales effort is founded.

In the language of the Atlas Advertising Agency, Alvin Ashley Mudge and William Alexander Brodie, from being Whelan-conscious, had suddenly both gone love-minded!

II

THE peace of mind of two million dollars of billing is a problem which admits of no delay in correction. The trouble had obviously started by Payton Petrie, art director of the Atlas Agency, hiring the girl. Equally obvious was the fact that it was up to Petrie to do something about it. T. Tattersal Byrd requested the telephone operator to ask Mr. Petrie to step in, and then, still frowning, proceeded to fill his pipe from the contents of a large bronze jar on the huge table desk before him. It was the pipe which Mr. Byrd so frequently referred to in his magazine articles as "my beloved problem solver."

Mr. Petrie arrived in a flutter of nervous genius. A smudge of 6H lead ran across his thin nose, and his pink silk shirt fluttered with the quickness of his coming. Some art directors might never remove their coats and never go about with 6H smudges, but they were administrative rather than creative. Mr. Petrie took off his horn-rimmed glasses and tenderly massaged the red creases they had left.

"About this girl you took on a month or so ago ——" T. Tattersal Byrd began abruptly.

"I know," Mr. Petrie broke in hurriedly. "Mudge is out there now, reading her the copy for that full page in the March issue of Modern Women. The stuff he is going to hang on that Russian princess that Benjamin dug up for him. You know, the one that goes: 'If I never see my beloved Russia again, the glamorous, haunting beauty of those golden nights of long ago will always remain with me through the magic of La Belle Cliquette.'"

"Never mind all that," said Mr. Byrd impatiently.

But Mr. Petrie had a point to make and would not be shut off.

"As I started for your office," he went on darkly, "she was telling him he played upon words like some master of the violin might play on the instrument of the immortals"—Mr. Petrie sniffed—"and Mudge was smiling down as tenderly at her as if she was a jar of La Belle Cliquette Night Balm that was going to some Park Avenue address to be photographed."

"He was, eh?" observed Mr. Byrd bitterly.

"And it was only yesterday afternoon," continued his incensed art director, "that I heard her tell Brodie that his double spread for Wet Smacks in February—the one that has the heading: A Million Smacks a Week For Wet Smacks—was a masterpiece of simple, friendly phraseology."

T. Tattersal Byrd puffed vigorously on his problem solver.

"This must be stopped," he declared. "Why, do you know what happened in this morning's creative conference? Mudge was reading his outline for next year's La Belle Cliquette campaign when Brodie interrupted him to ask when La Belle Cliquette was going to make a nice tasty embalming cream for love-sick advertising men. Mudge immediately countered by inquiring with extreme heat when S. Bullfinch & Co. were going to make a Wet Smack for mental cases that were laboring under the delusion that the trash they wrote was advertising."

"Dear me," clucked Mr. Petrie sympathetically.

His principal dropped his pipe with a clatter. "Petrie," he thundered, "you must do something about this. I won't have this once happy, busy, creative organization disrupted by this—this ——"

"She Was Telling Him He Played Upon Words Like Some Master of the Violin Might Play on the Instrument of the Immortals"

"Miss Whelan," his art director supplied weakly.

"—— this little chit of a girl!" roared T. Tattersal Byrd. "You created this situation, Petrie! Now correct it!"

But an art director is not to be driven—even by a principal; especially an art director who feels that he is more sinned against than sinning. Mr. Petrie replaced his glasses slowly.

"I suppose," he asked loftily, "I am responsible for human nature? I suppose it is my fault because everybody of any consequence in this agency is a bachelor? I suppose it is my fault that one of my assistants, hired because she possesses unusual ability in her line of endeavor, is made the subject of absurd attentions by officers of this company? Are these assumptions correct, Mr. Byrd?"

"You are a fool, Petrie," the great man told him shortly, but with less heat. After all, good art directors do not grow on bushes. "What I mean is this: I don't know this girl from Adam. I don't want to know her. But she works for you. I can't afford to have the stars in my cast fighting like a couple of alley cats over one of the chorus girls. Use your head."

"I am," Mr. Petrie assured him gloomily. "Are you?"

T. Tattersal Byrd picked up his pipe and stared.

"What I mean is this," his erstwhile stage manager, noting the stare, went on hurriedly: "You are afraid that if she picks Mudge over Brodie, out the window goes Brodie and, most likely, the Wet Smack account; or, on the other hand, if she hands the mitten to Mudge, off Mudge will walk to some other agency with La Belle Cliquette under his arm. Am I correct?"

A match flickered over the blackened bowl of the problem solver.

The silvery head nodded slightly.

Mr. Petrie removed his glasses and rubbed the newly created indentations with infinite satisfaction. Then he nodded his head. "Suppose I followed your implied suggestion and fired the girl. What would happen then? We couldn't say that the girl quit, because she wouldn't let us get away with it. I can't let her go because her work is unsatisfactory, because it isn't. Quite the reverse—and I've had occasion to tell her so. So that horse won't jump. What's left? Only the truth. And what happens when we come out flat-footed and tell her the truth—that—that she is making fools out of the organization?"

"Part of the organization," Mr. Byrd corrected him austerely. "An important part, but still only a part."

"The point remains the same. Do you think Mudge with his pride and Brodie with his temper will enjoy the situation? I don't. The way it looks to me, if we fire the girl we stand a chance of losing two men and two accounts rather than one man and one account."

"How about finding her another job? Have it come to her as a real opportunity."

"Where?"

"Your job," stated T. Tattersal with equal brevity.

The delicate pink of disturbed temperament which had been gradually stealing over the thin face of the art director turned suddenly to the outraged carmine of open revolt. He replaced his glasses with extreme deliberation. The lenses glittered balefully. Mr. Petrie was an artist. He was an important part in the creation of advertising which sold the services of the organization. He was not a bookkeeper. He was not a clerk. He was not an office boy. He said so, heatedly.

"And furthermore," he concluded, "you may act as you see fit, but I do not feel that I should—or can—in justice to my self-respect, discharge a person who has almost a genius for balance and form, just because people make fools of themselves over her."

Mr. Petrie raised his hand dramatically. A hand which seemed about to say: "If this be treason, make the most of it!" Unfortunately for the dramatic unities, Mr. Petrie's glasses tumbled from his heated nose at this critical moment. When he had recovered them from the deep blue pile by means of a dignified side stoop, and once more stood erect, he found Mr. Byrd regarding him with a smile of evident apology.

The smile was followed by an outstretched hand as T. Tattersal Byrd arose. "Petrie," he said, "you were right and I was wrong. This job is not in your department. I admire your spirit and courage in telling me so. If there is anything we need in modern business, it is these two qualities. This is a problem for me alone. Everyone else connected with it is too close to the picture to get the proper perspective. You—er—er—because of your art and the girl's ability; Mudge and Brodie because of their alleged feeling in the matter." The little smile of toleration for other people's weaknesses twisted the corner of the great

(Continued on Page 76)

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

Dealers Are Successful

because—Auburn cars have been oversold every year for five years.

because—Auburn cars give the public greater value for less cost. Comparison proves it.

because—Auburn design has not been obsoleted by radical changes. Therefore the investments of Auburn owners are protected.

because—Auburn does not force commitments upon its dealers.

because—Auburn Straight Eights sell for less than many Sixes.

because—Auburn sales increased throughout this entire year (as they did last year and the year before).

because—Auburn's production facilities and resources show the greatest growth in the industry; Auburn owns or controls many vital sources of supply and has large factories in seven different cities.

because—Auburn's policy is farsighted, not based on expediency. Its record is one of constructive cooperation with dealers so that they can remain in business profitably and render service to their customers.

because—Auburn's financial position is one of the strongest.

because—Auburn's engineering development work is outstanding for its progressiveness. Witness Auburn's leadership in introducing the Cord front-drive car of unqualified success, and Auburn has led the industry in beauty of design for five years.

because—Auburn's experience is not confined to one channel, but is versatile and diversified. Auburn builds Six cylinder cars for less than $1000, Straight Eight Auburn cars, Cord front-drive cars; and the Duesenberg cars, the chassis of which costs $8,500.

because—the public confidence in the Auburn management and demand for the Auburn products is rapidly growing.

because—Owners of Auburn cars are our greatest boosters.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Auburn, Indiana

YOUR ENEMY, THE CROOK

By The Rambler—A Reformed Convict

THE sympathetic mind of the American people, in its overconcern about who are in difficulties, has swung too far from the family of the murdered man to the family of the murderer."

I heard President Hoover utter these words before the members of the Associated Press in New York City several months ago, during the course of an address on crime and law enforcement.

The President is the first man I've heard discuss crime and criminals sanely and sensibly. I have heard neurologists, criminologists, university presidents and prison-reform workers discuss crime and criminals for twelve years and I have never heard one of them give expression to a sound idea.

And so it was a relief and a source of much pleasure to hear the Chief Executive discuss my old profession intelligently and with no little wisdom. In the paragraph quoted above, he gave one of the most important reasons for the increase of crime. Too much sympathy for crooks. Too much mollycoddling. Too much of that old stuff about the poor fellow never having had a chance and too little sympathy for the victims of crooks.

But if we paraphrase the President's remarks to read, "The sympathetic mind of the American people, in its desire to temper justice with mercy, has swung too far from the welfare of society to the welfare of the criminal," we get the paramount reason for the tremendous increase of crime in this country during the past fifteen years. Society has been entirely too merciful with its enemy, the crook. The crook does not appreciate mercy.

Spoiled by Sob Sisters

OF COURSE, the sob sisters and sob brothers who think a crook can be redeemed with a kiss will be properly shocked by my views. Recently one of them, a lady, to whom I had expressed the opinion that society babied crooks too much for their own good, responded by quoting the Bard of Avon's imperishable verse on mercy.

"But, my good woman," I replied, "there were no twentieth-century crooks in those halcyon days when the master dramatist wrote, 'It is twice blessed; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' There is beauty and sentiment in the phrase," I added, "but no wisdom. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is all wisdom."

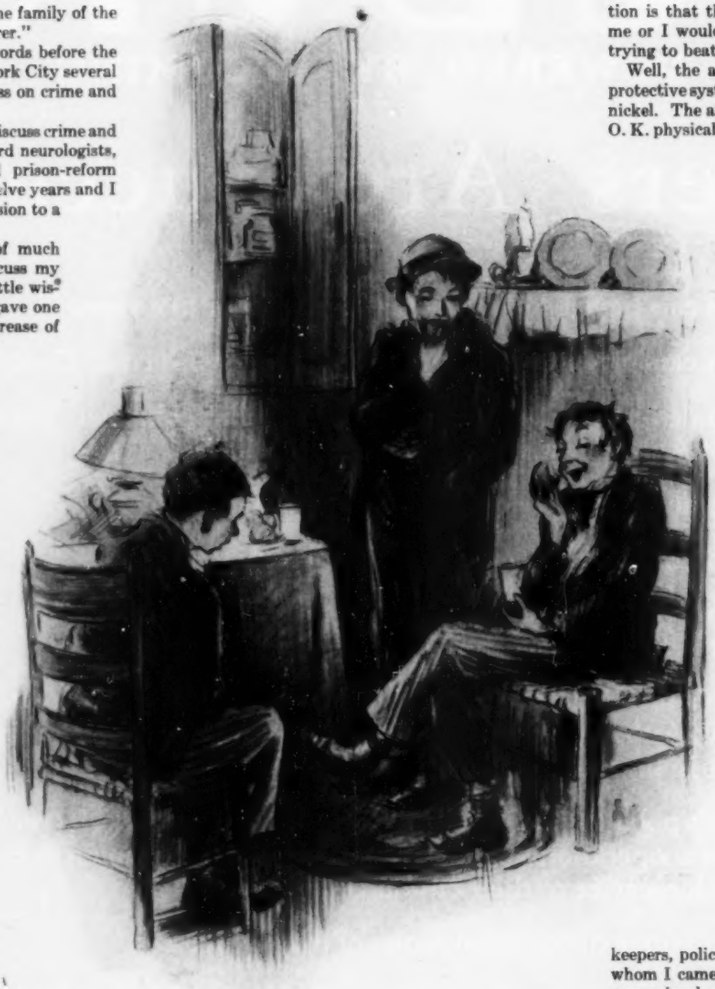
"Nonsense," the lady said. "Punishment brutalizes."

"No," I protested, "punishment does not brutalize. It is a great deterrent when properly applied. If the Bard of Avon were living in this day and age, he would undoubtedly change his famous lines to read that mercy—too much mercy—corrupteth him that receiveth it."

The lady was disappointed to hear an old offender like me talk such nonsense.

When I tried to convince her that my conclusions on the futility of mercy and the efficacy of punishment were born in the womb of experience and nurtured by many years of serious meditation, she turned on her heel and walked away from me. I should have known that contempt is the reward of the man who tries to destroy a popular creed. I believe that punishment is a deterrent, because I have been deterred by it. I believe that too much mercy corrupts, because I've been corrupted by too much mercy. And I do not speak facetiously, you may be sure of that!

When I first started out to get my share of this world's goods by my wits, I frequently fell into the hands, and occasionally into the arms, of men and women who petted and pampered me. These sentimentalists said a boy at my age should not be punished. I was too young. I was a first offender. I had never had a chance. I was a victim of my environment. I was not responsible for my transgressions against society; society was responsible. So I didn't go to prison. I was released to carry on my depredations until I became a hardened criminal.



After That Experience I Was a Hero in the Eyes of the Gang. I Had Been Pinched. I Had Spent a Night in a Cell

Today the same breed of sentimentalists who, if you will pardon the expression, put me on the bum with their do-good-for-evil philosophy are putting hundreds—aye, thousands—of young criminals on the bum with the pernicious creed that sympathetic treatment will convert a young crook into a law-abiding citizen. I know better. I know that seventeen years of sympathetic treatment converted me into an underworld buzzard.

What this country needs more than a good five-cent cigar is a few good prisons and justice. I speak as an authority on how to combat the crook, and as a preface in qualification thereof I submit a summary of my career.

I began my criminal career as a gangster. In turn I was a petty-larceny crook, a house burglar, a stick-up man and finally, the aristocrat of all criminals, a bank burglar. Over a period of seventeen years of criminal activity I landed in several prisons. At the tender age of sixteen I was an inmate of a reformatory. I have registered in penitentiaries in four different states. The total of terms imposed on me during my seventeen years of cheating is thirty-three years, of which I served ten years. Let all parties concerned—sleuths and prison keepers—be advised that there are no rewards out for my scalp. I have long since adjusted my affairs with those states wherein I played hide and seek years ago.

It would seem that there must have been something wrong with your protective system, else how could a fellow with my record get away with serving about one-fourth of the terms imposed and still manage to carry on a criminal career? The next natural assumption is that there must have been something wrong with me or I wouldn't have spent seventeen years of my life trying to beat an unbeatable game.

Well, the answer to the first supposition is that your protective system was not, and isn't today, worth a plugged nickel. The answer to the second supposition is that I am O. K. physically and mentally, and always have been. I've never been addicted to drugs. I never drank to excess. The first-class crooks that I've known all ate well, slept well, and were the personification of industry while they were after loot. At other times they were lazy.

Busy Being Crooked

BUT now I recall that a neurologist once pronounced me an incorrigible criminal. I was twenty when the momentous decision was rendered. He said I was suffering from emotional instability due to maladjustment of the working of my endocrine system. He added that I lacked social adaptability and would always be a menace to society. The judge before whom the man of science rendered this opinion forthwith gave me eighteen years in a state prison. I thought that was much too long to remain in one place, so I escaped after I had served eight months. The neurologist erred when he said I lacked social adaptability, for I've been earning a pretty decent living with a typewriter for twelve years. He was talking through his hat, as neurologists frequently do nowadays, when he said my endocrines were all shot to pieces. The honorable judge was guessing when he concluded that eighteen years would cure me. Eighteen years in the prison would have been like eighteen years in an old ladies' home.

When I was a criminal I didn't know why I was one, and neither did anybody else. I was no more concerned about it than were the various prison keepers, policemen, court officials, and all the softies with whom I came in contact. The only matter about which I was seriously concerned was how to rob banks and get away with the coin. Crooks seldom think of anything outside of crooking. If they did, they wouldn't be crooks. I did very little thinking on the subject of why I was a crook, until I got away from crooks and stopped crooking. But the first flash came to me while I was in a certain prison. I shall have something to say about that prison later on.

Today I know why I was a crook for seventeen years. The matter is crystal clear to me. I know that intelligent treatment would have saved me from a criminal career when I first began to steal. And society would have saved the many thousands of dollars it cost to pursue, capture, try and convict me during my seventeen years of crime. Like all criminals I was an expensive liability to society. During my career I robbed about thirty-two banks for a haul of approximately four hundred thousand dollars. It would have been good business to salvage me.

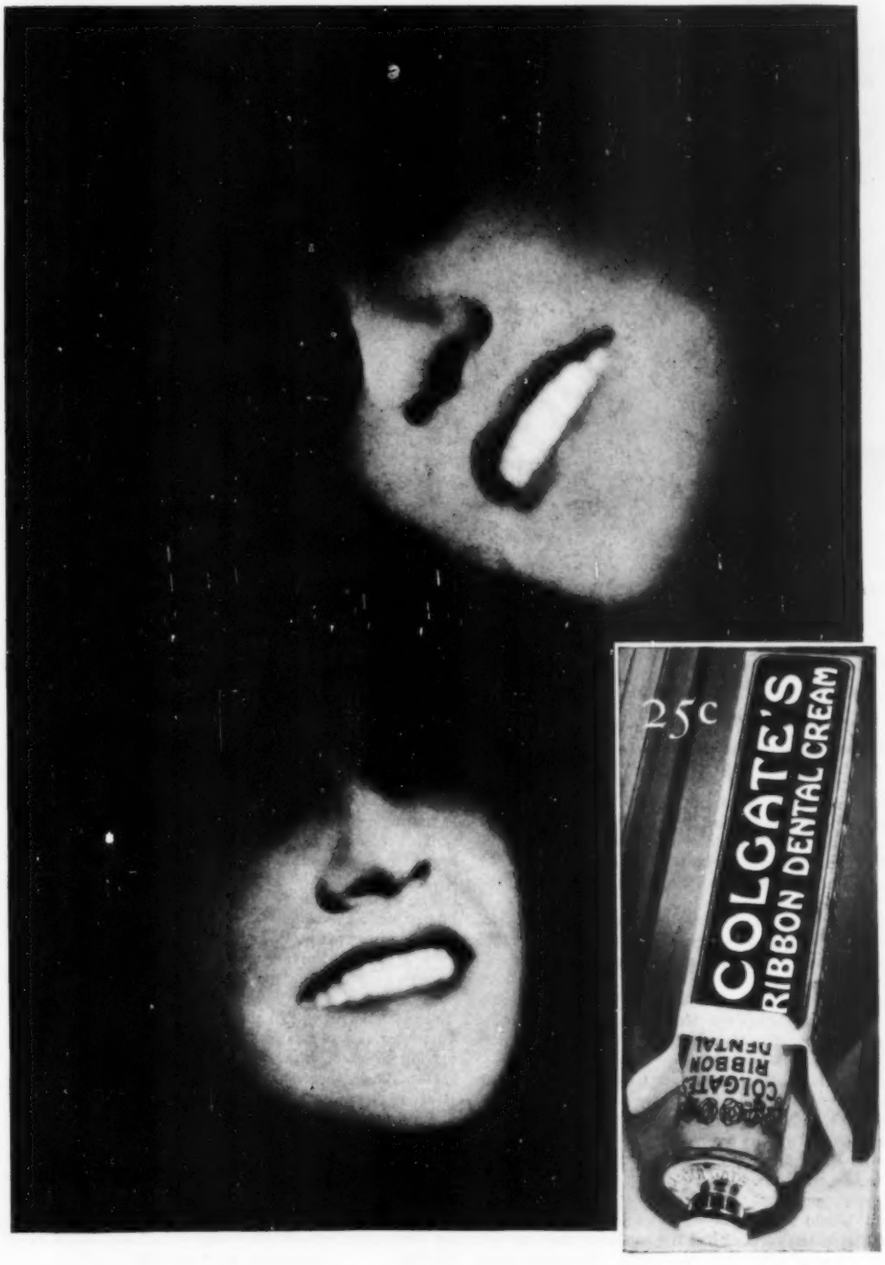
I am the only one of my family of seven, three girls and four boys, that turned cheater. My parents were as poor as the proverbial church mouse. My mother, like all mothers, was a saint. My father was a hard-boiled, two-fisted autocrat. Both were clean and sound as a dollar. Pop also was something of a dunce. He had little use for schools and less for churches. He said a boy knew enough if he could read and write; therefore he had us working when we were quite young. I was employed when I was ten. Pop knew the neighborhood in which we lived very thoroughly. He had the pedigrees of all the neighbors at his finger tips. There were only a few families with whom we could associate. All the rest were on the Index.

He was a disciplinarian extraordinary. He ruled with an iron hand. We went to bed at a certain hour. We got up

(Continued on Page 52)

Compare the *action* of this Penetrating Foam

with ordinary toothpastes which fail to get down into crevices where food particles collect and decay begins



Vastly more important than mere surface polishing of teeth is the daily removal of the lurking, decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth.

Some toothpastes merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth. They cannot reach the hard-to-clean places . . . where decay starts.

However, everyone using Colgate's feels secure, knowing that it has a higher penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

The active Colgate foam, containing the world's greatest cleansing agent, literally washes away all the hidden impurities, leaving the teeth really clean, protected from premature decay.

When you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do more than safely polish the surface. Colgate's penetrating foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension"). This means that it penetrates into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

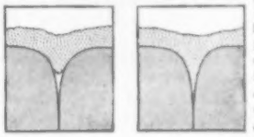
Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where brushing can't . . . to a degree not found in ordinary toothpastes.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

More economical, too . . . The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-2515, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

FREE

Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued from Page 50)

at a certain hour. He made us walk to and from our respective places of employment. Car fares were tabooed. When we took our seats at the table he handed out the food. If we failed to utter a hearty "thank you, pop," we didn't get any more food. I was a good, hard-working kid while he lived. Indeed, I had to be. He made me toe the mark. I was afraid of him. I was eleven when he died. After his death I began to drift. My mother couldn't control me as he had done. First I quit my job. Then I began to associate with the members of a well-known gang.

From till tapping I went into prowling sloughs—houses of the rich, vacated for the summer. I staged my first robbery in a house on Riverside Drive. Several days later I was arrested trying to dispose of the loot in a pawnshop. It was my first experience with the law.

Immediately my mother was on the job, pleading for me. When I appeared before the magistrate, a lady from a society, with the society's attorney, was there to defend me. The minister of our church and the man for whom I had worked were also on hand to testify that I was not such a bad boy. The attorney argued that it would be a crime to send a boy of my tender years to prison. The magistrate agreed with him, gave me a lecture—most of which I didn't hear or understand—and then dismissed me.

Well, as I look back at that experience now, I am convinced that the judge made a great mistake when he let me off so easily, and the good people who pleaded for me also erred. There is where society should have begun to teach me that breaking the law was a very serious matter. After that experience I was a hero in the eyes of the gang. I had been pinched. I had spent a night in a cell. I had beaten my first rap. I had a reputation as a burglar. I was proud of that reputation. And young as I was, I had a sneaking idea that beating the rap was an easy caper. I was sure that I could beat another as easily as I had beaten the first one; so I went on crooking.

In and Out of Reformatories

FOR a year or more I got away with murder, as the boys put it. Then came the second rap. I was glued for breaking into a clothing store. Once again the sob sisters and sob brothers came to my assistance with pathetic stories of my home life, my environment and my health. But this time the judge was not so lenient. He committed me to the reformatory for an indefinite period.

Right here I should like to dynamite the time-honored fallacy that reform schools ruin juveniles. I have heard it said hundreds of times that reform schools are schools of crime wherein first offenders receive a thorough education in every sort of crime. Most of the kids that land in the reformatories are not first offenders. They may be first offenders in the sense that it is their first conviction or the first time they were caught. Most of them were criminals, hard-boiled, wise-cracking brats, long before they ever got as far as the reformatory. I know the reformatory didn't ruin me then. I hasten to qualify that statement.

My first reformatory experience really did me more harm than good. There was absolutely nothing in the life of the institution calculated to make me regret my past transgressions against society or deter me from future transgressions. The officials made no effort to discipline me. If I violated the rules I received a lecture. A second offense brought another lecture. For the third offense I was sometimes isolated and deprived of privileges. A few lectures and a day or two in solitary didn't intimidate me at all; therefore, I violated the rules at will and got away with it. Some of us had better times in the reformatory than we had outside. We were well fed, had good beds to sleep in, and medical attention when we were ill. The consequence of all this kindergarten stuff was that we didn't fear the reformatory.

My mother was able to obtain my release after I had served six months. I promised her that I would be a good boy and go to work if she got me out. But as soon as I got out I went right back to the gang and resumed my criminal career. The younger members of the mob looked upon me as a great guy and I reveled in their admiration. I was an ex-con!

Three months later I was arrested again, charged with breaking and entering. I was fifteen. Back to the reformatory I went for another indefinite term. On this trip I served nine months before the sob sisters and sob brothers were able to spring me. The gang was all shot to pieces when I came home after my second trip to jail. Some of the boys had gone straight, some had emigrated to other parts of the city, while some had gone to prison.

I had outgrown the gang anyway. I was, I thought, fitted for more important activities than prowling sloughs and breaking into candy stores. I went up a step in my profession by turning holdup man. My first job was a flivver. I was caught in the act and shipped to the penitentiary to serve a two-year term. I probably would have got ten years if my old stand-bys, the soft-hearted ladies and gentlemen, hadn't come to the front for me again with the old yarn about my environment and youth. These

My Parents Were as Poor as the Proverbial Church Mouse. My Mother, Like All Mothers, Was a Saint

well-meaning people were gluttons for punishment. It seemed that I couldn't possibly destroy their faith in me, for, regardless of what I did or how many times I did it, they still came to the front for me. And by so doing they strengthened the impression that grifting and beating the law were soft games.

In the big house I met the big shots of the crime world. There was one fellow there, a safe cracker, who captivated me the first time I laid eyes on him. I liked the way he walked and glared at the other cons when they tried to get acquainted with him. I liked the way he wore his prison cap cocked over his left eye and the manner in which he carried the big wad of tobacco in his mouth and expectorated through his front teeth.

Immediately I began to imitate him. I wore my cap cocked over my left eye. I bought a plug of tobacco and always had a big wad of it in my mouth, and practiced expectorating between my teeth. In my cell at night I would rehearse for an hour or more until I had mastered walking like the safe cracker walked.

My next ambition was to talk with him. That, I thought, would be a great experience; so one day I accosted him in the yard. I had the cap down over my left eye and a wad of tobacco in my mouth. He smiled at me when I spoke to him, asked me my name, what I was in for, and how long I had to serve. He was a little reticent on our first meeting, but on the second one he warmed up and recited some of his safe-cracking escapades, which charmed me beyond expression.

One day he expounded his philosophy. He said crooks were the salt of the earth, the greatest people in the world. He said one crook was worth more than a hundred square shooters. He said square shooters were dingbats, chumps. He said nobody but chumps worked for a living, and that all cops, judges, prison keepers and prosecuting attorneys were rats. I agreed with everything he said. He had—so I thought then—the right idea. He knew what he was talking about.

When I left the penitentiary I knew as much about the construction of petes as the men who made them. The stretch in the big house made a finished raw-jawed crook out of me. I left there with the firm conviction that there was nothing about prison life that could possibly deter me or anybody else from a criminal career. The routine was pretty much like the reformatory—little work, lots of diversion, good food, good beds, newspapers, magazines, cigars, cigarettes, baseball games, and band concerts by the prison band.

It is my unqualified opinion that breaks and riots occur only in prisons that are mismanaged, in prisons where there is comparatively little discipline and where there are trusties and corrupt guards through whom prisoners make connections with the outside world.

Riots invariably are staged for the purpose of effecting an escape, and for no other reason. You can bet all the tea in China on that!

One Real Prison

IT SEEMS to me that society has the faculty of arriving at conclusions which have utterly no foundation in fact when the criminal is concerned. Before the Baumes Laws a twenty-year term meant approximately fourteen or fifteen years. Today twenty years means twenty years. There is no compensation for good behavior. And there shouldn't be. The crook who demands rewards for good behavior should learn how to behave himself outside, where the rewards are infinitely more substantial. In the old days a fourth offender got away with three or four years. Today he gets life. Speaking as a man who knows his crooks, I say it's fine business. The way to stop crime waves is by putting away for all time the people who create crime waves. Of course the crooks don't relish such harsh treatment; therefore they stage riots to arouse public sympathy, and the sap public always responds with the sympathy. Already the softies are beginning to plead for the abolition of the Baumes Laws.

A riot is not a thing of the moment when all the boys suddenly get together and say, "Well, fellows, let's stage a riot." Oh, no. A riot is a carefully arranged affair. It requires time, organization, patience, skill. Numerous consultations are necessary. The ringleaders must send out the wire to the rest of the cons to get their reaction to the scheme and to steam them up by telling them that they'll be able to hop over the walls to liberty when the riot is staged.

The writer once served a term in a prison in which a riot never occurred. Further still, I don't think an escape ever occurred from the prison I speak of. It is the Vermont state prison, the one in which I was brought to the realization that crime was an unprofitable business. And, mark you, I arrived at this conviction after I had been crooking for seventeen years.

Gentlemen, there is a prison! I don't know what it is now, but when I was there it was a prison. Let me give you a picture of this stir which transformed me into a square shooter.

I was thirty-two when I checked into the Vermont bastile at Windsor to serve a seven-year term for the robbery of a bank that I didn't rob. I was ten miles away when some unknown underworld brothers staged the job for which the Vermonters locked me up and threw away the key.

(Continued on Page 128)

One gift that is always Sure of a Welcome

DON'T think only of "the night *before* Christmas" when you're selecting Christmas gifts. Think of the nights *after* Christmas! . . . And then your gifts will be well thought of when the glamor of giving and getting is past! The very best gift for the nights *after* Christmas is an Eveready Flashlight.

That goes for *every* one on your list! You'll give them safety and freedom from fear of fire. Without a doubt, an Eveready Flashlight is a gift with greetings galore—enough for every Christmas to come! And this year, Eveready Flashlights are as gay as Santa's suit. For now there are Sport Models in handsome colors with a durable, pearl-luster finish. You have a choice of red, blue, green, old rose, and baby blue. Then there are other models in satiny black and shiny nickel.

It's easy enough to find an Eveready that meets any person's particular needs. For general home use, there are all sizes and models. For a Boy Scout, there is an official Eveready. This same light is great for the man who hunts and camps. Another model has a 300-foot beam —the ideal Eveready for a motorist. And for the flashlight fan, there is a five-cell Eveready with a quarter-mile beam . . . a master flashlight that's really a hand-model searchlight with what enthusiasts call a "battleship beam."

Be sure you get genuine Eveready Flashlights. They have the finest flashlight features and are carried by leading dealers everywhere. Go straight to any of them and, without wandering and wondering, dismiss most of your shopping . . . with Eveready.

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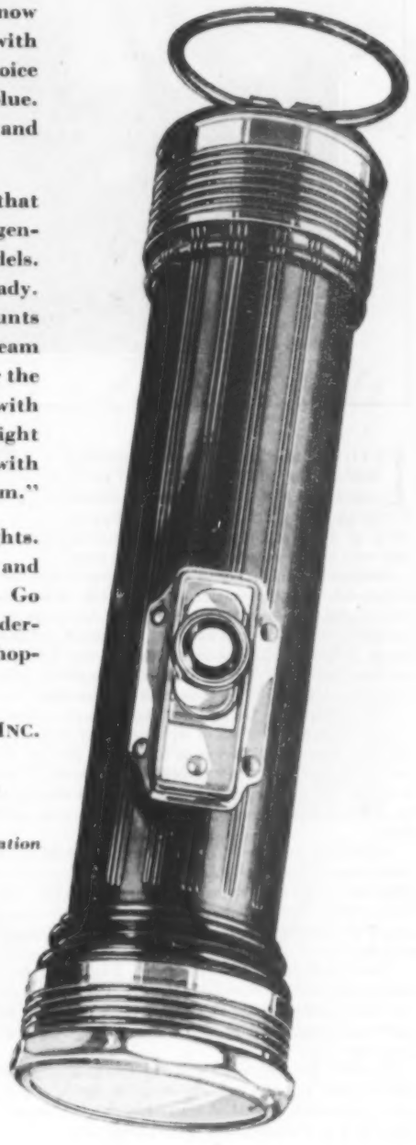
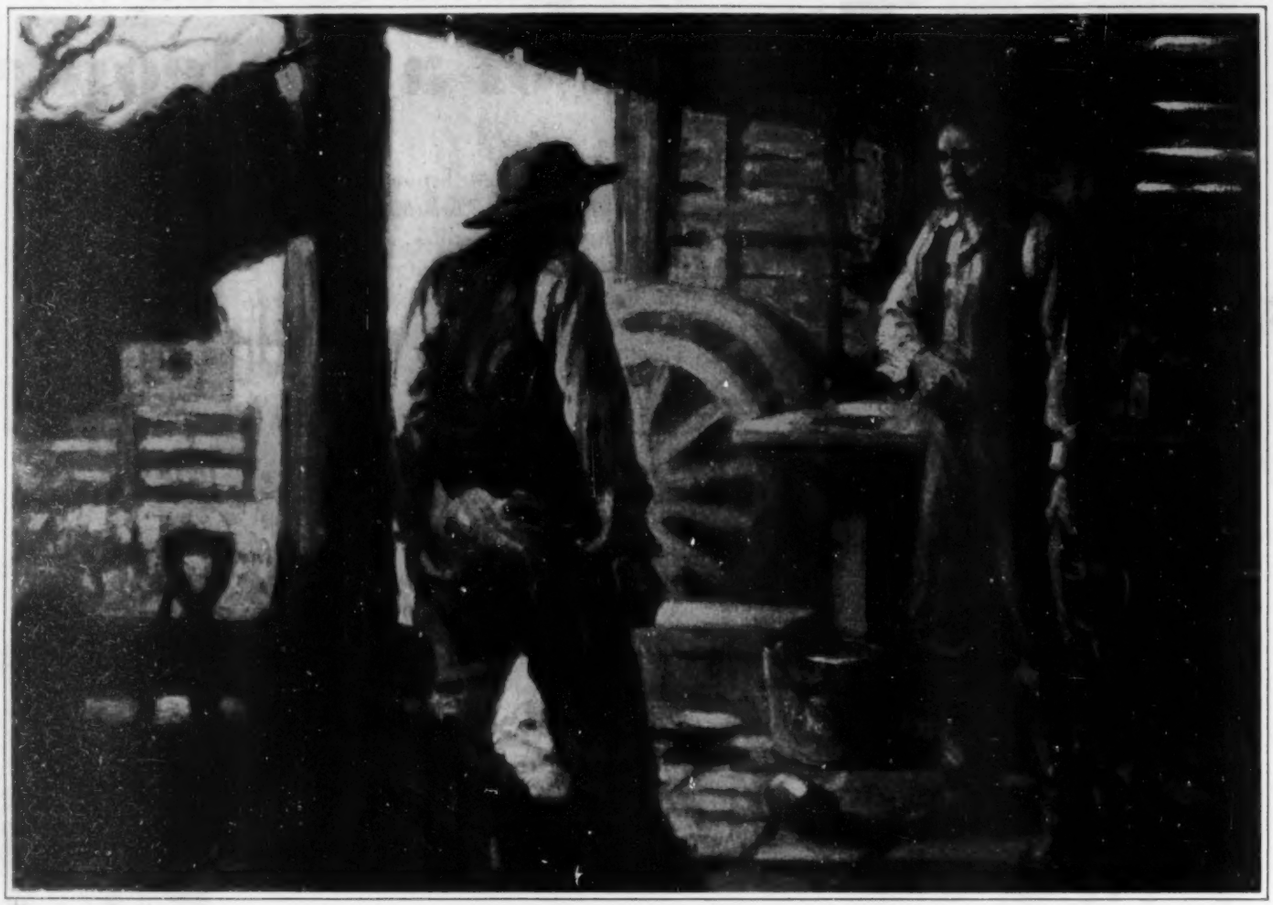
Give Eveready Flashlights for Christmas and save wandering and wondering



Famous Eveready Batteries, for *all* flashlights, are now only 10c. They last for months and months. Put a few in the Christmas stockings.

Illustrated at right—No. 2671—*a focusing pocket type. Only* $1.50 *complete. Everybody's choice for general use. In red, green, blue, and black.*

A MILE OF APPLE TREES



"I Ain't Saying if They Did or Either if They Didn't," Said Muckelhouser

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

IS THERE anything in human experience that is trivial and inconsequential? In the year 1898 a new rope in a summer shower shrank an inch; thirty years later, in the year 1928, as a direct consequence, war ensued between two men who had never even known of the rope.

Amaziah Pfantz and Otto Muckelhouser owned the rope in common, though Amaziah had bought it. Muckelhouser had offered in a still small voice to pay for his share, but Amaziah, with a wave of his palm, had negatived the proposal. Afterward he wondered vaguely why he had done so—wondered why he was always more quickly generous with this neighbor of his than with anyone else.

It was because—though he himself never reasoned it through—he was so fond of Muckelhouser that he could not bear to acknowledge even to himself the one flaw in the other. Let Muckelhouser's black pupils begin to draw to those ugly pin points of calculation, and Pfantz, before he knew it, would wave away any small matter between them.

So, in that summer of 1898, upon mention of the rope, which seemed a desirable factor in their new project, when Muckelhouser's eyes veered from Pfantz and the wrinkles about them began setting inward, as though to push the pupils to painful pin points, Pfantz waved his palm and said quickly:

"But I will pay out for the rope. I have got yet some oats laying that I will trade for it. Ach, I guess anyhow, for you have made a good thought, Otto. Yes, your brains have used your head good this time, that I have got to give you."

To which Muckelhouser made answer modestly enough, all the little wrinkles running smoothly away: "Well, for all, I guess it ain't just so many fences where could be a fence and at the same time make a crop still."

In truth, Muckelhouser's plan was a canny one, and in all justice to the little wrinkles, they had been the instigators of it. For one day after Pfantz, for the twentieth time, had been urging the expenditure for a new line fence between the two farms, the little lines had run together to such sharp and pricking points as to etch upon Muckelhouser's brain the vision of a row of fruit trees with laden branches sweeping half upon his own land, half upon Pfantz's.

"A fence where will make crops yet! A fence where every year will be paying out for itself again!" Pfantz cried in solemn admiration. "And what for trees will we be planting then? Apples, not? For you mind, apples can be living till they are fifty years aged or whatever. Ach, what it makes that you have got a head with brains at, Otto!"

"Apple trees could be for the children from our children," mused Muckelhouser, who was a pious man; "for so far forth as you and me go, we have lived the biggest half a'ready of our years." It was true. For a moment the two aging men stood looking in silence upon the rotting timbers of the stake-and-rider fence which their fathers had made before them. "Them fence"—Muckelhouser pointed somberly—"where is them a'ready where made them fence? Till a little we could be by them, not?"

"Ach, well"—Pfantz broke away—"I ain't for being packed out till a while yet! Not, anyway, till I get the dare to eat down some of these here fence apples. What wonders me is how we can come at the line for the trees. For it's easy seen that dumb fence ain't for helping us much."

"I ain't for renting one of them fancy fellers with interments at," warned Muckelhouser quickly. "We would be poor souls if we couldn't have gumption to measure our own land."

"We had ought to be able to bring it off," murmured Pfantz puzzledly. For a moment the problem seemed acute; then Pfantz had the idea for the rope. Each owned three hundred and twenty acres in even rectangle; they had, therefore, the same frontage upon the highway—two thousand six hundred and forty feet, as they later calculated. By the aid of a rope one hundred feet long they could easily arrive at the median line between their holdings.

The rope was purchased upon a cloudy day in July. Indeed, the rain descended with such vigor before they had fairly started that Pfantz threw the new coils over a fence post and the two did not resume operations until the following day. From the old section monument, then, at the outer corner of the holdings of Muckelhouser, they laid the rope upon the ground twenty-six times; the final forty feet they measured with a tape measure from the sewing basket of Mrs. Muckelhouser. Twice they measured meticulously this latter fraction, for, as Pfantz remarked, "Somepin female could go squeasy on us mebbe."

Along the ruins of the fence they tramped then, across Amaziah's cornfield in the front, across his hayfield in the rear, and they measured again, beginning from Muckelhouser's rear monument. At this second median point they drove another stake, and they looked at each other, well pleased. There was no need, both agreed, to measure also from Pfantz's monuments, their acreage being precisely the same. Muckelhouser thrust the questionable female tape measure into his pocket, Pfantz coiled over his arm the unquestionable male rope—which during the rain had shrunk a secret inch—and the two, prompted by some dim urge for ceremonial, shook hands.

(Continued on Page 56)

Five *exclusive features will identify Noma outfits for you. They assure sturdiest, brightest, most adaptable color lighting for Christmas decorations.*

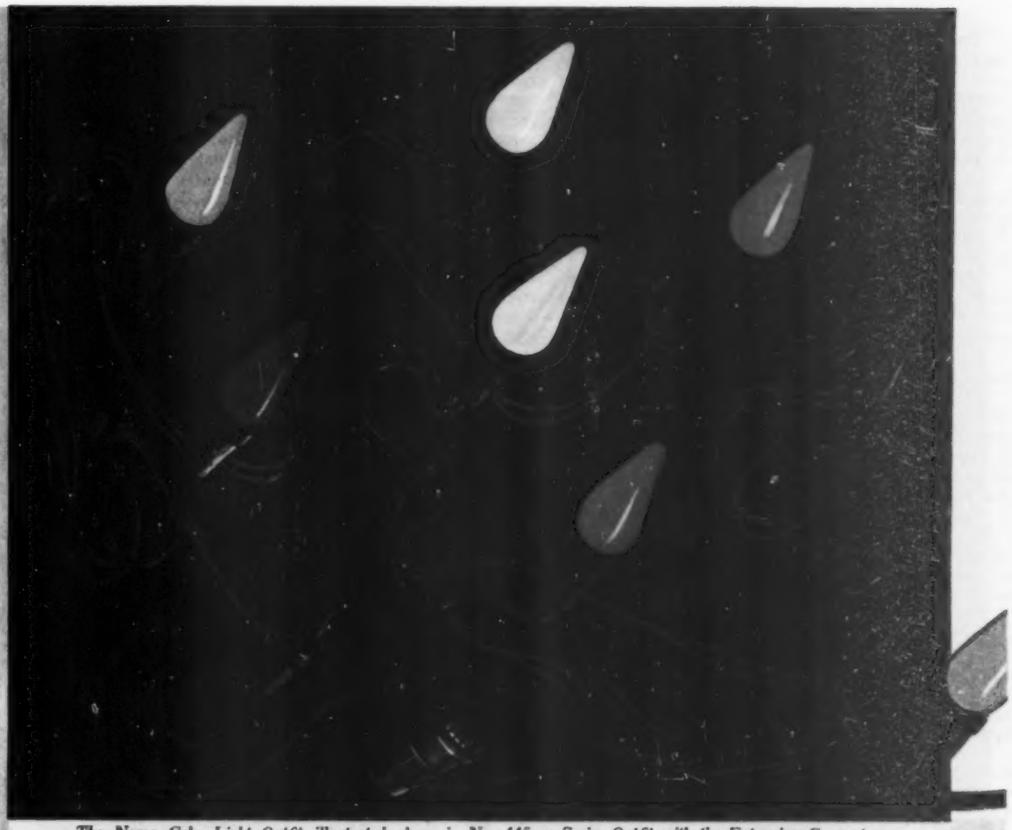
This extension connector permits every Noma series Color-Light outfit to be strung on to another set, simply by plugging in, to produce a long, beautiful, continuous string. You can use as many as eight series sets together.

Every Noma series Color-Light is equipped with a handy red bead to attach to the Christmas tree, so that each small, cheerful lamp will stand upright like a tiny fairy candle.

Every Noma Color-Light socket is made of durable, weather-proof, patented, octagon-shaped Bakelite, in green and maroon coloring.

Every Noma Color-Light outfit bears the identifying Noma mark. Look for it on the base of the socket when buying Strings of Color-Light.

Every Noma Color-Light outfit contains genuine Mazda lamps, guaranteeing long service, sparkling light and low current cost. Be sure you find the Mazda name plainly marked on every lamp.



The Noma Color-Light Outfit illustrated above is No. 115, a Series Outfit with the Extension Connector, Mazda lamps, octagon-shaped Bakelite sockets, the cheery little red bead attachment feature, and rubber-covered wire for outdoor use as well as indoor. If your dealer cannot supply you, we shall be glad to.

Dependable Beauty is built into Noma *Christmas Tree Lights*

NOMA Color-Lights are brilliant and sparkling. The new red bead holds each lamp upright like a fairy candle on its evergreen twig. Each NOMA string is an extension outfit—it can be joined to any other NOMA string, merely by plugging in. Made into chains of sparkling beauty, these extension outfits lend color magic to your Christmas decorations—indoors and out.

Quality is built into NOMA outfits. They are designed for use with MAZDA decorative lamps, and only MAZDA lamps are furnished with them.

Conserve NOMA Quality with MAZDA Lamps

For lamp replacements be sure to get MAZDA lamps—marked with the name MAZDA. Thus you will be sure of most dependable service from your NOMA Color-Lights. An unbranded lamp of incorrect voltage and amperage may burn out your set. Don't be misled because it looks like a MAZDA lamp. It is not safe to accept substitutes. Insist on MAZDA.

Ask your dealer to show you NOMA Color-Lights for indoor and outdoor; constantly lighted sets or off-and-on sets; NOMA Christmas wreaths and NOMA Christmas stars. They are sold in electrical, hardware, toy and department stores. (And remember, please, to insist on MAZDA lamps for replacements.)

Send 10 cents for the fascinating booklet "Decorating with Color-Light—54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember'," with many suggestions for Christmas decorations. Noma Electric Corporation, 340 Hudson Street, New York City.

Noma
STRINGS OF COLOR
lights

(Continued from Page 54)

"One mile of apple trees," mused Pfantz, his eyes reaching over the windrows of his hay, over his cornfield and beyond toward the highway. "And the shade from them won't be nicking into our crops, neither, for we have got to have, anyhow, a road for to fetch our hay to the barns out, and we can put it at the edge of the cornfields underneath of the trees. Ain't so?"

Muckelhouser, in whom the unusual transaction reaching so far beyond their own lives had induced a reflective mood, nodded absently and repeated: "A mile of apple trees yet! A much can come to pass before them trees go laying to their doom like that fence there."

"But it won't be quarrels among the two of us anyway"—smiled Pfantz—"nor among Otto and Jonas neither—that much I can prophetic. I guess it's Otto you will be inheriting to, not?"

"To be sure," returned Muckelhouser. "Them girls can look a little out and marry farms for themselves."

"If Amaziah wouldn't have died for us——" sighed the other. "Ach, but, well, anyway, Jonas will have need for it, I guess, and before long too, I make no doubt, the way he is making up to that Shentel."

"Shentel?" cried Muckelhouser. "That girl from Levi Shentel? Why, my Otto is making up to her. For six months or what he is making up to her!"

"But it's anyhow a year that Jonas is keeping company with."

For a moment the two eyed each other with sharp paternal concern. Then Muckelhouser smiled. "Ach, well, she will be fetching off for herself a good boy, whichever way she jumps."

"That I give you, too," conceded Pfantz heartily, "and it won't be making bad friendship among the boys, whatever. Too thick they have been always for a little thing like a female to make any matters among them. If your Otto stands up with the Shentel, I can pass my word for Jonas, anyways, that he won't be spited too much."

Muckelhouser opened his lips, but he closed them suddenly. He was a truthful man, and the conviction had flashed upon him that he couldn't in honesty say what his own son would do, should the situation be reversed. Otto Muckelhouser was a quiet sort who had, even in boyhood, taken his life into his own hands with an inexorableness which had baffled his parents when they had attempted to plan for him. To do him justice, he planned well, but if he should be thwarted —— His father, standing there that July day, awkwardly easing the tape measure up and down in his pocket, had, for the moment, nothing to say.

But after all, he might have spared himself this odd moment of embarrassment, for it was his Otto who married the Shentel girl three months after the apple trees were set between the two holdings.

Jonas Rested, as Always, in the Round Bright Sun of Her Face. "I Been"—He Hesitated—No Use to Cloud That Sun!—"I Been Ad Solum Ad Cœlum"

The contest for her hand had been a spirited one; the girl had veered first toward droll Jonas Pfantz who made her laugh and then toward high-colored Otto Muckelhouser who made her heart leap to his compelling eye. After all, it was an affair of the heart, and she chose Muckelhouser, though she did so with a wistful sigh.

The elder Pfantz had, indeed, known his son; young Jonas' tongue silenced for some weeks and his blue eyes looked as though they would never lose their young perpetual pain. But within a few months he began roving into the next county, and one day returned with a youthful Celia Criddlebaugh, as blond as himself and twice as buxom.

He even chuckled to Otto Muckelhouser: "I have got more woman than what you have got anyway."

To which Otto made response, with a glance toward the plump and pleasant Celia: "Yes, I won't agree against you there."

And it may be remarked of Celia in passing that her generosity was not that of appearance only; early in her married life she contracted the habit of presenting to the world in general every two years a new blond edition of herself and Jonas. Amaziah became a doting old planet whirled about by bobbing yellow suns.

Young Otto, on the other hand, drew away from the old Muckelhouser home. In his self-contained way he set up his own domicile in the extreme corner of the cornfield; the apple trees, indeed, were to border his meticulous lawn. In his neat, square house his wife painfully bore him a single son and a single daughter. This small, ordered family pleased Otto; he wished neither the expense nor the care of a large brood. Everything—that which he planned for himself and that which befell him by chance—seemed to turn out for the benefit of Otto Muckelhouser.

"Ain't it is wonderful," said old Amaziah to old Otto one day during the fifteenth harvesting of the apples, "how it goes yet *freundlich* among the two families of us? Look oncet how it makes."

Indeed, it was a pleasant sight upon which the two gazed as they sat at the edge of the grape arbor in Otto's side yard. The younger men were picking the last of the apples, their women and the older children were sorting them into fragrant heaps. Soon would come the dealer who would take them away; then there would be, as always, the even division of the price.

"Unto the third and the fourth generations still," muttered pious old Otto.

Jonas, from within the cool arbor, set down the glass of cider, wiped his steaming forehead and laughed: "Ach, but you two are young yet! When you have got the years I have got a'ready, you will know that satisfied folks ain't ever fighting folks. Look oncet on them apples! Ten bushels off every tree, one hunert seventy trees, seventeen hunert or either eighteen hunert bushels fur to divide among us. We ain't fighting over that. Ain't so, Otto?"

The women laughed, and the children; only the man to whom the query was addressed did not. Otto Muckelhouser, upon his ladder against a near-by tree, neither smiled nor made answer. This was not remarked. He was a silent man, increasingly so. But a moment later he turned and stood for a moment, his eyes ranging from heap to heap of the apples below. Good looking those intense brown eyes were, even better looking, perhaps, because of that black point in the center of each. Always there it was, that intensive pin point, not intermittent, as in the case of his father, not driven there by fluctuating circumstance—always there.

It was as well, perhaps, that the two old men never sat again to watch the harvesting of the apples. Old Amaziah was not there the following year; two years later, in the season of blossoms, old Otto was preparing to follow him—happily enough, being a pious man. He never suspected anything untoward when his son asked him: "How, anyway, did you come at the line for those trees?"

With the seeds of death all but ripe within him, old Otto yet managed a chuckle: "A rope oncet."

Young Otto stiffened slightly backward. "A rope only?" He bent over the bed, his compelling eyes ravaging the other's face. "Did you say a rope, pop?"

"A hunert feet," wagged old Otto. "Ach, yes, men was smart them days."

His son left the room, stumbling over a chair, though it was mid-afternoon. Outside, with the same strain of vacancy upon his face, he stood looking down the mile-long bouquet of pink flush. The blossoms showered their sweet breath upon him, but though his nostrils widened and he drew their very essence into himself, he was not conscious of the perfume; petals, tiny, dawn-pink like liberated infant souls, played together in the light breeze before his eyes, but he did not see them. He saw instead branches sweeping before him like laden plumes, rich, heavy with golden freightage. High upon a hay wagon he stood and the cool, round, yellow spheres bobbed against his cheeks as he went riding along—cool, round, yellow like gold. Gold! Gold smooth against his cheeks.

And the two old men had measured with a rope. . . . Otto Muckelhouser shook his shoulders suddenly, wheeled about and went, stepping high and quickly, toward the house.

Two months later, leaving a store in the village with laden arms, he stopped. There was that same coil of rope which had seemed always in his path for the past weeks; tawny, coiled, waiting, it might almost have seemed, for him to stumble over it. This day he bought one hundred feet.

For, after all, what could be better for purposes of measurement than a length of rope precise to the inch? Men had been smart in those days. But accurate—had they been accurate? He told himself that he wanted only to satisfy his curiosity as to how accurate they had been, and then drop the matter.

But the matter did not drop him. No, Otto Muckelhouser made his measurement from that old section monument at the far corner upon the highway to the row of trees, and beyond. Beyond! The carpenter's rule by which he measured the final forty feet lay full two feet beyond the trunks of the trees. He laid the rope again twenty-six times upon the ground, again he laid the rule; the rule extended full twenty-six inches beyond the trees.

He stood then with the new rope coiled over his arm, as had the elder Pfantz thirty years before, but there was a difference: The new rope upon Muckelhouser's arm was a dry rope. It had not lain upon a fence post during a drenching summer rain; it had not shrunk a secret inch. It was a dry rope, precise to the inch, which coiled there next to Otto Muckelhouser's heart; only its head, which he fingered indecisively, frayed slightly, its two strands, as he dropped it finally, pointing directly toward the Pfantz domain like a forked tongue.

Indecisively, even then; for, as he turned his eyes the branches seemed to sweep slightly downward before him, as though the better to display their thickening trays of green nodules. And the trunks through which they drew their sweet strong life were upon his soil—all of them upon his soil. Again Otto Muckelhouser shook himself suddenly and went from the place, stepping high and quickly.

But the rope was in his own barn now; he saw it, coiled hard and tawny, twice, thrice a day, when he entered the doors. And when he went toward his house he saw, just beyond, branches dipping before him, tipping to his eyes a faint flush growing more yellow each day. Soon he would be riding upon the hay wagon and the spheres would be bobbing against his cheeks—cool, round yellow like gold!

He began to stand trancelike, staring at the trees. Always an equable man, he grew irritable within and without.

(Continued on Page 58)

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(Continued from Page 56)

Even his food displeased him; a thousand imps seemed tearing at his very vitals.

Pfantz, too, saw the unusual promise of the freighted branches. "I will be owning them twins till a while yet!" he cried one day as he came up unexpectedly behind his neighbor, who had halted his horses and sat gazing at the trees.

Muckelhouser started. Who knows what secret thoughts were in his mind? For his rich color flared even deeper as he demanded: "What fur twins?"

"Dory and Cory, to be sure," grinned Pfantz. "Them last ones. I never feel to be owning my kids till such time as I pay off the medical doc where fetches them. But with this here crop of apples ——"

"I guess you could feel to be owning them all right," Muckelhouser cut in. "Far as I know, nobody wants to pack them off you."

"And neither nobody could pack them off me!" came back Jonas. The smile had faded from his face; his blue eyes wondered upon the other. "All I mean," he added in his usual slow way, "it gives a good crop for us this year, our apples."

The very patience of his tone whipped on the furies within Muckelhouser. Everything whipped them on: The pain in the blue eyes which he had himself evoked; even the fact that the other was shorter and slighter than himself; most of all, the revelation of dependence upon the apple crop. All these were in reality a rebuke to Muckelhouser's secret thoughts, and he was not a man who could take rebuke consciously or unconsciously.

Now he knew only that he was irritated beyond endurance; he hitched his shoulders as though even his clothes galled him unutterably, and lashed out:

"Our apples!"

Jonas looked at him, his face so blank that not even surprise was written upon it.

Muckelhouser burst into loud, unmirthful laughter; he laughed as though he would never stop.

"You think a half of them trees belong to you! They ain't; they are mine, all. They set onto my land, all."

"But my pop and yourn, they set them. They set them for a line fence." Jonas' lips scarcely moved; his eyes had not left the other's face.

Muckelhouser threw up a hand, the whip in it, before his own eyes, then brought the lash smartly down upon his horse's astonished flank.

"Take another thought if you think it!" he called back incoherently.

"But they did set it," Jonas insisted ten minutes later, as he stood in Muckelhouser's barn. Jonas had sat quite still upon his wagon, staring after the other until he had turned in at his gate; then he had turned his horse about and followed.

"I ain't saying if they did or either if they didn't," said Muckelhouser. Now that the storm of indecision within him had lashed to climax, it was subsiding to dead, inexorable calm. "What I know is them trees are on my land, all. And the law puts it out that the fruit belongs to the owner of the trees; even the fruit from the overstretching branches yet."

Jonas started. "You have went and set the law between us then!" he cried in solemn agitation. "You have been for to see a lawyer a'ready!"

Muckelhouser slammed the harness upon its nail with unnecessary vigor. "I'm telling you the rights of it," he evaded.

"It means to say then"—Jonas forced his lips—"where the apples ain't anyways mine?"

"Take and figure it out for yourself. But if you don't feel for taking my words about the line, go to work and measure it. I will leave you borrow the lend of that new rope there."

Jonas' hand made a swift, instinctive move behind him; his eyes smarted from the proffered rope. "I could git one for myself," he said, and walked evenly toward the door.

Not Muckelhouser's noisy eruption in the road was half the climax between the two as was this involuntary shudder from the rope on the part of Pfantz, the toneless finality of his rejection. After all the lifelong friends had shared in common! . . . Muckelhouser was panting slightly; his lips hung open in a sort of ghastly disarray as he stood by the harness wall, gazing after the slight figure as it drove from him. In that moment he would have given much to retract the entire scene between them. He was not an evil man; the trouble was simply that he had not checked that one inherited flaw of his; through the years it had grown, until now it was like to choke out all of his good qualities. But even now those good traits arose and cried aloud within him as the friend of his youth hurried with bowed, hurt shoulders from his premises.

But as he went toward the house, and the trees dipped and swayed their panniers like courtesans before him, his nostrils dilated with their faint, sensuous perfume, and he said to himself that he was glad that all was settled and that now he would have what was rightly his. Rightly—a queer word that, forthright sounding, and yet capable of many and diverse interpretations.

Pfantz did not purchase a rope to measure the land; he hired, eventually, a surveyor. Eventually—for some days he looked and acted as one in a partial daze. Even the unobservant Celia noted his demeanor. "Ain't you anything so well?" she would cry at him. For Jonas, contrary to his usual candor, had told no one of the matter, not even his well-loved Celia. He had a notion she would be noisy over it, and he had an instinctive wish for quiet. When he spoke, his voice was low, as though that upon which he brooded had somehow a flavor of death. Perhaps it had, considering the hands now peaceful which had drawn the line for those trees; perhaps it had, considering that which was come to pass between himself and the one whom he had esteemed his closest friend since infancy.

He Stood Then With the New Rope Coiled Over His Arm, as Had the Elder Pfantz Thirty Years Before, But There Was a Difference

Then, too, the death of an ideal is the hardest death of all; and for all of his life Otto Muckelhouser, with his stronger body, his quicker resolution, his greater efficiency, had been an ideal for Jonas; even now Jonas had an odd reluctance to confess to anyone the perfidy of the other. In the confusion into which his mind had been thrown by the shock, he was thus in some strange way not only protecting Otto but also something deep and precious within himself.

But despite his appearance of daze, his brain had never been so active as during that short interim before he took of his scanty store and hired a surveyor. His mind, in its readjustment, began to set its memories in order; freeing itself of the glamour of Muckelhouser's strong personality, it began to see incidents in the past as they really had been. Why, even in their boyhood young Otto had always taken from Jonas. All through their years he had had what he would. "He even took my girl off me," thought Jonas now; and in his clarifying vision he saw that since that marital triumph the other had been more overbearing than ever. There had been the time when Muckelhouser had complained that the ground about the apple trees at the rear end of the row was too soggy, but it was Jonas, to his own surprise, who found himself paying for the tile. There was the time when he had puzzledly paid for imputed damage to the other's corncrib, though he had been sure all the time that his own bull had not strayed afield. There had been so many times ——

"Mebbe if I would of made down on him a little, he would of gave me more respects," Jonas murmured aloud to himself one day; and in that puzzled speculation, though he knew it not, lay the entire solution of the matter.

That was the day upon which the surveyor came and laid his steel tape. The calculation tallied precisely with that of Muckelhouser. Jonas had felt that it would, for Muckelhouser was an accurate man, but the moral aspect was not affected thereby. Those trees had been dedicated by kind, dead hands for the usage of both families; no small matter of inches now could change that. "And neither it ain't going to be changed," Jonas' soft lips hardened to a new grim line. Day by day within him was growing a slow and relentless resentment—the inexorable resentment of the patient at heart.

With a hard breath he took again of his scanty hoard and went to see one Schindler, an attorney. Young Schindler's black eyes were as quiet and shining as his black hair, his upper lip closed tightly over the 'ower. Eyes, hair and mouth remained smoothly still as Jonas made his recital; then said the very young Schindler, pulling a large tome from the small bookcase at his right, but immediately rejecting it as though its knowledge, after all, was of slight import as compared with his own:

"Lands, tenements and hereditaments; in this particular case, lands, property rights. Ancient vested property rights are what we got to consider into here." He paused and gazed portentously upon his client.

"Wested oncet?" ventured Jonas. "But it ain't been any mention of any clothes between me and him. It's apples only."

"Vested rights, vested interests, vested legacies, vested remainders," frowned the legal gentleman—"all them things us attorneys have got to consider in cases like the present."

Jonas felt vaguely of his ears.

"To be sure, in a case like this the legacies are fixed. In other words, to say the vested rights are not in a state of contingency or suspension. They are fixed, Mr. Pfantz—fixed."

"You mean," said Jonas hopelessly, "where the line was fixed mebbe?"

"Not so fast, Mr. Pfantz—not so fast," cautioned the other. "We've got the ancient vested legacy; now we are going to come at the ancient vested property line by degrees. By degrees. Now, first, Mr. Pfantz, leave me ask you: Can you prove to me that when the two original gentlemen set that line they says to each other, 'Now, this here's the true line'? Can you prove that they used the same and similar language between the two of them?"

Jonas roused. "To be sure I can't be proving where they said either this or either that on a day thirty years back a'ready."

"Aha! And they are not here to testify for themselves either," pursued the other triumphantly.

"They been packed out," agreed Jonas solemnly.

"Well, then," said the other briskly, "if you can't prove where they agreed and set it up among themselves that the row of apple trees was to be the true line between the two parcels of property, why, it can't be claimed that it is the true line. You can see that, not?"

No, Jonas could not see it, not even after the expositor had elaborated upon it for the second time. "If you mean to say I ain't to pick away the apples ——" Jonas kept interpolating.

"Now listen on me again. The law states—the law expressly states, Mr. Pfantz—that trees belong exclusively to the man upon whose land their trunks stand. In other words to say, a man owns *ad solum ad cælum*."

"Them words ain't familiar with me," objected Jonas, now thoroughly aroused.

"The law says"—the attorney pointed an inexorable forefinger toward the soiled ingrain carpet below, then to the water-stained ceiling above—"that a man owns not

(Continued on Page 72)

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ORGANIZED TENNIS—By Helen Wills

PHOTOS. FROM BATTLES BY MISS WILLS

Señorita Lili de Alvarez

THE popular spread of tennis as a game is creating a problem in this country. With all the players who show ability and who want to play in the national tournaments, how is it going to be possible to keep the meetings from becoming too large and unwieldy? One suggestion has been to hold two national meetings—one for Class A players, and a preliminary one for Class B players. Each year many entries for the national championships have had to be turned away because of the limited number that can be taken in. By having a Class B tournament several weeks in advance of the main event, all players would be able to have the privilege of taking part in a national event. Here, players who had not appeared in competition in the larger events could have their tryouts, as well as the players concerning whose ability there was some question. The four players reaching the semifinals, or the two finalists, could then play in the Class A national meeting and meet those who had been given a ranking the year before. The French association has been successful in ranking its players in classes, the winner of one class advancing into the next order of play.

It seems that eventually there will have to be some change made, as the small number of players who are allowed to play in the national championship competition is hardly in proportion to the enormous number of tennis players in this country.

What relation is there between tournaments and the United States Lawn Tennis Association? Any group of people can hold a tournament, but how can the tournament receive the designation of "official"? First, one must understand something of the working of the tennis association.

Government in Tennis

IT WILL be necessary for the reader to wade through a brief, but somewhat technical, description, but if he does, he will be informed as to the workings of tennis in the United States and will learn something, also, about the amateur rule.

The first president of the association was elected in 1881, and since then a far-reaching organization has grown up. Active membership in the association includes clubs and district and sectional associations which pay dues and have voting power. The term "club" includes organizations of permanent character not conducted for commercial gain, having tennis-playing facilities which are under control of the body of its members.

The whole of the United States is divided up into sections, within whose limits are the clubs and district associations. There are thirteen sectional associations; namely, New England, Eastern, Middle States, Middle Atlantic, Missouri Valley, Southern, Western, Northwestern, Southwestern, Texas, Intermountain, Pacific Northwest, and California.

Schools, colleges and park associations and all other organizations not included within the term "club" can also be members, but do not pay dues and have no voting power. The dues for clubs belonging to the national association are not high. They are determined by the number of members in the club. If a club has a membership of fifty or less, the annual dues are ten dollars. Along with this is the right of fifty votes. Larger clubs pay slightly more and have a larger number of votes.

The executive committee, which conducts the affairs of the national association, is made up of the president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, eight delegates at large, one sectional delegate to represent each section of the country, and such ex-presidents as shall be elected yearly at the annual meeting. There are, as well, committees, the number of which would surprise anyone not familiar with the workings of the tennis association. If the reader can get through this long list, he can obtain an idea, from the names of the committees, of what their various duties are. The principal ones are as follows:

Advisory and Finance Committee, Amateur Rule Committee, Constitution and Rules Committee, Davis Cup Committee, Davis Cup Selection Committee, Wightman Cup Committee, Girls' National Hand Court Committee, Honorary Membership Committee, Intercollegiate Committee, International Intercollegiate Committee, Investment Committee, Junior Ranking Committee, Junior Tennis Development Committee, Membership and Proxy Committee, Men's National Indoor Championship Committee, Men's National Singles Championship Committee, National Doubles Championship Committee, National Public Parks Championship Committee, National Parks Tennis Committee, Nominating Committee, Ranking Committee, Sanction and Schedule Committee, Tennis Educational Committee, Tennis Supplies Committee, Umpires Committee, Women's National Indoor Championship Committee and the Women's National Championship Committee.

There is an annual meeting of the national association between the first and fifteenth of February, and in the past it has been at these meetings that questions of very great interest to the tennis world have been decided. Especially was this true when the questions involving the amateur rule arose.

What is a Professional?

THE tennis association has drawn up a series of rules which its members must follow, and it is under these rules that the official tournaments are conducted. Unless a club is a member in good standing, it cannot hold a tournament under the auspices of the U. S. L. T. A. Tennis players who desire to remain in favor with the association and who do not want to be barred from playing in the tournaments sanctioned by the association, do not take part in any unsanctioned affairs. Neither do they break any of the rules which the tennis association has drawn up for the players who compete in its tournaments. The association is so widespread and so thoroughly organized, and has such good control over its member clubs, that the player who breaks any of the rules is quickly discovered and barred from the sanctioned tournaments. Even the matter of the value of prizes is regulated, so that the gaining of a prize can in no way be the motive for a player's entrance into a tournament. It is recommended that all clubs limit the value of first prizes to fifty dollars.

The question of the amateur in tennis has been one of the most perplexing problems that the tennis association has had to handle, and it has drawn up a list of rules which its players must observe. Because the question has arisen from time to time, and because there has been endless discussion upon the point, it is interesting to see the rules, as they were made by the association. Much of the confusion which has arisen in the minds of those who have heard about the amateur rule in tennis has been because the rule itself was not thoroughly understood. First of all, we can start out by asking the question, "What is a professional?"

(Continued on Page 198)

M. Jean Borotra

M. René Lacoste

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Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold

Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys germs ever-present on them.

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old timers —bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Listerine's success against infection is due to one quality—its amazing power against germs, particularly those lodging in the throat.

Used full strength it kills even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Tests by three great bacteriological laboratories prove it.

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Make a habit of gargling systematically with full strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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THIS GAME OF AUTHORS

By Robert Gordon Anderson

LET us turn back the pages of time a few years, to the beginning of the century or thereabouts. So, in perspective, one can see a clear gain, if not so much in sales and dollars, at least in understanding, and a distinct change in attitude toward books.

What did we have, then, in the way of books, writers and makers of them, stores to sell them, and governing tastes?

For an illuminating picture we might stroll down the village street of that very American village of Shelbyville, Indiana. No cars are in sight, only buggies and buckboards and surreys; and the maples and sycamores droop with the heat. To the country lawyer's office no clients come—all are away fishing—and tossing aside the powdering Blackstone and old Torts, Charles Major picks up a piece of foolscap and starts to write a story he cannot get out of his head.

The months pass and the mailman brings it to its natural goal, a publishing house attached to a bookstore in the center of culture, the capital of the state. The Civil War monument is near, and the Capitol Building, and old English's, where Julia Arthur and Viola Allen stop. Tom Taggart has given up his restaurant in the Union Station and is a rising political power. Up the street a mile or two, Booth Tarkington is receiving royalties from Beaucaire, and is writing The Conquest of Canaan. Across that circle, only recently, Benjamin Harrison and the famous war governor, Morton, used to stroll, and in his deep chair on shady Lockerbie Street an old man writes of Little Orphant Annies and old sweethearts. With Boston, Concord, Cambridge, New York and New Orleans, the city vies for the title, The Athens of America.

With this reputation to uphold, Messrs. Bowen and Merrill read the manuscript, smile, then laugh, and yet are engrossed. History has been distorted, dialogue is anachronistic, amateurish the style. But there is something in the crude manuscript. The tale itself is robust, very much alive. And Jack Curtis, since the white-haired president, takes it down the street to the office of the News, where, at an old desk, sits a lady of culture and background who writes reviews. Yes, she will take the job. And while Miss Nicholas reassembles the history, dilutes and strains the dialogue, leaving the main tale intact, Jack Curtis at nights reads Keats, forgetting to slap the insects that gather around the Meridian Street night light as he lands on a line. Charley had given it a title, Charley Brandon, but here was a better: When Knighthood Was in Flower. A good title was half the battle. Jack Curtis slept no more that night. Though he usually arrived at his office at eight, he was there next morning at seven. The presses began to revolve, salesmen were given hurry calls, and—well, you know the rest in the books you have read.

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

The Late Joseph Conrad

The Best Sellers in the Nineties

NOT quite coincidentally, but roughly, in those dear dead days, Harold MacGrath sat him down in Syracuse and wrote The Man on the Box; Jack London sailed with oyster pirates off the Golden Gate, and wrote of them, of sea wolves and those of the wild. Owen Wister, too, recuperated in a cottonwood cabin in Wyoming or walked by the Charleston battery wall, dreaming of The Virginian and Lady Baltimore cake.

Some of those books just cited are of real worth and may have a long life. Books of sentiment have their place, bringing joy and surcease from care. But an adult public does not want always to feed on pastry, whether Danish, French or Chicagoan, or on the raw meat of obvious physical action. Indigestion lies that way. Yet such, in the main, were the characteristics of almost all the titles that crowded into the best-selling lists between '95 and the Great War. Even the small section of the book-buying public which considered that it really loved good books and, genuinely or because it was good form, praised Lady Rose's Daughter, had not wholly grown up. They followed convention; there were too many taboos and anathemas—books it was bad form to discuss. Joseph Conrad's Typhoon and Nigger of the Narcissus, not liked by all now, but truly great books for those of the right temper, sold eleven hundred copies apiece over a period of years; and none of Galsworthy's books totaled, in America, more than seven thousand over several years—up to about 1917—and most were nearer three. Public taste has changed startlingly, discouragingly, in a way, and yet most encouragingly.

But first let us drop into a few of the old stores which purveyed these wares. There were, considering our size and population, only a pitiful few. Boston had, as might be expected, one or two with real atmosphere, like Lauriat's in the shadow of Old South Church, and The Old Corner, where Emerson, Francis Parkman, Longfellow—all of the old Concord school—and the Eddie Guest of his day, old Martin Tupper, used to Olympianize. Chicago had dear old Frank Morris, where his friends, Gene Field, Ade, and the rest, used to congregate. But there were not many, at best.

Cities of the size of Peoria and Altoona had practically nothing at all, except a counter or two filled with fiction, baby-record books, Mother Goose, line-a-day diaries, and, for the sweet girl graduate, a padded-leather volume of Shakspere or Mrs. Browning. College towns like Madison, Beloit and Iowa City had sometimes two stores, but these were mainly filled with textbooks; though they might have had several shelves sporting Crothers, Laurence Hope, Swinburne and Maeterlinck. But actual centers as large as Fall River, with its hundred thousand population, or Bismarck, the capital of a great state, had no efficiently run or well-supplied store, sometimes not more than a corner of a store next to the tinware and notions; and the department stores then had no interest in books as merchandise. The profits and gross were too small.

In the metropolis of New York half a dozen historic stores were to be found in the shopping center—Twenty-third Street or Union Square—Brentano's, Putnam's and Dutton's, most of which had begun far lower down on Broadway and moved up with the years. But in all the other sections one could rove for a long time, past innumerable grocery stores, barbers, druggists, candy shops and saloons, without smelling printer's ink or even musty old morocco and calf. When one did chance on one, stationery held most of the show windows; the book department was the stepchild.

I remember, as a youngster, one very distinctly that had, it would have seemed, a wonderful chance to prosper. It was situated in the most thickly populated region in the world. Skyscrapers rose all around. They poured out each noon and sunset, millions of potential book buyers, to pass that store on their way to the ferries, and it lay in the shadow of Wall Street in the very bailiwick of the financial barons.

Half of the deep cool place was lined with dusty books on shelves or in capacious bins, but the front and center held counters with new fiction reared in mighty columns, essays and miscellaneous works in smaller piles of fives, and near the door were long glass cases with imposing volumes in red and green and blue morocco or brown calf, with gilt tops and elaborately tooled.

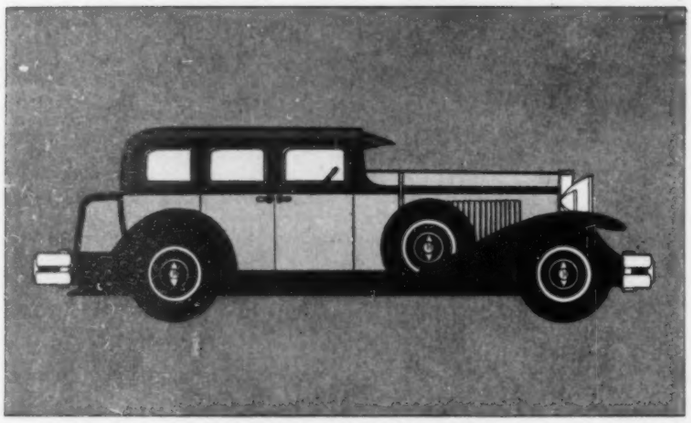
The Reading Public

IN SHORT, there was something for every taste. And in window dressing and other baits for the passer-by much ingenuity was shown. When Sir Gilbert Parker's Ladder of Swords came out, the manager, who, summer and winter, always wore a straw hat, following one of his assistant's tips, visited his friend Bannerman, who had grown rich buying up old Civil War weapons and built that castle on an island near West Point, and rented a row of cavalry sabers to illustrate the title in the window. But did the public pay any attention? No! It wasn't candy or dresses or soda or shoes that were on sale, but such dull things as books. Only when Elinor Glyn's Three Weeks was displayed did they come in to buy.

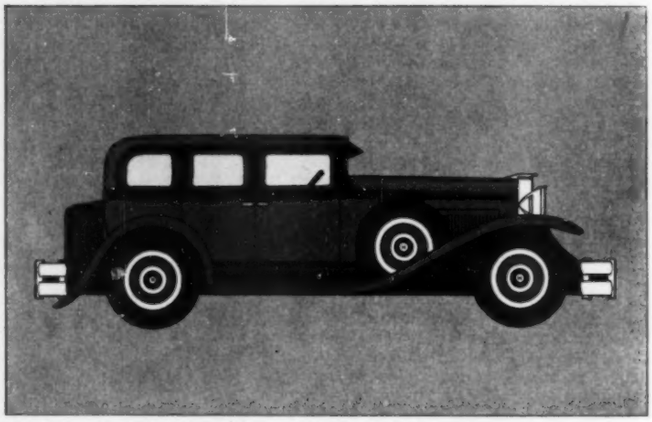
True, eminent lawyers happened in, to go away with Francis Wellman's Art of Cross Examination or Wells' War of the Worlds and, later, Tono Bungay. The dignified jurist, Judge Dillon, and Supreme Court Justice Cullen, United States Attorney General Griggs, and H. H. Rogers purchased the things worthwhile. And there was an ex-baseball bush leaguer from a Connecticut town who had bought out a towel supply and wanted to know what Sherlock Holmes and Watson would do next; also the assistant manager of a paper mill who ran down from Glens Falls and who liked The Rubaiyat and The Taming of the Shrew, after seeing Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan. And, of course, Christmas rolled round when Fanny Cory illustrations and Kate Greenaways were bought for the children, or perhaps by some plutocrat a dozen copies of the good Abbe Wagner's Simple Life which he, the plutocrat, did not follow, and a set of Thackeray or Harrison Ainsworth in that beautiful tooled morocco. And an ingenious publisher thought of getting Howard Chandler Christy to do Riley's Old Sweetheart, and, further gilding the lily, put her in a box with red ribbons, stamped For My Valentine, so that six hundred brokers remembered for once their wives on February fourteenth. But most of those millions that passed by on their way to the ferries seemed insensible to the life that pulsated and coursed in those still-looking octavos and duodecimos. Only the browsers knew, and the man in the straw hat and his clerks. They were aware, not only of the full life within those dull and bright covers, but knew what fun there was in dispensing it. It was all a delightful game—unpacking the cases of new books in their new wrappers and with the captivating smell of fresh paper, ink and binding, just off the press; to rank them according to class, alphabet or color arrangement on the shelves, or pile them in pyramids; to strip the windows of the old, and skillfully display the new in some ingenious fashion, with crude materials, crêpe paper, worn velvet, frontispieces or symbols carrying out the titles. It was better than fishing to guess what a new Mary Roberts Rinehart would do, or a Morgan Robertson sea story. And the boy who guessed that that volume of original yet

(Continued on Page 66)

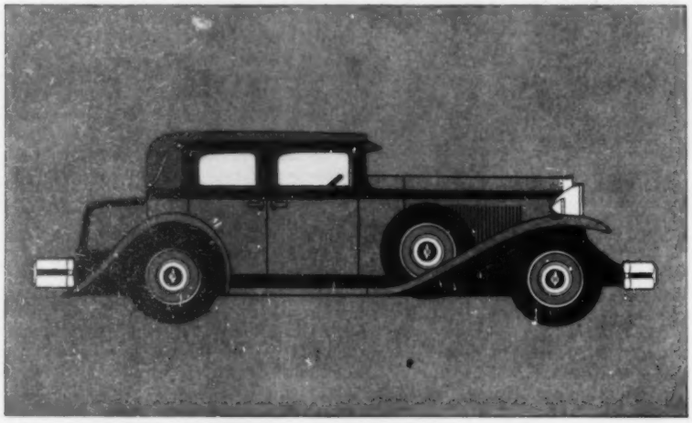
GIVE A 1930 HUPMOBILE



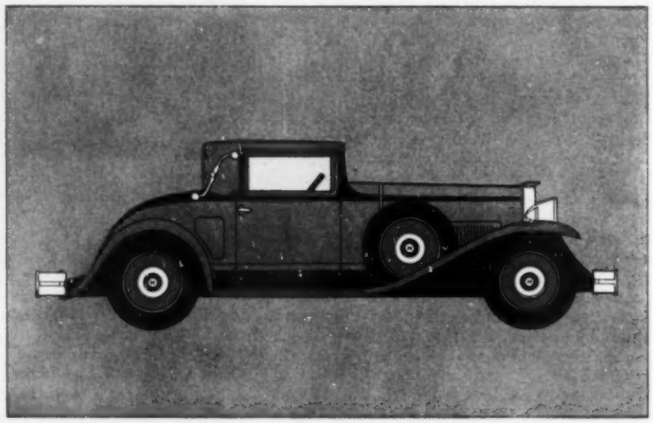
1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . Styled throughout in the smartest modern manner and powered for exceptional performance . . . Spacious and extremely comfortable . . . Standard equipped $1595 . . . Custom equipment at slight extra cost.



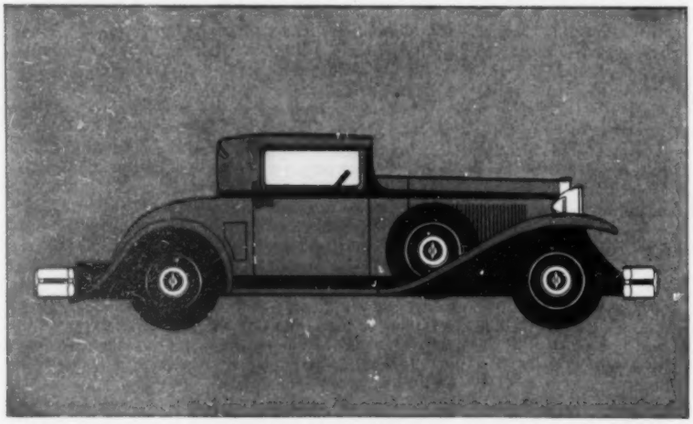
1930 HUPMOBILE SIX FIVE-PASSENGER SEDAN . . . The greatest dollar-for-dollar value in performance, beauty and comfort that Hupmobile ever built into a Six . . . Standard equipped $1060 . . . Custom equipment at slight extra cost.



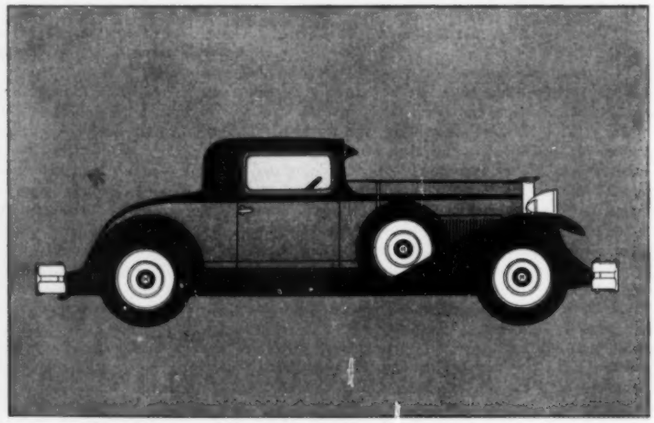
1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TOWN SEDAN . . . A new body type of pronounced modernity and comfort. Top and rear panels are fabric . . . Standard equipped $1715, including 5 disc wheels and handsome, custom built trunk . . . Custom equipment at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET . . . 2-passenger, with rumble seat. This all-weather model, with its beige fabric top, is particularly smart and striking . . . Standard equipped $1075 . . . Custom equipment at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE EIGHT TWO-PASSENGER CONVERTIBLE CABRIOLET . . . Rumble seat. Smart, speedy, powerful, comfortable. Note unusual range of vision afforded by wide windows. Standard equipped $1670. Custom equipment at slight extra cost.



1930 HUPMOBILE SIX TWO-PASSENGER COUPE . . . Ideal for business usage or touring. Spacious rear deck of graceful shape and contour holds two steamer trunks. Standard equipped $995. Custom equipment at slight extra cost.

FOR Christmas 1929

Give a *next* year's car *this* year. Step a year ahead of the Christmas buying parade, as Hupmobile has stepped a year ahead in motor car performance and design . . . Perhaps *next* Christmas there will be cars to match the whizzing speeds, the overwhelming power, the original and distinguished beauty of these new Hupmobiles . . . Perhaps *next* Christmas the ease of control, the safety, and the luxurious riding qualities of these revolutionary new Sixes and Eights will be a twice-told story . . . But it's a *new* story now . . . The newest and most fascinating story in motordom . . . One look, one ride, and a half-hour at the wheel tell the tale . . . A true tale of achievement that confirms, for the twenty-second year, Hupmobile's right to be called "The Car of the American Family."

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930

HUPMOBILE · SIX

70 miles per hour . . . 70 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m. p. h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft. 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . Foot operated dimmer control . . . A big car, 50½ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Generous head room . . . Smartened by cleverly tailored sheet metal . . . Sweeping fenders of the new French type . . . New 6-inch chromium hub caps . . . New front fender parking lights . . . All prices quoted f. o. b. factory.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE NEW 1930

HUPMOBILE · EIGHT

80 miles per hour . . . 100 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 50 miles in 16 seconds . . . The first motor car ever designed in which a single style motif is used throughout, presenting a unit of harmonized beauty . . . Dual elimination of vibration by counterweighted crankshaft in addition to vibration damper . . . Oil delivered under pressure to 46 points in engine . . . New hydraulic shock absorbers, deep cushions, longer wheelbase, more width, greater comfort . . . larger steeldraulic brakes . . . Cam and lever steering gear, safest and most responsive . . . Prices quoted f. o. b. factory.

(Continued from Page 63)

homely wisdom, The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, would reach a hundred thousand was given a supper at Smith and McNeil's, at twenty-five cents a throw, when, two years later, the publisher's traveler brought word that it had reached a million, including the Japanese edition.

More: Those young men knew that when they sent a customer out of the store with one more good book than he had intended to buy when he came in, they had sold him no gold brick or blue sky; only real gold and the blue sky that covers a world into which each of those passing, indifferent millions should have been glad to enter and therein dwell.

Of system there was not much in any stores those days. In this one, as in many others, orders were entered in an old daybook without copies, so that one would have to thumb many pages sometimes to reply to an outraged customer. Sales were recorded on sheets without titles—only the sums—letters were painfully put in a weighty letter press; the words "Duplicate" and "Triplicate" were unknown, and carbon paper for recording was conspicuous by its absence.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

For the lack of methods and aggressiveness that prevailed, lack of interest on the part of the public in books was partly responsible. A great demand will bring not only a supply of the commodity but brains to present it and market it properly. But the system of prices was also responsible. The bookseller man in the straw hat bought a new novel wholesale for ninety cents and, though it was listed at a dollar and a half, was forced to sell at a dollar and eight, at the same time the clothier next door was paying for his dollar-and-ten-cent-priced articles not more than fifty-five cents, or at most sixty-six. Imagine anyone conducting a profitable business with a profit of eighteen cents on an investment of ninety, with overhead for clerk hire, lighting, fixtures, depreciation and insurance. Even when one did plunge and bought twenty-five copies, the wholesale price was eighty-five and a half cents, with the selling price still one dollar and eight; and a hundred secured only a discount to eighty-one cents, a gross profit of twenty-seven cents on the dollar and eight. And with seven thousand nine hundred books being issued each year, there were only a very few titles ever ordered in hundreds. It was almost like what buying a new car is now.

When Janice Meredith Charmed

THE publishers were not so much further ahead. They loved good books, but their offices and methods were like those of old country lawyers. Each publisher dressed his output uniformly in wrappers—Harper's in pumpkin yellow, Macmillan in apple green, Lane in mauve, Putnam's in gray or lavender, and so on, except for holiday and gift occasions.

But way back in Janice Meredith days a change was started when Frank Dodd, now the president of his house, wired in from the road suggesting that a figure of Janice designed for a frontispiece be put on the wrapper or jacket. Herbert Stone, talented son of a talented father, Melville E. Stone, manager of the Associated Press, both now dead, formed with Kimball a new firm and issued a brilliant lot of wrappers. Bobbs-Merrill went them one better; each salesman's sample room blooming like Washington in cherry-blossom time, not only with wrappers but posters and cut-outs and clever souvenirs which they gave to each dealer who sufficiently patronized MacGrath and the little gray poet who wrote about old sweethearts.

More cities were now added to publishers' routes, salesmen taking the hack to the hotel in Concord now, or Rochester, Minnesota, hard by the Mayos; and jobbers were better supplied with information, catalogues, display material and imprinted circulars. More space, too, was contracted for in the newspapers, and the powerful publishers, realizing the plight of the bookseller, granted more encouraging discounts or effected the same result by raising the prices from one dollar and fifty cents, with the expectation of a cut to one dollar and eight, to one-fifty and two dollars net, with the old discounts and no cut prices. And a young Scotchman named Grosset and a bookkeeper called Dunlap scraped together two thousand five hundred dollars, borrowed a set of plates from a publisher, and issued reprints of successful novels to sell at fifty and seventy-five cents. Before many years had passed they had to hire three dozen wholesale salesmen and were going out into the highways and byways, carrying, it is true, only the lighter books, but, none the less, spreading the gospel of reading.

Meantime, up to the threshold of the Great War, public taste gradually improved. Better books began to appear on the best-seller lists; at least more well-written books gained a place there. And good, sound writing does make a difference. Though exceptions can be cited, content and matter have an odd way of improving in exact ratio with manner or style.

Locke's craftsmanlike novels took the place in public affection of the more superficial romantic and saccharinely sentimental. Better still, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells, with his prophetic books, had wide sales as 1915 and '16 dawned; Joseph Hergesheimer was spoken of as promising, Willa Cather's Song of the Lark and, a little later, My Antonia, were popularly taken up; and the characterizations of Edith Wharton and the solid worth of Ellen Glasgow began to be popularly appreciated. And surely the four hundred thousand and more of Ibanez's Four Horsemen bespoke a better public discernment than Janice Meredith and Rosa Nouchette Carey.

George Eliot

The war did something, too, to letters, if only to arouse in the public a hunger for actual facts, genuine human documents, as witness a long line of honest and poignant personal narratives. And following hard on these and the Armistice, the same instinct that recognized truth now clamored for the real in biography and history, and the public bought Walter Page's Letters, lives of Roosevelt and Washington and Gladstone. And when Beveridge, out in the old Athens of America, forsook politics and sat him down to thresh out the life of John Marshall in four volumes, and book clubs bought it and circulating libraries stocked it at a good price too—publishers began to realize that public taste would show itself fundamentally sound, if only it could be properly guided and supplied by some comprehensive scheme of marketing.

There was a change, too, noticeable in book addicts, with whom style and manner had always been a steady factor. With all their love for good literature, they had been too much affected by anathemas and taboos. They began to throw these shackles off, to realize that what a man had to say was of equal if not of greater importance than his way of saying it. Mrs. Grundy no longer sat erect in her chaperon's chair at all the woman's clubs and literary parties. Sometimes she got the gate. New voices, sometimes rasping and self-consciously high-pitched, but revolutionary and salutary, began to be heard.

But, as was to be expected, with the increasing flightiness of the times, one or two of these leaders and most of their school began to run a little wild. They had ridiculed off the map such absurd movements as that which brought perspiring housewives to wrestle with elliptical phrases of Browning on hot afternoons the long summer through. But they were not content with that. They must sweep that sturdy poet, too, off the map, with Tennyson and Kipling and Victoria and Napoleon and the apostle, Saint Paul. As Arthur Hopkins, the producer, who has fought for so much that is fine in the drama, remarked in the smoker the other day: "You can't sweep away a mountain with a wave of your hand." Nor can you chuck overboard like so much useless luggage our heritage of the past. The foundations are still there, four-square and strong. You can add the superstructure of the new order, but it is on the old that you must build.

Biography More Popular Than Fiction

NOT, by any means, that all the new voices had this assurance; many had the amalgam of soundness mixed with their brilliance; but there began to spring up, on all sides, in the seats of critics, the newspaper posts, a flock of young people who kicked all the old academicians out, and who, however clever, appear now, on looking back, so pathetically callow, immature and young. "Attack, attack," became the slogan, just for the sake of attack, for throwing stones. They were impish *enfants terribles*, who took the same delight I used to take when, from behind a tree in the village street, I used to shy snowballs at each silk hat or heard the glass smash when I heaved a stone at the gaslight just after the lamplighter passed.

Not only the youngsters fresh from college but older writers who should have known better were to blame. Freud became an obsession. If Leonardo painted a masterpiece, Shakspere wrote sonnets, Savonarola reformed a city, it was because their mothers were batted on the nose by their fathers or yearned for their company when they were out drinking sack or eating spaghetti with someone else's wife in Blackfriars or on the Arno. If you were drawn a picture of Washington, the high light was all on his false teeth and the claret stains on his vest. They should be painted in, but should not hog the high light. Any day between ten and four you can see those false teeth, with their crude springs, in a glass case in Old South Church, Washington Street, Boston, but they cannot blot out entirely another part of the picture—Washington on his knees praying for those ragged fellows whose feet left deep bloodstains in the snows.

Happily, the pendulum started to swing a little the other way in 1926, and Literature, like Nature, reasserted her natural balance and began slowly to right herself. Perhaps "pendulum" is an unfortunate figure, since it implies a complete return to old conditions; a spiral—an ascending spiral—is more apt.

Anyway, people began to suspect that the writers and critics of the school in the limelight then delighted in smashing images and idols, not so much for the sake of truth as for the music of the smash. Another ghastly suspicion, too, dawned on us—that they were apt to choose, when any alternative road or course presented itself, not the road that seemed to lead to truth but the one that would appear most startling and so enhance their reputations as clever jacks; also that they were sometimes as guilty of pose, smugness and hypocrisy as the Victorians they assailed—perhaps a trifle more so.

The net result was that, during these past two and three years, an increasing number of fine, sound and well-written books found their way into the much-abused best-seller fold. We have been observing the signs all along, how the Outline of Science, The Outline of History, Beveridge's Marshall, and William Beebe's Galápagos found their way in, but never before had so much biography and history, travel and exploration gained favor.

Indeed, for several seasons now, biography and the human document have, in campus slang, had fiction faded. And I have heard no less than six publishing-house presidents say, "I'd give a lot to find a corking good fiction manuscript. Novels are bound to come back." Come back! To what? To the best-seller lists! Imagine biography, at seven-fifty, crowding out the novel in the dear dead Janice Meredith days!

(Continued on Page 137)

The blend

of extra richness which became America's first nationally preferred *coffee*

ALL over the United States tonight millions of men and women are finishing dinner with keen relish for the same brand of coffee.

Tomorrow morning they will go out to work and to play cheered and heartened by the satisfaction they derived from their breakfast cup of this good coffee. And at noon, wherever they are, they may refresh themselves again with its deep, rich, sparklingly mellow flavor.

For Maxwell House is the first coffee ever to win a *national* popularity. It is pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a *blend* of many choice coffees, each selected for its special contribution of excellence.

Years ago, down in Dixie, a man dreamed a dream of better coffee flavor—and made his dream come true. He was an expert in coffees—familiar with the various "winy," "mild," "rich" and "pungent" types of fine coffees grown throughout the world. Through years of patient experimenting, he combined and re-combined these coffees until at last he achieved a new, mellower, richer flavor which delighted even his critical palate. With samples in his saddlebags he rode through the countryside carrying the news of his accomplishment. One of the first to recognize its value was the famous old Maxwell House in Nashville—renowned throughout the South for its marvelous food and hospitality, the brilliance of its balls and banquets, the illustrious guests it entertained.

From this beginning—within the lifetime of its creator—the demand for Maxwell House Coffee has spread from coast to coast and border to border of the United States. It has become the fine coffee chosen by prominent hostesses from Newport to California, served daily in America's foremost homes. Wherever you live, *your* grocer has Maxwell House Coffee, nicely sealed in tin to protect its matchless fragrance and inimitable flavor.

ON THE AIR EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

A lively, popular program by the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra is broadcast each week from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. You are most cordially invited to tune in every Thursday evening and enjoy this delightful Maxwell House Coffee Concert.

TO MAKE PERCOLATOR COFFEE . . . Use medium-ground (steel-cut) Maxwell House Coffee in the proportions of one scant cup of coffee to three pints or six cups of water. Place the coffee in the upper compartment of the percolator and put the water into the pot itself. Set over a gentle heat and continue the percolation until the coffee is of the desired strength, 7-10 minutes being sufficient time to allow.

In making up a smaller quantity of percolator coffee, allow a heaping tablespoon of Maxwell House Coffee to each half-pint of water.

•

THE OLD COLONEL today can look back with satisfaction upon the achievement of his youth. To his persistent pursuit of the ideal coffee flavor is due the matchless, mellow *blend* which gives Maxwell House Coffee its unusual character and individuality—its wide popularity.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea . . .

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

© 1929 G. F. Corp.

EXTENDING the Limits of

Only a few generations ago, the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations ... the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals.... The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail.... Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home.... Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

THE coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

More and more as time went on, in industrial plants and on the farm, heavy labor was taken off the back of man and placed upon the shoulders of the machine.

THE Ford moved everywhere, blazing the way over miry roads and rocky mountain trails, through gumbo and sand, creating a rising demand for swifter, smoother travel that resulted in the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of cement and macadam highways reaching to all parts of the country.

The benefits resulting from the introduction of the low-priced automobile have

Man's Opportunity

done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country. All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automotive transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

THIS civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries.

The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price.

Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment.

Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single, small building.

Everything that has been done has been done to give further scope and expression to the Ford Idea.

THAT idea is not merely to build automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

POST SCRIPTS

"Pa, We're Going to Have Apfelstrudel for Supper"

He

YOU'RE the darlingest and loveliest of spouses,
I'm the luckiest of husbands that I know;
But there's one thing in your conduct that arouses
All the fury that a man can show!

When I go to cleanse my dentals in the bathroom,
And the tube of paste is crumpled and awry,
I need interstellar space to give my wrath room,
And my temper seems to boil and fry!

All the virtues of true womanhood—you've got 'em—
And your charms are multifarious and great,
But why won't you squeeze the tooth paste from the bottom?
And why don't you screw the cap on straight?

—Berton Braley.

She

NOW we're wed, and you are mine,
And I am yours, and we will dine
At seven every night together,
And it will not matter whether
We are eager to or not.
It will be our daily lot
To invariably share
One another's bill of fare.

And there may be lawless days
When I weary of your face;
There may come some hapless night
When you hanker for a sight
Of a different pair of eyes
Just to constitute surprise. . . .
Still, we may preserve our love
If the cook is good enough.

—Margaret Fishback.

Chapter Chatter

A New Member

WELL, fellas, I guess you all know how I feel about this lad Wee Wee Smith. But, anyhow, I'd just like to say a few words before Brother Carrel passes around the black-ball box.

Fellas, this is what I think about it: I think if we pass up this Wee Wee Smith we are pulling what is probably the biggest boner this chapter has ever pulled. I guess you all remember last year, when I was so hot about old Harriss Jones. Well, some bright brother slipped a black ball in the box when old Jones' name came up, and he went Omega Lambda. Well, I don't have to tell you what a break that was for the Omega Lams.

It looks like Smith was going to ride into the soph presidency without half trying. Well, all I hope is that anybody that balls this Wee Wee Smith thinks it over mighty careful before he balls a guy that might do our house as much good as old Jones has done the Omega Lams. We could use a few men like that ourselves, if we had 'em; but just try and get 'em past this chapter.

All right. Another thing I'd just like to say is that this Wee Wee Smith has got some swell recommendations from the St. Joe Chapter. The brothers out at St. Joe think he is the nuts, and they ought to know.

They say he has got the stuff, and if we don't take him a lot of the St. Joe alumni are gonna want to know why. Well, fellas, it seems to me that we ought to have some respect for what the St. Joe brothers think about this Smith. And, brother president, I'd just like to make a motion right now that the secretary be instructed to write to these St. Joe brothers and tell 'em we appreciate their interest.

Another thing. It seems to me this chapter is getting too darn particular for their own good. It looks to me like it would pay us not to care too much about whether this Smith is a smoothy or not. I heard a couple of the brothers talking about it at dinner, and it seems that these brothers didn't like his haircut and they didn't like his neckties. Now, fellas, I'm not going to tell you who these high-hat brothers are, but it seems to me that if a yellow necktie and a little too much hair are going to keep a good prospect like this Smith out of the chapter—well, it's about time we snapped out of it and got wise to ourselves.

There's no reason why, after we take this Smith in, a couple of the brothers couldn't sort of talk to him and tell him about cutting his hair and picking out better ties. I'd just like to say, brother president, that it's a mighty good thing for some of the brothers who have been knocking this Smith that the chapter wasn't so darn particular when they were taken in. —P. MAJOR.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Father: "Come Out and Fight Like a Man!"

Vicarious Vacations

FIRST CITY MAN: Going away on your vacation soon?

SECOND CITY MAN: No, my wife just came back from it.

Now That You Tell Us

HOBART guard sold snails in summer,
Princeton end a skillful drummer,
Texas star had six divorces,
Stanford back once kicked by horses,
Jones of Lehigh good at Latin,
Pittsburgh helmets lined with satin,
Amherst coach likes walrus hunting,
Dartmouth back says prayers while punting,
Smith of Yale has solved three murders,
Georgia center rivets girders,
Williams ace a zither player,
Rutgers captain runs for mayor,
Colgate quarter weds in diner,
Harvard end buys ocean liner,
Kansas flash sports trick apparel,
Cornell tackle sleeps in barrel,
Star has job with local hatter,
Fullback good at mixing batter—
Here's to better inside chatter. —Parke Cummings.

The Squash Racket

"YOU'RE getting a bit bulgy," observed my friend Carson. "Ought to take up some game during the winter. Ought to play squash tennis."

"I can't afford it," I said. "I've heard it costs money."

"Bah!" exclaimed Carson. "No such thing. I'll try and get you in the club; it's cheap at double the price." I finally succumbed, as is my invariable wont under pressure of any sort. Carson took me around.

"This is Bob, our pro," said Carson.

"Tomorrow afternoon, at five," said Bob, a suave and muscular gentleman in white flannels.

"He'll be there," said Carson, as I was about to announce an important committee meeting. "Get him an outfit now, Bob."

(Continued on Page 72)

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"I Suppose I'm Old-Fashioned, But to Me the Human Body is Much Lovelier Than Those Distortions"

For people who want a super-radio, we recommend

PHILCO

SCREEN GRID PLUS

WITH AUTOMATIC VOLUME CONTROL

SO POWERFUL is the barrage of the local broadcasting stations around most big cities, that the metropolitan radio owner who enjoys listening to far-away stations has hitherto had little opportunity to indulge his hobby for exploring America by radio.

Are you one of the thwarted thousands who live in the city, and would occasionally like to spice the evening's entertainment with a transcontinental program? If so, we have good news for you. Not only do we build fine radios for normal use, but now a special radio for people like yourself—people who require *super*-performance.

This new set, Philco Screen Grid Plus, has such super-sharp selectivity, achieved by a double input circuit and a four gang armored condenser, that it will escort distant stations through the crowd of locals and bring right into your living room broadcasting from the other side of America. ***And what is equally important, it will*** hold ***them at pleasurable volume—for its automatic volume control automatically tends to prevent fading.***

"But I don't live in the city", you may say. "I live in the wheat country way out in South Dakota, and the nearest big city to me is Minneapolis, nearly a thousand miles away." For you too, the new Philco Screen Grid Plus has an important feature—enormous power. *You're* not interested in super-sharp selectivity, but you *do* care about power, because the nearest good broadcasting is fourteen hours away by express train, and you *have* to have enormous power in your radio if you're going to hear the prize programs of the air.

In addition, Screen Grid Plus gives you all the advantages of the other Philco models—built-in aerial like the Neutrodyne-Plus—wonderfully true, clear tone—furniture of exquisite design. Unusual values, which ever model you choose.

See your dealer today and arrange for free demonstration—with easy terms if you decide to buy.

Tune in on the Philco Hour of "Theatre Mem'ries" every Friday 9:30 P. M. over the N. B. C. nation-wide network.

PHILCO HIGHBOY DE LUXE

With Screen Grid Chassis	$195.00
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$205.00
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$225.00

A full range of other exquisite furniture models

Lowboys . from $119.50 to $149.50
Highboys . from $139.50 to $169.50
According to type of chassis selected.

Slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each model, regardless of price, includes a built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker with TWO 245 power tubes, push-pull. All prices less tubes.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

In Canada:
Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto

Pictured at the left is the distorted tone, typical of the radio whose units are only in approximate balance. Pictured at the right is the wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves in every set by extraordinarily exact balancing of all units.

PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

Barbara Kent

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Will you volunteer as my personal correspondent in your town and keep me informed of movie-conditions there?

While this will be a "labor of love," I figure that you are keenly interested, and that you will be glad to aid in bringing good pictures to your neighborhood.

All your letters will come to me direct, and I will answer and discuss them with you personally. Suppose you write to me today and answer the following questions:

What Universal pictures have been shown in your locality of late? How did you like them? How were they spoken of by your friends? Whom did you like best in the casts?

Have you seen "Show Boat" and "Broadway"? If they haven't been shown there, do you know whether they are coming? Have you seen "College Love" and gorgeous Mary Nolan in "Shanghai Lady"?

Have you seen handsome Joseph Schildkraut and beautiful Joan Bennett in that fine romance, "The Mississippi Gambler"? Do you know that Universal is producing two wonderful singing romances starring John Boles?

What is your opinion of the beauty and talent of LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY NOLAN, BARBARA KENT, KATHRYN CRAWFORD—all Universal stars?

Are you aware that Universal captured the remarkable plum "All Quiet on the Western Front" and is producing it with extraordinary effect? Do you know that we are building an entire German camp, where most of the action is laid?

What kind of pictures are most largely attended in your neighborhood? What theatre shows Universals? Have you made it a point to become acquainted with the manager?

I will look for your answer. Give ME a chance to write to YOU.

Do you know that we are always glad to pay for ideas used in our pictures? If you have any, won't you send them in?

Sincerely yours,

Carl Laemmle,

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 70)

"I've—I've got some running pants and sneakers," I said timidly. "And I don't suppose a tennis racket would do, would it?"

They both roared.

"He's a great kidder," chuckled Carson, wiping his eyes. "Didn't I tell you he was a card, Bob?" Carson is independently wealthy.

"You want to start right," said Bob, not unkindly. "And all the good players wear this kind of a shoe. You'll want a pair."

"Well, all right," I said, wincing as he wrote down twelve dollars.

"Here's an athletic shirt," he continued.

"Oh," I exclaimed happily, "that's just like mine. I'll bring it up."

"Better take three or four of these too," said Bob, marking it down. "You'll need 'em, and they're only three bucks apiece. What's three bucks?"

"Well," I began, swallowing, "three bucks is ——"

"Now socks," said Bob confidentially. "Socks are most important. Good players have as many as a dozen pairs. What size do you take?"

"Eleven," I said weakly. "I've got some old wool socks at home ——"

"Sure," smiled Bob, scribbling, "but they're no good. Once the fuzz is off 'em, you get blisters. Besides, these are only two-fifty a pair."

"Still," I suggested, "it all mounts up, you know. I sort of figured out how much I could put into this game, and ——"

"Everybody does that," said Bob, writing down twenty-five dollars, "but you can't always tell, to a dime. And you can make it up somewhere else." I suppose he meant I could cut out lunch or move to a cheaper neighborhood.

"The bat," said Bob, handing me a youth's size tennis racket, "has got to be good. Now, I could sell you a cheap one ——

"You stagger my credulity," I said, taking it.

"Shut up," whispered Carson angrily. "Make him sore, and he won't play with you. Last year a couple of pikers had to resign because they got to demanding itemized bills. Made Bob sore as hell."

"I don't wonder," I said. "Still, twelve bucks seems like a lot to pay for this child's racket, all the ——"

"Bat," corrected Bob gently. "We always call it a bat."

"I beg your pardon," I said.

"That's all right," said Bob. "Now I'll get you a sweater and a ball."

"I—I suppose a ball lasts indefinitely, doesn't it?" I asked. Bob and Carson laughed heartily. "You'll need a new ball every time you play," explained Bob, as Carson left. "They're only sixty-five cents—lunch money."

"That's just about right," I said, opening the door into the street.

"Well, good night," said Bob. "See you tomorrow, and I'll send you a bill."

I took a deep breath, opened the door wider. "Itemize it," I said.

"What?" he gasped, pain and amazement on his classic features.

I was on the outside now.

"Itemize it!" I shouted at him. "I shall want all my bills itemized! I have a passion for items!"

He roared at me then, and sprang at the door, which I shut in his face. I fled down the street, at once terror-stricken and surcharged with a tremendous relief.

I am more bulgy than ever, as Carson points out on the infrequent occasions when we meet these days. But I am enjoying every bulge. And I have a little money in the bank. —STANLEY JONES.

A MILE OF APPLE TREES

(Continued from Page 58)

only the surface of his land; he owns from the center of the earth to the sky. Whatever is under his land and whatever is above his land he owns, as well as the land itself. Now you heard the law and you heard me, so I guess you're satisfied as to the legal aspects of the case. Not so?"

But Jonas still shook his head. "If it means I ain't to pick away the apples ——"

The legal gentleman threw up his hands. "I tell you the trees belong to Muckelhouser and therefore the fruit appertaining thereto, therefrom and thereof belongs to Muckelhouser, and if you pick any of it you are liable to him. In other words, Muckelhouser can demand a penalty against you, for, remember, he owns *ad solum ad cælum*, and he knows that as well as you do. So if you ——"

"So that's how you come to know so much ofthanded that way," deduced Jonas mildly. "You're the one he come to consultation with a'ready."

The other swayed backward slightly upon his slender legs, which seemed none too stable at any time, and his black eyes ravaged Jonas with question. Jonas' blank face gave no answer.

"Well, if he did or if he didn't," the legal gentleman flustered back to the idiom of his childhood, "what does that make? A man where has the knowledge like I have got it, ain't I got a plenty for both sides of any case? It's a many of our best lawyers, if you only knew it, makes the best part of their money spreading their knowledge to both sides."

"I guess, too," said Jonas as he paid his fee.

He might have saved himself the expense of the surveyor and the lawyer, Jonas brooded as he hunched beneath disconsolate shoulders on his way homeward. His money was gone, and what had he? From the surveyor only the confirmation of Muckelhouser's assertions. From the lawyer nothing at all save a confusion of strange words which would seem to have no rightful place in the God-fearing English language. Some of them clung to his weary brain from their very oddity, milled round and round in it, finally, as he slipped from conscious thought, fitted themselves to the rhythm of the slow wheels: *Ad so-lum ad cæ-lum.*

"Where you been oncet?" Celia demanded.

Still upon his wagon seat, Jonas rested, as always, in the round bright sun of her face. "I been"—he hesitated—no use to cloud that sun!—"I been *ad solum ad cælum.*" The whimsical idea amused him; for the first time in many days he smiled.

"What fur place is that?" wondered Celia. "It sounds to be outlandish."

"It is outlandish," agreed Jonas, and for the time would say no more.

Ad solum ad cælum—from the center of the earth to the heavens. Ach, what a foolishness them young squirts of lawyers had in their brains anyway! What did the dumb words want to stick to his own mind for? Hadn't he enough to think about with seven insistent little mouths gaping continuously for food, seven pairs of bare feet soon a-chill for their winter shoes, and the apple crop gone?

Celia, as he had foreseen, was noisy over the calamity—increasingly so. Each day some new phase of the desolation would arise in her meandering mind: "No apples to snitz fur the pies!" she would cry. "What fur winter will it be without the apple pies or the mince yet?" Or: "No apples fur the dinner pails! Ach, how can the school look to learn them anything if they have got no apples fur to fill their stummicks?"

"Stop still and be quiet oncet!" Jonas set his jaw in unwonted exasperation one night. "How can a body think with their brains with you a hollering deef at my ears always? I ain't fur letting all them apples to Muckelhouser; now just take a notice to that and remember it. A half of them apples are mine, inherited to me from graves yet, and I ain't fur giving them up neither. No, sooner than you think it you will be setting to snitz the apples for the pies."

Indeed, such authority was in his voice that Celia fell silent, staring at him. Even to her casual eyes, he looked somehow different; in that instant she seemed to see his chin and nothing else. But above that chin, as she glanced a few moments later, she saw the lips tremble into a weary droop, and she cried with her quick compassion: "Ach, but you have tired from the haying! Make quick and off your pants fur the bed now."

"I feel fur apple pie tonight," Jonas cried gayly two days later. Upon the hay wagon he sat, dwarfed by the billowing, fragrant mass which towered around him and above him; a pitchfork thrust rakishly into its middle added to the carnival effect. As Celia rushed from the barn, clutching an apron sagging with eggs, he clambered upon the seat and began raking toward him red and yellow fruit.

"Ach! But he will do you somepin fur that!" Celia clapped an agitated palm toward her cheek. "You mind the legal lawyer said he could git you arrested or what fur picking away the apples."

"I ain't picking them," corrected Jonas. "The hay scutched them off. You mind the road from the hayfield runs underneath of the trees. Git oncet a basket fur to help Ziah. He's got as many as what I have got, I make no doubt."

"I bet you I have!" squeaked the twelve-year Amaziah, who drove up on his own wagon at the moment. He, too, climbed upon the seat and clawed, spiderlike, after colorful freightage upon the hay behind him. "Pop told me to crowd in underneath of the trees as clost as I otherwise could and, gee, mom, if I wouldn't of looked a little out, the limbs would of raked my head off fur me."

"The hay picked the apples then!" interpreted Celia. "Ach, the smart! Fur, of course, he can't be arresting no hay. But"—she clutched tighter her apron—"if he would ketch you! Ach, it makes me so creep! He can get so mad in his tongue, that Otto."

"Leave him ketch me!" her husband gestured valiantly. "Listen, woman! This here ain't but a sample of the apples I am going to pack off them trees. I ain't leaving loose till I have got the full half of the crop, like always. I," said Jonas Pfantz, "have got rightness onto my side."

And, indeed, as Celia gazed up at him, standing high above her, his eyes grim toward the Muckelhouser domain, her mind flew for a confused instant to the presentment of the Prophet Jeremiah in the parlor Bible, as he stood with fearful arm upraised toward the tents of the wicked.

"Ach, yes, well," she murmured, "I guess we can anyhow have one apple pie before somepin happens us mebbe."

But the plump Celia was not one who was endowed with the gift of true prophecy. Within the hour, as Jonas was again cruising profitably beneath the weighted branches, Muckelhouser came scuttling through the trees, arm upraised:

"I am onto the hint of what you are doing! You're a-picking my apples!"

"I ain't a-picking them."

"If you don't stop picking my apples, I'll quick git you arrested!"

"I'll git you arrested fur trespassering."

"Them there's my apples!"

"This here's my land!"

"You stop picking them apples or I'll put you to the jail!"

"I ain't picked a one of them. The wagon's taking them."

"Pick 'em! Take 'em!" danced Muckelhouser. "Don't you scatter your words at me! Pick—take! You're a gittin' 'em,

(Continued on Page 74)

ELECTRIC EYES *now* continuously *reproduce, inside the engine cab, the signals set miles ahead . . .*

MILE AFTER MILE over the Pennsylvania's giant system, automatic signal lights are placed . . . safely guiding the swift flyers of the rails.

Now a new device has been perfected by Pennsylvania engineers and is being extensively installed . . . Electric cab signals which reproduce inside the engine cab the shining lights of the signals ahead. Two miniature sets of signal dials shine directly in front of both the engineman and the fireman, on their respective sides of the cab.

These lights shine day and night through every minute of the run and are *instantly* and *continuously* responsive to every change in the signals ahead. And with every change to an unfavorable signal, a warning whistle sounds which keeps blowing until acknowledged by the engineman.

Thus the skill of trained men in the cab and the mechanical perfection of the most modern devices will be combined to insure the safety of Pennsylvania patrons. Read the official announcement at right.

The Pennsylvania Railroad makes an important announcement to the traveling public

THE Pennsylvania Railroad will complete this year the most extensive improvements in automatic signal installations ever undertaken by an American railroad.

The whole program, involving an expenditure of more than $16,000,000, represents an important advance in the art of railroad transportation from the standpoint of both public safety and operating efficiency.

The work includes not only additional automatic block signals and automatic train control, but also, in the region of densest passenger train operation, the installation of the Pennsylvania's newly developed continuous cab signal system.

This is the device referred to by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its last report on automatic train control devices in which it said: "the development of cab signals of the type now in use on the Pennsylvania appears to be an important step forward in the art of signalling and worthy of special attention."

Three principal results will be effected by the new installations:

1. By the end of this year, the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line tracks, over which its fleet of blue ribbon trains operates between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi River, connecting New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis will have the most modern automatic signal devices known to railroad engineers.

2. Between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, the line will be equipped with a continuous cab signal system.

3. The coming year will find the Pennsylvania embarked upon a program to extend its continuous cab signals westward over its main lines.

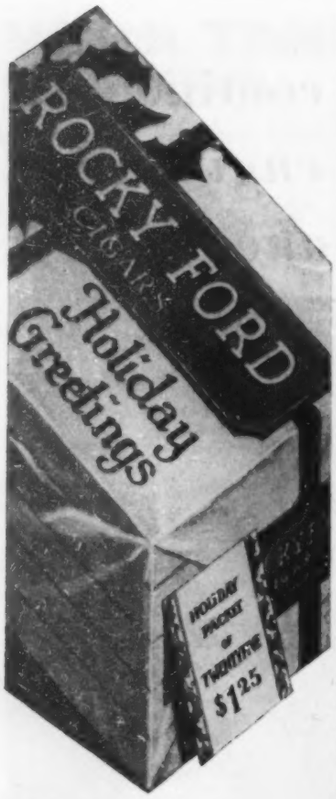
THESE installations will round out a program of increased train protection which supplements expenditures of many millions of dollars in recent years for all-steel passenger cars, heavier rail, grade crossing removals, automatic warning devices at grade crossings and bridge renewals . . . Of course, all passenger trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad System have had block signal protection on all of the Company's 16,000 miles of running track for many years.

NO phase of the present program is quite as significant as the installation of the continuous cab signals in all trains operating between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington . . . This modern development in the art of railroad signalling has been perfected by the Pennsylvania Railroad through research and experimental work and has been incorporated into the automatic train control installations already established at the Interstate Commerce Commission's direction.

The Pennsylvania Railroad management, while complying with the Commission's orders on five divisions, maintains that no substitute can be found for the personal responsibility of the men operating the locomotive and that the best safety devices are those which afford the greatest degree of dependable assistance in enabling the enginemen and firemen to discharge their responsibility. This is accomplished by the continuous cab signals with whistle and acknowledger . . .

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America



Only $1.25

but it will make any man as merry as a Christmas cricket

25 ROCKY FORDS in a sprightly holiday packet. 25 messengers of cheery good-will that will warm the stubbornest masculine heart. ROCKY FORDS, the finest 5¢ cigar that was ever lighted up after a Christmas dinner. The favorite of millions of smokers. Imported Sumatra wrapper ... finest domestic long filler. Can the most hopeful giver ask any more for such a modest fee? You can buy the ROCKY FORD holiday packet at almost any cigar counter.

Rocky Ford CIGAR 5¢

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF... A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

© P. LORILLARD COMPANY. ESTABLISHED 1760

(Continued from Page 72)

that's what makes! You're a-gittin' off me what ain't yourn!"

"I'm a-gittin' what's mine," gritted Jonas, "and I'm a-goin' to keep on a-gittin' it." The peaked face, as green white as the less-ripe fruit, stared gnomelike down among the leafy branches upon the red visage below. "I ain't a-stopping off neither till I git the full half of the crop all."

"Stop slinging your words around me! I got the law onto my side; you know that!"

"I got rightness onto my side; you know that."

Muckelhouser slipped backward over a clod. "You can't wind me around with none of your hot airs. It comes down to this: Was you going to stop picking them apples or ain't you?"

"I ain't going to stop—gitting them."

"All right then. All right then. Now you will see oncet what you will git when you act contrariwise to me. You will see oncet what will happen you when you git me hot to my disposition. You will see—you will see! You wait oncet! You just wait!"

Jonas waited. For the moment he could do nothing else. Trembling took him as he watched the other clawing toward his barn; a sort of empty nausea attacked the pit of him as he heard the door of the buggy shed slammed open. Muckelhouser was on his way to town to see that squirt of a Schindler. And what would he bring back with him? The constable?

Jonas' teeth were chattering as he called toward the hayfield, but it is worthy of note that they were chattering in a stubborn-set jaw: "Hey, Ziah! Don't pack that load into the barn yet. Make yet that hay a little higher, then drive backward and forthward underneath of these trees. Go crowding in under as clost as you otherwise kin, but don't go touching at the apples with your hands."

Why had he insisted upon that foolish difference between "pick" and "take"? Was it because the lawyer had emphasized the one word to the exclusion of the other? Jonas did not know. Or was it, more likely, because, hard-pressed as he was, he was trying to squirm around the law or through the law some way, any way? Well, the law as he had got the notion of it through that confused hour with Schindler was largely a matter of squirming, and if he could manage to squirm a little harder and a little faster ——

Jonas chuckled wryly at this point. He? He'd probably be in the custody of the law before night. Why, at any moment now, for his neighbor must have been gone an hour at least. Trembling got hold upon him again. He, Jonas Pfantz, torn from the frantic Celia and thrust into a cell? What now about that boast of his that he would have his half of the entire crop? An idle boast, indeed, with the long arm of the law reaching out for him at that very moment!

And yet, even so ——

"I have got rightness onto my side," he bolstered himself stubbornly aloud; then jerked his team to a quick halt at sound of hoofs in Muckelhouser's driveway.

Muckelhouser was riding alone. For a moment it seemed that the lone figure upon the seat must be some trick of defective vision. Jonas sat quite still, braced himself for that which Muckelhouser would do, would say. Muckelhouser said—did nothing at all. He came forth from his barn finally and went toward his house without so much as glancing in Jonas' direction. It might almost have seemed as though he wished to escape detection, for he traversed a roundabout route behind his chicken houses.

Strange! So strange that for some moments longer Jonas remained motionless upon his seat. Then he addressed the boy Amaziah: "Pack your load to the barn now. I got to make a thought here."

He climbed down over the wheel and walked slowly back beneath the trees, thinking. At the rear end of the row he stood beneath the trees, thinking.

He had had all the time an unformed notion that the lawyer had not advised him as to all his rights in the case; now this surprising conduct on the part of Muckelhouser seemed to prove it. The lawyer had expressly said that he could not pick the fruit without penalty; yet, when his wagon raked it off he was not held to answer. Why was that? What was the reason underneath the whole thing? Or, wasn't there any reason? Was the law just a dumb foolishness, after all? But no, there was something here—something. Thus Jonas, standing under the apple trees, absently snapping a twig in his fingers and picking with his mind over the fragments of strange phrases he had carried with him from the lawyer's office.

Ad solum ad cælum. He owned from the center of the earth to the sky, but the trees were not upon his land, so he did not own any of —— Jonas started. He was staring at the ground, and between him and the center of the earth were the roots of those trees—he owned those roots! Between him and the sky were the branches of those trees—he owned those branches! And if a man owns a thing, it is his to do with as he will. Long Jonas stood there meditating upon the marvel of ownership and all that it implied. All that it implied. "The law is a pretty dumb smart foolishness, after all," he murmured in some astonishment as he finally started home.

Three days later, when he espied through the trees certain familiar preparations in the Muckelhouser yard, he halted Amaziah peremptorily. "Go backwards oncet and fetch the axes and the grindstone fur to sharper them with."

"Ach, pop! With the hay yet laying? It ain't the time to git the winter wood."

"Don't argue to me! If I say I am going fur to chop wood, I am going fur to chop wood," announced Jonas with unwonted severity. "Yes, and put at the wagon the pick too."

He turned. Upon the other side of the trees a man carrying ladders from a shed had stopped and was watching him. Jonas began unconcernedly to whistle. He backed against the fence, thrust his thumb into his trousers band and squinted calculatingly at the trees.

For the first time in his life Jonas was acting a part. Inwardly he was in panic. Could he do that which he purposed to do? His heart swelled as he gazed at the trees. So beautiful! So symmetrical! So living! Could he strike death into those smooth limbs so heavy, so aflush with life?

The man in the side yard laid down his ladders, turned, stood, turned again and went into the shed.

"Now," commanded Jonas some moments later in brisk, loud tones, "leave me handle the axes and you turn the stone. I want to sharper them sharp, fur I got a big job ahead of me."

The sound of the grinding was low, but the window next door was darkened at once by the outline of a head.

"This here one's all right," Jonas felt critically of the edge, "fur the first trees anyway. Now you take the pick and begin to dig. Here, where I marked it off a'ready, three feet from them trees. Keep on a-going through the roots and whatever."

He himself began pitching straw from the bed of the wagon beneath the branches of the tree which abutted the highway upon one side and the pleasant lawn of the Muckelhousers upon the other.

As one who could no more endure, his neighbor burst redly toward him.

"What do you conceit you're doing?"

"I conceit I'm a-pitching straw," returned Jonas mildly, "fur to ketch the bruise from the apples."

"Bruise oncet? Apples? If you think you're going to pick off them apples ——"

"I'm a-going fur to cut them off." Jonas felt calculatingly of a limb.

"Cut oncet! If you dare to touch onto one of them limbs —— Here! You leave loose of that ax! Dumbhead! You know them trees are onto my land. You touch onto one of them and ——"

"To be sure, I know the trees are onto your land," laughed Jonas, "but I just as good know the limbs are onto mine. Ain't Schindler telling you a'ready where a man owns from the center of this here earth to that there sky? Take a look fur yourself and make a thought on it."

His neighbor looked at the heavens above, he looked at the earth beneath, he looked at Jonas; and the breath for a moment went out of him. He kept looking at Jonas, kept looking at the little man swinging the murderous ax before him as though he had never seen him before.

"But you ain't," said Muckelhouser in a still voice, "you ain't a-thinking you can cut the half of them trees off?"

"I ain't a-thinking nothing about it," retorted Jonas. "I done my thinking a'ready. To see what's yourn and what's mine, it don't take no dummy. To be sure, you own yet twenty-six inches from the trees ——" He took a rule from his pocket and began measuring outward from the trunk.

"It's outlandish!" exploded the other, hopping from clod to clod. "I won't have it! You can't do me so underhanded! It's a sleazer trick! I won't ——"

"Ach, no, Ziah," remonstrated Jonas, "that there ain't the beginning of the deep I want it. The ground's soft there; it won't take no time to git down ten, twelve feet."

There was at this point, curiously, a small silence. Then again in a still voice: "What's the boy doing?"

"Fixing fur to lay tile. If it's good fur the hind end of the row, I conceit it is good fur the front end too."

"But ten, twelve feet—that will ruin up the roots!"

"They are my roots," reminded Jonas.

For the first time in his life, the rich color drained entirely from Muckelhouser. Jonas, glancing at him, could almost have believed that old Otto stood before him with his pallid face, his hunched shoulders, his unsteady lips.

"To be sure," — Jonas stuck the rule cheerfully into his pocket—"the twenty-six inches of the butts I will be leaving won't be nicking into my half of the crop any, for apples ain't natured to grow anyhow so next to the trees."

A woman who had appeared at the kitchen door to hang out a cloth hastened down the steps and across the lawn.

"So you was going to have your half of the crop!" she cried joyfully. "I didn't know"—she glanced at her husband—"I had afraid—mister makes always so quiet, but I had afraid ——"

"Of course I am having my half of the crop, Lena," said Jonas kindly, "just like always."

"I have glad then. But I thought when he said Celia and the children wasn't coming ——" Her voice trailed away, her wistful eyes turned toward her husband.

For no reason at all, it seemed, all three turned toward Muckelhouser; even the youthful Amaziah stood, quiet hands upon his pick. And Jonas had a strange notion at that moment that he himself was taller, larger, stronger than Muckelhouser; and that if the other should raise his eyes he would be looking up to him, Jonas.

But Muckelhouser did not raise his eyes; not even when he suddenly threw out his arms as though in struggle with something deadly within himself; not even when he spoke in a strangled tone: "Come and git the ladders then!" Not even when he shuffled, head still bent, through the trees.

"You see," said Jonas, and his voice, too, was strange and toneless, as though lifting itself from nightmare, "he wants me to help him pack the ladders."

"I have glad," said the woman again. "I just thought it couldn't be that anything could come between the Pfantzes and the Muckelhousers after everything."

"After everything," repeated Jonas, and his lips were still grim. As though to himself, he murmured: "Ach, well, what fur good would it be to think hard?" His lips broke to their soft, easy lines: "Ziah! Go oncet and git your mom and the kids. Tell them we make with the apples today!"

RIDE A BIKE

Will he bring ▸▸▸ **YOU** ◂◂◂ *a Bike for Christmas?*

LUCKY kids, getting bikes for Christmas—just like having the whole big out-of-doors given you — the woods, the fields, and, you know, the swimming holes in the summertime. A bike takes a fellow so many places he can't seem to get to any other way. Earns money for him, too!

Write for this FREE BOOK . . . . *Today!*

A postal asking for "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days" will bring you a handsome book that shows you the pictures of your favorite athletic champions and tells you why they advise cycling for health and strength. Mail to: The Cycle Trades of America, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th Street, New York City, Room A-205.

About the best pal he'll ever have — gives him the kind of exercise he needs to grow into a man of whom his mother and dad will be proud.

It sure is great to have a bike and enjoy the kick and thrill it gives you — hope you'll be lucky and get one this Christmas.

Your local DEALER will show latest models

We "buy you" 7 Shaves

To show you what 1000 men showed us about making the smoothest, finest shaving cream that ever touched a man's face. Sign and send coupon below.

GENTLEMEN:

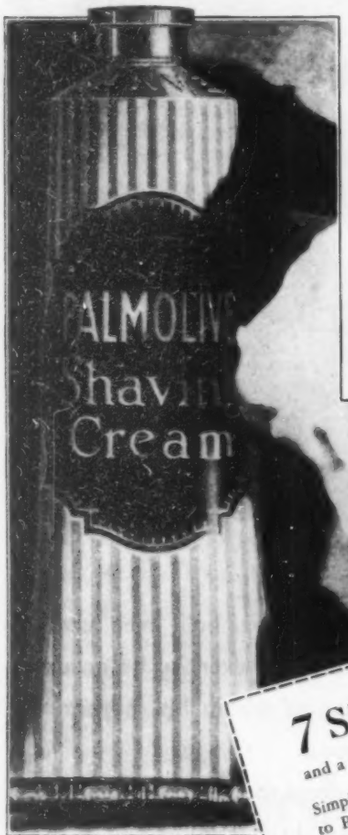
Men named to us five mistakes in old-time shaving preparations.

Too scanty lather. Slow action. Quick drying. Hairs lying down and skin irritation.

With 60 years of soap study behind us, we started to correct those mistakes. 129 formulas were tested and discarded before success came.

As a result, Palmolive Shaving Cream rose from nothing, a few years ago, to a top place in its field. Men by the millions have discarded old favorites for this unique creation.

We believe it will please you; that you will find it radically different from any other shaving preparation you have ever used. We'll thank you for the chance of sending you a 7-day tube to try.



5 ways it surpasses

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. It does not show on the face. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3117, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co. 5042

A PETRIE TO THE RESCUE!

(Continued from Page 48)

man's mouth. "Sometime," he went on humorously, "I must write an article for the magazines on The Eternal Triangle in Business."

Mr. Petrie affixed his glasses firmly and took the outstretched hand.

"Thank the Lord, chief," he said fervidly, "there are at least two bachelors in this organization that no woman can make a monkey out of—eh?"

III

STRONG men who cannot be pushed can sometimes be led. It says so in T. Tattersal Byrd's book, Pep, Personality and Piffle. But Mr. Petrie was not thinking of this business epic as he had the telephone operator summon Miss Patricia Whelan to his private office. Because he had placed his own department in its proper relation to the rest of the organization in the eyes of the principal, it did not necessarily mean that he was unwilling to do anything within his power to relieve a situation. A friendly word of advice, a—a little hint that ——

"You sent for me, Mr. Petrie?"

There she stood, slim and black against the patch of north light which poured through the taller of the two windows of the room; an anxious suggestion of a smile on her small red lips, subtle appeal in the blue eyes. Rubbing his nose, Mr. Petrie was suddenly very glad that he had refused to be drawn into the conspiracy to put the skids under this poor kid. Standing there, she reminded him of a kitten on the doorstep of a warm kitchen.

"Just so. Exactly." Mr. Petrie nodded and achieved a fatherly smile. "That is—won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"I—I want to have a little talk with you."

"Yes, Mr. Petrie."

To keep his eyes from the small white face that waited with such evident anxiousness, Mr. Petrie took off his glasses and observed them through the light.

"The fact is—that is, I mean—I want to have a friendly little talk with you, Miss Whelan."

"Yes, Mr. Petrie."

Still squinting, Mr. Petrie sought to place the conversation on a paternal basis: "I hope you will realize that I am speaking as a man old enough to be your father ——"

Miss Whelan laughed softly. Her amusement did not displease Mr. Petrie, however. It suggested skepticism rather than mirth.

"—— at least nearly old enough to be your father," he went on.

"I don't believe it," said Miss Whelan with deep conviction. "You don't look it. Why—why ——"

"None of my family ever looked their age," Mr. Petrie admitted frankly. "I think it is because we are all thin. I think thin people rarely show their age, don't you?"

"I think lean people are much more distinguished than fat people," Miss Whelan stated with equal candor, and then stared intently at the corner of the rug. "Don't you know in—in stories and things about the English nobility and—well, it stands for breeding, doesn't it?"

Mr. Petrie smiled and mentioned his brother, Waterbury Petrie. Waterbury had a flair for looking up things. At the moment he was studying about an English earl who had married a Mrs. Herbert Ashedowne (née Petrie) whose brother had started for America shortly before the Revolution.

"I knew it," said Miss Whelan with conviction.

"There probably isn't a thing in it," said Mr. Petrie carelessly.

"I don't believe it," said Miss Whelan earnestly. "Blood always tells."

In the midst of a deprecating little smile a sudden thought seized the art director of the Atlas Advertising Agency. A cold chill of suspicion. He coughed, adjusted his glasses with extreme deliberation and then went forward with the business in hand:

"That—that is quite beside the point. I ——"

"I am sorry," broke in Miss Whelan humbly.

"What I was going to say was this—as I said before as—as a friend. A certain amount of discord has arisen as the result of the attentions Mr. Mudge and Mr. Brodie—or rather, the time Mr. Mudge and Mr. Brodie have been spending in your office." Mr. Petrie coughed, and then went on hastily as the girl arose. "Not that there is anything wrong. . . . Please, Miss Whelan!"

Every true man is unmanned by a woman's tears, and the art director of the Atlas Agency was no exception to the rule. The bowed little head, the twitching shoulders, the convulsive movement of the tiny bit of cambric as it twisted in and out of the agonized little hands reproached his manhood as nothing ever had in thirty-six years of life.

It is impossible to be calm and logical in the face of a woman's tears. The normal functions of the mind are atrophied. The muscles of the body are impelled by strange impulses. The little accidents of life, such as falling glasses, pass unnoticed. There is no remembrance of movements leading up to certain situations. For example, it is interesting to note in this instance that Mr. Payton Petrie could not have testified, with any degree of accuracy, as to what happened in the five-minute interval between his last words and the moment when he found a little head of rusty iron buried in the folds of his pink silk shirt.

He recalled indistinctly, some time later, that between pats he had tried to comfort and explain. Through a sort of haze he remembered a choked, small voice which disclaimed any interest in, or responsibility for, the acts of people to whom one was polite—people who took too much for granted; people who didn't realize how they were jeopardizing a girl's chances to get ahead under the real creative genius of an art director like Payton Petrie.

And then that sudden rift in the mental cloud. A rift which disclosed the face and form of William Alexander Brodie standing in the doorway, his arms crossed, his chin lowered. And lest this slight description fail to carry with it the sudden discomfort it conveyed to Mr. Payton Petrie, let it be added now that there was that something in Mr. Brodie's eyes so often described as baleful.

IV

THE great man watched the door slam on the ample form of his vice president and account executive, William Alexander Brodie, with that same little smile of toleration previously described in this narrative and so familiar to thousands of inspiration-minded people the world over. He sat tapping the stem of the problem solver on the polished wood of the huge desk before him, beating time, as it were, to the dying footsteps of outraged genius. David Belasco would have pinched himself had he peeped in the door at that moment; he might have imaged the presence of some cleverly arranged mirror which projected him into a large leather chair, garbed him in smartly tailored tweeds and made him necktie-conscious.

As a matter of fact, the head of the Atlas Advertising Agency was thinking of a recent magazine article which he had written, entitled, Genius—Should Business Handle or Manhandle It? Particularly was he thinking of the last paragraph, which set forth, in the inimitable Byrd style, the simple conclusion that genius could be led, handled, raised to the heights or dashed to the depths by a proper understanding of that coy handmaiden of genius—temperament. "Remember," read the last sentence, "that

(Continued on Page 78)

Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

Please accept this special formula *to remove dingy film from teeth*

MEET 10 people of the class who brush their teeth, and 5 of them have made the fascinating free test we offer here—have employed this modern formula to turn teeth dazzling white—to combat serious tooth and gum disorders at the start. That is the reason for the millions of dazzling smiles one sees today on every hand.

Just mail the coupon for your free ten-day tube. It will be forwarded at once.

Why Pepsodent is entirely different. It removes film from teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film; a slippery, slimy coating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes otherwise white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say dental authorities, who have spent years in extensive scientific research.

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a definitely proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off. Thus the long and vigorous brushing necessary with old ways now is ended. Its use aids in firming gums and restoring healthy coral color.

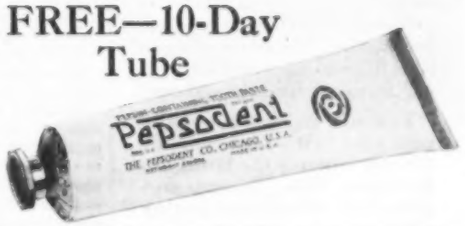
Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

Give Pepsodent free 10-day test

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon to nearest address.

FREE—10-Day Tube



FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 2312, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
8 India St. . . . . **London,** E. C. 3, Eng.
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Only one tube to a family 3301

MOTORISTS WISE

"SIMONIZ"

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT

MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER

KEEPS COLORS FROM FADING

SIMONIZ YOUR CAR THEN IT WILL ALWAYS LOOK NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

IT'S really wonderful the difference Simonizing makes in the appearance of any car—and remarkable how long Simoniz keeps the finish looking new and beautiful.

Of course, the sooner you Simoniz your car the better, because Simoniz guards the finish from injury in Winter as in Summer and keeps the colors from fading. This means the finish will last longer and your car will always look bright and new.

You will enjoy Simonizing your car . . . it's fun. Simoniz Kleener restores the beauty to the finish. Then, Simoniz provides that wonderful, lasting protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener—and your car will always look new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH

(Continued from Page 76)

greatness has its weaknesses just as weakness has its greatness."

"How true," Mr. Byrd murmured softly as the sound of the last footstep died away. "How true, indeed. Oral surgery is truly to be preferred over oral medicine. A man unfamiliar with the psychology of temperament might have been afraid to suggest that a certain layout artist, completely unknown to the undersigned, had said that the new Wet Smack advertisements were moron-minded." Mr. Byrd laughed gently. "He might be afraid, if he were the employer of this valuable piece of temperament, that this valuable piece of human machinery might seek out the alleged caster of the slur and thus be faced with a doubly serious situation. But then, the average man would not understand the profound influence of pride on temperament—pride that keeps the eyes cold and the mouth clipped tight."

T. Tattersal patted the gentle slope of waistcoat before him and then reached for his telephone.

"Tell Mr. Mudge I would like to see him," he directed.

When the genius of La Belle Cliquette arrived he found his superior perusing, with evident admiration, a proof of a forthcoming advertisement of La Belle Cliquette, as he had been studying a Wet Smack double spread when Mr. Brodie appeared. He laid the proof on the desk in exactly the same fashion as he had Mr. Brodie's creation.

"Mudge," he said enthusiastically, "this is wonderful! Positively wonderful, my dear fellow!"

"It does seem to hang together." Mr. Mudge inclined his head with gentle modesty, but his lenses gleamed.

"It's perfect!" Mr. Byrd insisted. "Balance. Simplicity! Everything is perfectly keyed. Take that line"—Mr. Byrd picked up the proof—"where you have: 'They moved slowly off the porch of the country club into the purple, swimming night. Moonlight blurred her outline with a magic softness and La Belle Cliquette—the elusive—the exquisite—sent his senses reeling.' It's as full of real salesmanship as an egg is of meat. I congratulate you."

"When Boynton out to La Belle O. K.'d it, he—he did say that it was a wow." Mr. Mudge made the admission carelessly.

"It's a gem."

Mr. Mudge beamed.

Mr. Byrd lit his pipe. "I'm going to have a route slip put on it and send it through the organization. Some of our people—the newer ones—don't seem to appreciate the job you are doing for La Belle Cliquette. Somebody was telling me the other day that somebody out in the art department—some new girl on layout—said that our La Belle stuff reminded her of a moving-picture-theater illustrated song."

Mr. Mudge stiffened.

"Good joke, eh?"

Mr. Mudge laughed shrilly. "In the—er—er—art department, you said?"

Mr. Byrd nodded carelessly. "I've only seen her about once or twice. A very capable artist I understand, but a little—er—er—given to jollying some of the boys about the shop to their faces, and laughing at them behind their backs. Of course it doesn't matter to you what she thinks about our La Belle copy, but ——"

"Of course it doesn't," assented its creator hollowly.

T. Tattersal concealed his triumph by lowering his magnetic eyes to his tobacco jar.

"Know her, Mudge?"

"I think so," his vice president and account executive admitted faintly. "Little girl with a white face and—and red hair."

"Probably," Mr. Byrd admitted indifferently. "I've never noticed her myself."

Alvin Ashley Mudge ran a thin hand through his thinning mouse-color pompadour. With this gesture he placed the sweeter, tenderer things of life definitely in the limbo of the past.

"Rather ordinary." He spoke as one detached from white-faced red-headed girls.

"You wouldn't care to speak to her about it? It might give her a better appreciation ——"

"Who, me?" The creator of La Belle Cliquette became convulsed with mirth at the suggestion. "Not for the world. Why should I interest myself in what—what an employe has to say?"

Mr. Byrd nodded as one recognizing sound thought. He had nodded in much the same fashion when Mr. Brodie had stated, in the emphatic manner characteristic of him, that all women and all artists gave him a large pain.

"And now I think I'll get back to the job."

Like the great artist in human nature that he was, T. Tattersal Byrd put the final high light on his masterpiece. He laughed heartily.

"Even if it is only the creation of moving-picture ballads. Ha-ha!"

Mr. Mudge walked slowly to the door. "Ha-ha!" he echoed.

T. Tattersal Byrd waited until the door closed. Then, very gently, he reëchoed Mr. Mudge's hollow mirth.

In fact, a trace of amusement still lurked about the corners of his wide mouth a few moments later, when the door was again thrown open and William Alexander Brodie appeared. An air of elaborate carelessness enveloped him.

"You wanted me, William?"

"I was just down to see Petrie about those layouts for our Wet Smack spring newspaper campaign."

"And what has that to do with me?"

"Nothing ——"

"Well, then, I ——"

"—— except that I thought you might be interested in something I saw when I opened the door." Being a keen judge of human nature, T. Tattersal Byrd sensed a vague note of triumph under his junior's unconcern. A wounded lion, licking its wounded paw.

"Well?"

"It's apropos of what we were talking about a little while ago," said Mr. Brodie gloatingly, and his eyes glittered. "This—this girl that you told me about that—that said I wrote for the moron-minded—I opened the door and found Petrie holding her in his arms."

T. Tattersal Byrd fairly bounded to his feet.

"What's that?" he shouted.

Mr. Brodie nodded. "She was telling him that he was the one art director in the country that really understood dynamic symmetry."

"That old fool," the head of the Atlas began bitterly.

"He was patting her back."

His superior calmed himself by a mighty effort—a visible mighty effort. He wiped his wide brow. "Thank you, Brodie," he said finally, "for—for bringing this matter to my attention. I'll take care of it at once."

When Mr. Brodie had gone, still smiling, he pressed a button on the desk and waited grimly.

When the summons was answered by an angular female in mannish brown tweed, she was curtly instructed to have a check made out in favor of Miss Patricia Whelan for a month's pay in advance and to have that young lady come to the executive office at once.

The angular female smiled. One evening when they both had been working late, Mr. Mudge had escorted her home in a taxicab.

V

ALONE in his little office, Mr. Payton Petrie felt something surge up within him—something which seemed to demand a lance and a galloping steed with a flowing mane. A Petrie to the rescue!

Mr. Brodie's sneering eyes still stared at him from the doorway. The ghost of that laugh still lingered in his ears. The echo of the slamming door still accused his soul.

He, Payton Petrie, had, innocently enough, compromised a woman's honor. A pathetic little thing that had looked up to him as an exponent of the value of dynamic symmetry in art. A tender child that had crept into his arms as a battered bark creeps into a sheltered haven. A trusting girl who couldn't realize what the sneering smile and the sneering eyes in the doorway had meant.

For the first time in his thirty-six years of life, the art director of the Atlas Advertising Agency thought of a woman as something else than a perfect example of dynamic symmetry. As he bent his head to stare at the green blotter on the desk before him, his nostrils neared the spot where her small head had rested. The pink silk shirt still whispered of her presence. The nose glasses dropped unheeded to the blotter.

He thought of calling up his brother, Waterbury Petrie, and asking his advice. But Waterbury had peculiar ideas about women—an elaboration of the Eden episode—and, besides, he lived in Binghamton. He wouldn't understand. Nobody would. Payton Petrie clenched his thin hands and felt himself stirred by strange things. He sat down in the chair before his desk and buried his thinning pompadour in his twitching hands. The hour hand on the traveling clock before him made a complete circuit. And then, as has previously been mentioned, Mr. Payton Petrie felt something surge up within him—something which seemed to demand a galloping steed and a steel-shod lance. Out there in the art department she was waiting, sitting. A Petrie to the rescue! He could offer her the shelter of his name.

He opened the door to the outer room.

"Tell Miss—Miss Whelan I want her," he commanded hoarsely.

It was Hanson, the lettering artist, who looked up from his drawing board, in evident surprise, and answered him:

"She hasn't come back. They called her from Mr. Byrd's office an hour ago."

So that was it! The art director of the Atlas Advertising Agency clenched his fists as he hurried down the long hall leading to the executive office. So that was it! The foul tongue of slander was already at work. A Petrie to the rescue!

Miss Tyson—the angular female—was busily tapping away at her typewriter as Mr. Petrie flung the door open.

He wasted no words in the crisis.

"Is—is Mr. Byrd in?"

Miss Tyson eyed him disapprovingly. "In, and busy."

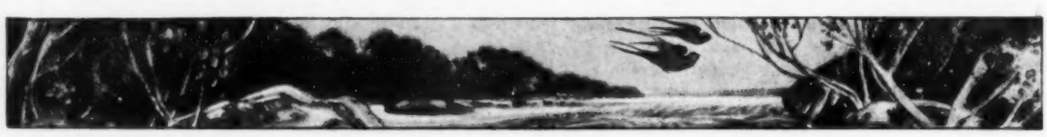
Mr. Petrie, his lance high, disregarded both the words and the glance. He moved quickly toward the closed door.

The angular female stopped tapping.

"He's very busy," she snapped. "Your—your Miss Whelan is with him."

"I know. That's why I must see him. I want to set him right about ——"

Miss Tyson's smile was acid. "I don't think it necessary," she said tartly. "When I was in there a few moments ago, Mr. Byrd was reading her his new article for The Woman's Friend: Selling Our Homes to Our Husbands."



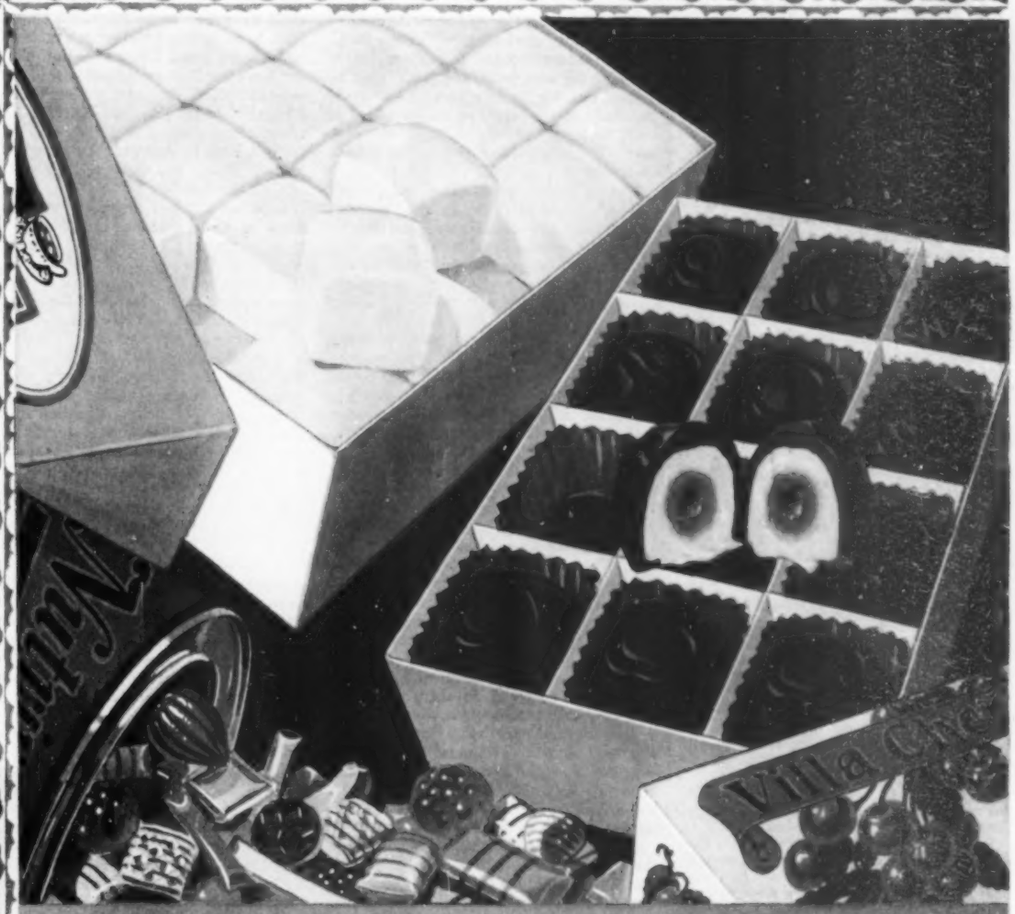
Delicious, Fresh CHRISTMAS CANDIES from Famous Candy Kitchens

Buy Them at Unusual Savings, From Any of More Than 500 Montgomery Ward & Co. Retail Stores

RICH, chocolate-covered Maraschino cherries in liquid cordial...smooth, creamy marshmallows... crisp, colorful, full-flavored fancy filled candies... assorted holiday combinations, handsomely packaged and fresh from the makers—never were the candy preferences of young and old so well represented!

Nationally-famous candy kitchens have given us their most popular selections, their purest ingredients, their finest confectioner's skill... and the result is all this page suggests in quality, deliciousness and freshness.

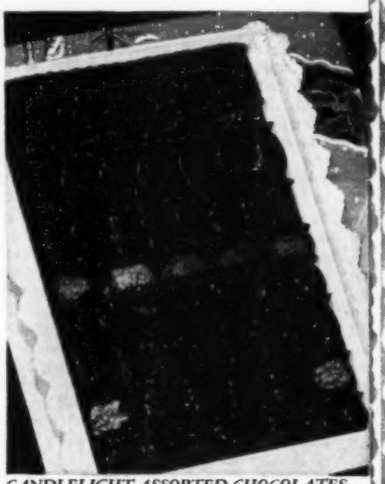
Pure, wholesome candy is the ideal food-sweet. So why not plan a generous treat for *your* family... at your nearest Ward store? Naturally, millions of pounds sold by Ward's each year—direct to the buyer—reduces the price per pound without in the least impairing the goodness of the candies.... Another example of how Montgomery Ward & Co. saves you money on more than 40,000 articles of quality merchandise.



SUGAR PUFF MARSHMALLOWS. *Large 2½-lb. box. Excellent quality; soft and fluffy; vanilla flavored. Freshly packed. Per box, 55c.**

ASSORTED FANCY FILLED CANDIES. *In special air-tight 2-lb. tin; purest of ingredients. Dainty satin jackets, packed with nutmeats, jelly, jams, etc. Per can, 59c.**

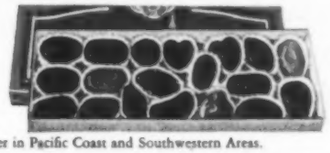
VILLA CHOCOLATE-COATED CHERRIES. *In 1-lb. box, gay cherry design. Whole fruit, heavily coated with dark sweet chocolate. A fresh, juicy confection. Per box, 39c.**



CANDLELIGHT ASSORTED CHOCOLATES. *Five-pound box; true fruit flavors; flowing cream centers. Caramels and nougats, walnut-top chocolates; hand-foiled pieces, etc. Per box, $1.39.**

REPETTI RAINBOW CARAMELS. *In 1-lb. box; real cream caramels, varied flavors and colors, individually wrapped. Neat, one-layer box, 39c.**

ASSORTED CHOCOLATES. *Rich chocolate-coated, home-made style chocolates. Delicious cream centers. Attractive Christmas box, per lb., 29c.**



REPETTI ADORA PASTE. *1-lb. box, Russian style marshmallow paste, small pieces, sugar-coated. Assorted flavors and colors, packed in neat, single-layer box. Per lb., 29c.**

*Prices slightly higher in Pacific Coast and Southwestern Areas.

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Once you get a box of BRISK, open the lid and shave with BRISK, you will never go back to tubes, sticks or powders.

Take the flat oval box of BRISK in one hand and rub your moist brush over BRISK.

"Make Mine a Mint Julep Shave!"

"After this," writes a 60-year-old shaver from Chicago, "you can make mine a mint julep shave every time. I've been shaving for 40 years, using all kinds of shaving creams and soaps and all types of razors, but never did I have a shave like that I got from BRISK. No wonder you call it the mint julep shave. I'm some judge of refreshments and I'll say BRISK deserves the appellation. I used to have to go over my face two or three times to get a clean shave, but now 'once over' does the job and there's none of that rawness of skin or that dry, tight feeling. After a BRISK shave my skin is as soft as a fine kid glove and as fit as a Stradivarius."

Why Brisk Does It.

First of all, BRISK lathers instantly and freely in hot or cold water and plenty of lather is the first requirement of a good shave. BRISK absorbs two to three times the amount of water that old fashioned shaving cream does. Hence it makes two or three times the amount of lather — and a lather that *stays moist on your face until you finish your shave!*

Lubricates The Cutting Stroke.

The rich, moistureful lather quickly "cuts" the beard oil and soaks the hair soft for easy, clean cutting. Moreover, it lubricates the cutting stroke of the razor. You know how a bit of soap on a saw eases its passage through a log—well, that's how BRISK smooths the path of the razor. The razor does not "pull" or bump along over your face, but glides sweetly over the skin, cutting down the hair cleanly and closely and almost without effort.

Every stroke of the razor does a clean job. No need to go over and over the same spot and "butcher" your face to get a close shave.

Even the package that BRISK comes in is different. It's a flat, oval tin box for men only, convenient and businesslike to use. Let your face have just one taste of a BRISK mint julep shave. Get BRISK now at any good drug store or toilet goods counter—fifty cents.

BRISK has four brothers: ZEST, a refreshing after-shaving lotion; TRIM, a hair dressing in cleanly stick form; SMOOTH, a powder that kills shine without showing powder; STIP, a new type "stoptic" that closes cuts pronto!

Work up lather on your face. Start in shaving. Boy! How the whiskers go down before your razor when BRISK paves the way.

FREE—A liberal trial box. Clip coupon.

FLORIAN INC. 912
1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

I want to treat my face to a mint julep shave. Please send me a free trial box of BRISK.

NAME

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CITY

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THE SHAGGY LEGION

(Continued from Page 27)

had been riding pony express on the Sweetwater. Also, he was well acquainted with Comstock. Both were expert shots from the back of a running horse. Both were experienced buffalo hunters.

"What gun you using, Bill?" he inquired of Comstock.

"Henry," Comstock informed him.

Cody was using the new Army needle gun. It threw a much heavier ball than the Henry carbine. Coleman rather favored Cody's weapon against the Henry. The luck might break either way. Much would depend upon the horses. Cody, who had been hunting steadily for months, had his horse trained to a hair, and the animal had been kept in daily practice. Comstock's mount was a good buffalo horse, but he had not been used so steadily of late. Coleman favored Brigham, Cody's horse. He decided to back Cody, producing gold drafts on St. Joseph traders that had been given him in payment for wolf pelts, and credit slips on several near-by trading companies. Having made up his mind, he was prepared to back his judgment to the limit. He managed to place round twelve hundred dollars, even money.

The officers of Fort Wallace and vicinity favored Comstock. The railroad element backed Cody to win. Plainsmen and freighters were of divided opinion. The swarm of excursionists bet on either man, according to the various counsel they received from those who considered themselves authorities.

A herd was located not far from town. The spectators flocked to a low prairie ridge from which an excellent view could be obtained. The starter gave the signal and Comstock and Cody raced down upon the herd. The spectators cheered with wild enthusiasm as each of the trained horses carried his rider alongside a running buffalo. Both men fired. Both buffaloes went down. The horses, without breaking their stride, swooped to the flanks of the next victims.

Both horses knew their jobs to perfection. Their riders were left free to attend to their shooting. Both men were dead shots. The reports drifted back to the ears of the spectators in swift succession. One after another, with incredible rapidity, buffaloes fell dead at each report.

This was everyday business with Brigham, a sport he loved. His proficiency was such that drawing alongside of each buffalo in turn seemed effortless. The chase disappeared in the distance. Spectators swarmed along the course on horseback and in buckboards. The official counters who had accompanied the run tallied each contestant's buffaloes as they fell.

Cody and Comstock had stopped to rest their horses. The official count revealed that Cody had killed thirty-eight buffaloes, Comstock twenty-three. Two more runs were to be made before sundown. During the last chase of the three, Cody stripped saddle and bridle from the gallant Brigham and merely headed the buffalo horse down upon the herd at full speed. The horse performed with the same clocklike precision that he had shown in the preceding two runs.

The final tally for the day accounted for one hundred and seventeen buffaloes—Cody sixty-nine, Comstock forty-eight. Cody retained the title of Buffalo Bill. The latter informed Coleman that he had killed well over four thousand head of buffaloes during his year and a half of hunting for the Kansas Pacific construction camps.

Coleman was twelve hundred dollars to the good. "That'll buy a few cows, once I'm ready to start up in business," he mused. "I reckon now I'll mosey along east and see some o' those trail herds coming through."

It was to be some time, however, before he was destined to see the trail herds. While riding eastward on the Smoky Hill route, he met a party of gold seekers headed toward the new mining excitement in Colorado. From one of the number he learned that a group of Missouri families, weary of California and other Western points, had settled on the Big Blue, well to the northeast, and that other discouraged Missourians, returning from the West, were settling near that first colony. With the hope of locating the Carroltons, he left the trail and angled northeast toward the head of the Blue. The settlers thereabouts had not heard of the Carroltons.

It was while returning westward along the route of the Kansas Pacific that he observed a big claybank mule among the many long-eared hybrids in a contractor's camp. It was not likely that this animal had any connection with that former tragedy, he reflected, or even that he could trace the connection definitely in case this mule happened to be the same claybank. Still, he hadn't seen a claybank mule in the intervening time. There were not many.

"Let's see," the contractor said in answer to Coleman's query. "That claybank critter? I bought him last year along with twenty head from a party named Enders. Him and his two pardners is sizable mule traders. No, I don't just recall the names of the other two."

Coleman did not know anyone by the name of Enders. Nothing to be learned here, he thought. He headed on west toward Fort Wallace. There seemed something odd about the appearance of the next stage station on the Smoky Hill road as he viewed it from a distance. He could not say just what was wrong, but that ever-present, almost animal wariness rose within him. He quit the road and held to open country where there was no possibility of an ambush, approaching the stage station from the rear. There were no horses in the corral and none grazing on the near-by prairie. It was that general dearth of stock, no doubt, that had occasioned his distrust even at a distance, without his having been able to name the character of the deviation from normal. He knew now that something was grossly wrong. Approaching cautiously, he discovered the bodies of the two stock tenders and the station keeper, scalped, stripped and mutilated, the bodies stuck full of arrows of both Sioux and Cheyenne make. He rode on into Wallace at night, where he was greeted by Sharp Grover, Comstock and California Joe.

"Lucky to get in with your hair," Comstock said. "The tribes have gone out again. Thar's hell to pay in the war-road country these days."

He explained the situation. Generals Hancock and Custer had been sent with fifteen hundred men to hold a conference with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Sioux, Kiowas and Comanches to inquire just why the young men of those tribes had been pillaging on the overland trails of Kansas when supposed to be at peace. Upon the arrival of the expedition at Fort Larned, it was learned that the Sioux and Cheyennes had come north of the Arkansas. The two generals had held conference on the Pawnee Fork with Chiefs Bull Bear, Roman Nose and Medicine Wolf, of the Cheyennes, Pawnee Killer, Bad Wound, Tall Bear and other chiefs of the Sioux. Roman Nose had explained that the reason for the depredations on the part of the dog soldiers of the Cheyennes had been in a spirit of revenge for the Chivington Massacre of a few years back, when an exasperated citizenry and soldiery had surprised and exterminated an entire Cheyenne village on Sand Creek. But the generals had been assured that no further hostilities were intended. Every evidence of friendliness was given by the chiefs, and the following morning the huge village had been found deserted. The Indians had headed north. Custer's command, with Wild Bill Hickok and a detachment of white scouts and another of Delaware Indian scouts had started in pursuit, while Hancock marched on to Fort Dodge to hold conference with Satanta, Lone Wolf and Kicking Bird, of the Kiowas, Yellow Bear and Little Raven, of the Arapahoes. Those, too, had given utmost assurances of peaceful intentions. Satanta himself had just returned from a swift and bloody raid in Texas, which, he gracefully explained to the officers, had been perpetrated, not by himself but by a marauding band of Apaches. The savages had retired—and a week later Satanta himself led the assault against Fort Dodge.

Before Custer could overtake the northbound Sioux and Cheyennes, they had swooped across the overland stage route along the Smoky Hill between Fort Wallace and Fort Hays, surprising and murdering the occupants of the overland stage stations.

"This here's a general war, and no mistake," Comstock said to Coleman.

"Real war, this time," Coleman assented. "It was bound to come. The Injuns have been hatching a general outbreak for two years to try and drive the whites out of the buffalo country between the Arkansas and the Platte. That's what it's all about. The Northern Cheyennes and the Brulés and Ogalallah Sioux of the north will dip into it mighty soon."

He sold his mules to the Government and he and Dick Conley volunteered as scouts. Every plainsman possessed some favorite horse or mule in which he placed great reliance. Coleman was no exception. His favorite mount, Fleabit, revealed few points of excellence to the average civilized judge of horseflesh. But he possessed every requisite demanded by plainsmen and Indian warriors alike—speed and staying qualities in abundance. He could carry Coleman from sixty to eighty miles in a day when necessary and, after a day's rest, be no worse for his exertions.

Coleman was detailed to carry dispatches to Fort Dodge on the Arkansas. Declining an escort of a dozen men, he elected to set forth alone. In common with all plainsmen of experience, he preferred to travel alone or with but one companion when engaged upon such a mission. A single scout could get through where a small detachment of troops would fail. Hence, all plainsmen considered such an escort a handicap rather than an advantage.

Setting forth at nightfall, Coleman rode steadily until two hours before dawn. In the center of a ten-mile expanse of prairie, he slept while Fleabit, his lariat attached to his master's hand, grazed eagerly. After resting himself and Fleabit for two hours, he started on. It was not until he was within five miles of Fort Dodge that he encountered trouble. Then twenty-odd Comanches and Kiowas spurted their ponies from a depression a half mile to his left and endeavored to outrun him in the race for the fort. Fleabit stretched out into his greyhound stride and even the fresh mounts of the Comanches and Kiowas, lashed to furious speed by their riders, gained on him but slowly.

Nevertheless, the foremost warriors were but two hundred yards behind when Coleman had yet a mile to go. The savages opened with repeating carbines and the balls whined past too close for comfort. Coleman, giving Fleabit his head, turned in the saddle and opened on his pursuers with his rifle in an effort to retard them.

A sentry on duty at the post had discovered the race. A cannon boomed thunderously from the walls of the fort and a troop of cavalry issued from it, deployed at a gallop and charged down to meet the fleeing dispatch bearer and his assailants. The savages dispersed and lashed their mounts toward safety.

Two days later Coleman headed back toward Fort Wallace. Throughout the duration of the uprising his activities centered round that post. Wallace was, in fact, the central spot in a general war that raged

(Continued on Page 82)

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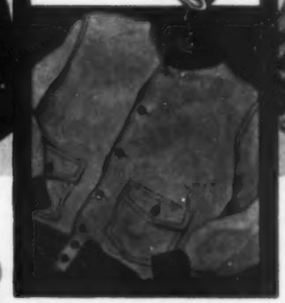

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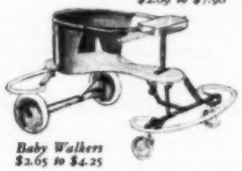

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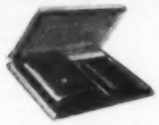

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A Park Ranger *finds* his foe... *and conquers!*

"The life we lead here in the Park is a strenuous one—the long, exhausting ski trips often requiring ten to fifteen hours of the hardest kind of labor. One must be in the very best physical condition to last in this winter work, and husky as I am, I found myself losing out, due principally to my inability to sleep well at night, even though dog-tired. That coupled with an all-morning headache had me worried.

"Finally, after consulting a physician, I decided to cut out caffein and try the thirty day test of Postum. Thanks be, that I did. The initial tryout came one cold, blustery night when I arrived at the station wet, cold and dead-tired. A steaming hot cup of Postum surely hit the right spot, and that night for the first time in weeks, I slept as a tired man should. Long before the thirty days were up, I was fit as a fiddle, sleeping like a log every night and feeling like singing in the mornings—and doing it."

MILTON D. BRADSHAW, *Park Ranger,*
Gallatin Ranger Station, Yellowstone Park, Wyo.

PERHAPS you know what it is to go to bed, dog-tired, and not be able to sleep. Perhaps you know those all-morning headaches. Many a man is all too familiar with these troubles, and the damage they do a good day's work. The pity of it is that most men don't realize that *caffein* may be the cause of these troubles—and they go on drinking it as usual.

It may not have occurred to you that caffein could cause your own wakeful hours—but try Mr. Bradshaw's experiment! Instead of caffein, make Postum your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then take stock of your health and work!

You'll call it the wisest test you ever made. Returns will show in sounder sleep, increased energy and better work!

The answer?—Postum contains *no* caffein. It is made from whole wheat and bran, roasted. Nothing here to cause sleeplessness! Nothing to bring on headaches, "nerves," or indigestion. Nothing here but wholesome deliciousness. And we mean *deliciousness.* Postum has a wonderful flavor—fine and distinctive. Two million families sing its praises!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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Post Food Products

(Continued from Page 80)

throughout the western half of Kansas. He carried dispatches to other posts and to commands operating in the field and scouted for various detachments. Woodcutters for the fort were attacked and slain repeatedly. The Rose Creek ranch supplied Wallace with several hundred tons of hay a year. It scarcely could be harvested now without heavy escorts of troops for the hay cutters. Buffaloes swarmed on the adjacent prairies, but hunting them to supply the fort with meat was extremely hazardous as the war increased in magnitude and intensity. In all of these activities Coleman played a part in common with other scouts.

A man one day boasted of the part he had played in Quantrell's raid on Lawrence. Comstock shot him dead on the porch of the sutler's store in Fort Wallace. Comstock retired to the Rose Creek Ranch, which he now owned. General Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman came to Wallace, en route to Denver. There was hope of keeping the Smoky Hill route to the Colorado mining camps open despite Indian depredations. Sheridan induced Comstock to return to Wallace as scout and he consented to guide Custer's command north from Hays on past the Republican to the Platte. The young men of every plains tribe painted for war and rode forth upon the bloody trail. A supply train of Custer's outfit fought a desperate engagement with Pawnee Killer's band of Sioux just outside of Wallace. Lieutenant Kidder's detachment, dispatched from Fort McPherson on the Platte by General Sherman, was attacked and killed to the last man at the point of the supply train's battle of a few days before.

All of Coleman's old-time friends were scouting for various detachments. Jim Bridger was chief of scouts for Crook far up in the northwest. Buffalo Bill was chief of scouts for General Carr's command, operating between the Arkansas and the Smoky Hill, with Wild Bill Hickok attached to the same command. Similarly, because of the extremely hazardous nature of their work, there was correspondingly great mortality among the scouts. Sharp Grover and Comstock left Wallace to make a scout round the headwaters of the Solomon River. Grover, badly wounded, returned to Wallace to report that Black Kettle's dog soldiers had taken Comstock's scalp.

Recovering, Grover marched with Forsythe's Scouts to the Arickaree Fork of the Republican. There the fifty scouts were attacked by an overwhelming force of Cheyennes, Brulés and Ogalallah Sioux who had swooped down from the north. For nine days, until the survivors were relieved by troops from Wallace, the scouts fought the historic battle of Beecher's Island. Several of Coleman's friends went down in that engagement.

Wild Bill Hickok rode into Wallace, shot three times through the body during a desperate single-handed engagement with savages while carrying dispatches, and was mustered out for physical disability. Custer had appointed California Joe as his chief of scouts. Sharp Grover, who had succeeded Comstock as owner of the Rose Creek Ranch, was shot down by a man during a quarrel. Frank Nixon took it over and was killed shortly thereafter by a man who resented Nixon's efforts to ride a horse into his place of business in Pond City just outside Fort Wallace. Homer Wheeler, post trader at Wallace, later to become Colonel Wheeler of the United States Cavalry, acquired ownership of the ranch and stocked it with the first herd of cattle to be brought into Northwestern Kansas. The buffalo herds were so tremendous, the Wallace region being in the very heart of the best buffalo range on the continent, that it was extremely difficult to prevent the cattle from joining them and straying to parts unknown.

Coleman, traveling at night with dispatches and hiding out by day, drew within a dozen miles of the Rose Creek Ranch some two hours after sundown. A dim glow of coals caused him to investigate cautiously. The remains of an emigrant wagon smoldered there, and near it were the mutilated bodies of a man and a woman.

Another two miles and he reined in Fleabit as an unearthly shriek, faint from distance, drifted to his ears. "Captive," he said, and cursed savagely below his breath. He headed toward the sound, guided by occasional animal screams of anguish. The night was velvet black. The rays of a small fire presently rewarded him. Riding within four hundred yards, he dismounted and tied Fleabit's head down to a forefoot with a hitch that could be loosened with a single tug at the free end of the rope, and left the horse standing there on the prairie.

His moccasins made no sound as he drew near the revolting scene, and the twenty-odd savages who made up the war party were too thoroughly engrossed with their devilish game to have ears for anything save the tortured shrieks of their victim and their own shouts of derision. The captive was staked out upon his back on the prairie. The painted fiends were nearing the end of their ingenuity, for they had kindled a tiny fire upon his naked breast, the inevitable prelude to the end when plains savages of whatever tribe staked out a captive. The victim was too far gone to live, even if freed, but the savages might make life last in him for another few dreadful hours. There was no chance for a rescue.

Coleman, having crept within fifty yards, knew what he must do. There was but one release for the captive. Coleman lined carefully down the barrel of his rifle, a new .44 caliber Henry with sixteen rim-fire cartridges in the magazine. He aimed not at the cluster of squatting savages but at the armpit of the victim just below the tiny fire that blazed on his bare chest. With the roar of the Henry a scream was cut short and Coleman knew that the messenger of mercy had found its mark. Three more shots in swift succession he pumped into the ranks of the scattering savages. One fell across the body of the victim.

So accustomed to warfare and surprises were the savages that within three seconds from the first report of the Henry the group had dispersed, racing for their ponies on the far side of the fire. Coleman lifted his voice in the Missouri yell that had been the war cry of the old mountain men. The savages knew and dreaded it.

But even as it left his lips, Coleman was leaping away from, not toward, the fire in a swift spring for his horse. It would require some minutes for the warriors to make sure that attacking forces were not upon them. Coleman reached Fleabit, pulled the rope end that released the hitch, mounted and fled on through the night. After a few hours he reached Rose Creek Ranch and stopped there for an hour before heading on for Wallace.

He made no mention of his exploit. Too many there were who would censure his act. He only hoped that when his own time came to be a staked-out captive, if it did, some prowling plainsman would do as much for him.

The war increased in scope. Pitched battles were fought between the troops and the savages on the Platte, Republican, Arickaree Fork, Punished Woman's Fork, Smoky Hill, Walnut, Sand Creek, Beaver, Pawnee Fork and the Arkansas. The Cheyennes captured and burned a Union Pacific train and held the line at Plum Creek. Colonel Dodge, with two companies of white troops and a company of Pawnee scouts, routed the Cheyennes, reopening the line, and the Pawnees took twenty Cheyenne scalps.

Custer's winter campaign far south into the unknown regions of Northwest Texas and his surprise attack and defeat of Black Kettle's and Little Rock's village of hostiles on the Washita occasioned the first weakening of the savages' determination to fight to the bitter end. California Joe came in for immortal fame in that campaign.

And throughout, Eastern humanitarians, through the press, clamored for peace at

(Continued on Page 85)

"THIS ONE IS GOING TO BE A *COMFORTABLE* CHRISTMAS"

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from winter's attack

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This newest, latest type of automatic refrigerator is not an expense, not a luxury.

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Electrolux frees you from all trouble and worry about refrigeration. It gives you ice for life, all the pure sparkling cubes you want. It gives you a constant, unvarying low food temperature and opens up a whole new realm of thrilling possibilities in the way of frozen desserts, chilled salads, cooling drinks.

There's never any sound to annoy with this refrigerator. It is permanently and completely silent, for it has no moving parts to make noise.

This same simplicity makes Electrolux last indefinitely. There is no friction, no vibration, no wear. And, of course, no mechanical trouble. You don't have a chance to get acquainted with the repair man.

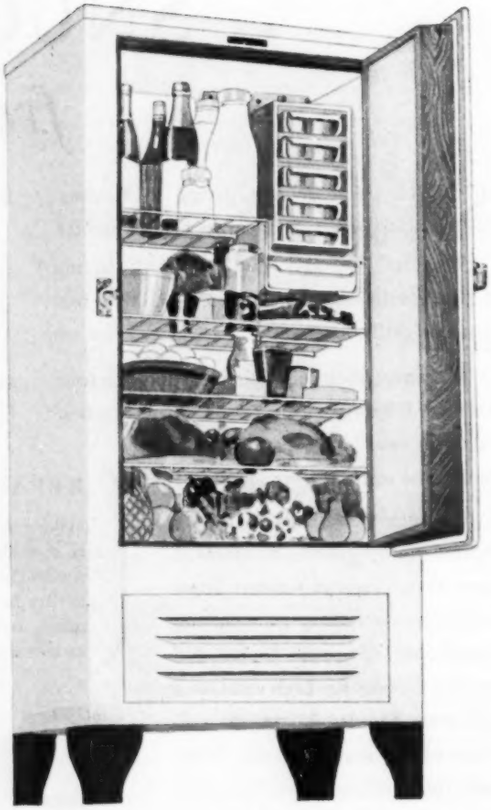
A tiny, silent, inexpensive gas flame is the "whole works" of Electrolux. It circulates the liquid refrigerant which actually produces the cold. This refrigerant needs no renewal. It is hermetically and permanently sealed inside a rigid one-piece steel unit.

Don't think of buying an automatic refrigerator until you see Electrolux at the showroom of your gas company or other Electrolux dealer. Can be operated with Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains. A wide range of sizes and models in white and colors. Liberal purchase terms. Prices from $210 to $430 at the factory. For complete information, address Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes.

(Continued from Page 82)

any price, assailing the frontiersmen and the Army officers in the field as the instigators of the war. Indian agents, eager to exonerate their charges so that they might retain their easy berths and the financial advantages that accrued therefrom, supplied the savages with arms and ammunition, much of it government issue, and were loud in their denunciation of the settlers and the Army. The Indian Bureau blamed the War Department, and still the bloody war continued throughout the western half of Kansas.

All who were in the theater of war—plainsmen, settlers, Army officers and Indian chiefs alike—recognized this struggle for what it was. It had been inevitable from the first. The plains tribes long had planned this general uprising. It was one last desperate attempt on the part of the Indians to retain for themselves the splendid buffalo country between the Arkansas and the Platte. There could be no compromise. It must be fought to a finish to determine for all time whether the best of all the buffalo country was to belong to the white man or to the red.

It was decided eventually in favor of the white men at the treaty of Medicine Lodge.

VIII

COLEMAN and Dick Conley loaded the two new freight wagons with meat and headed for Fort Wallace. Hunting was relatively safe now, since the power of the tribes had been broken. Not that there weren't plenty of small war parties prowling about on the watch for easy scalps and plunder. Still, there was no general war on. And the added measure of safety had induced many to turn their hands to hunting. Coleman knew that there was no certainty of selling a load of meat after making the kill and freighting the meat to some post or settlement.

He merely hoped that other hunters had not visited Wallace and supplied it with meat in the past week or so. As he drew near he observed two wagons in the distance, headed toward Wallace. No doubt it was another hunting outfit. Anyway, he'd beat the other wagons in by a comfortable margin.

Captain Stone stood talking to Rapaho Gil and California Joe in the compound.

"That's Breck Coleman's outfit," Rapaho Gil stated, indicating the approaching wagons.

Captain Stone's eyes sparkled. Since that first trip on the plains with Coleman, Stone had become a seasoned Indian campaigner, short as the time had been. Almost constantly his troops had been in the saddle, attached to one or another of the commands that had been operating continuously against the unruly plains tribes from Texas to Montana. He knew that much of the knowledge of savages and their tactics that had stood him in such good stead had been gathered from Coleman. To Stone's knowledge, Coleman never had repeated the story of a young officer who had run his horse to a standstill, failed to reload his guns, then had mistaken a war party of mounted Sioux two miles or more away for a flock of wild turkeys a few hundred yards removed. Later, when the sting had gone out of the recollection and only the humor of it remained, Stone had told the tale himself. It had become a stock yarn in Western Army circles.

Stone indulged in a deep-chested laugh. "I'll be glad to see him again. He probably thought me a stupid animal."

"Wrong," Rapaho Gil said. "I see him at Fort Kearney not long after, and he says you had more hoss sense than the big run of young orficers he'd knowed."

Stone found that he was pleased out of all proportions to the magnitude of the compliment. He stepped forward and wrung Coleman's hand as the latter descended from the wagon.

Wallace now was a sizable place. Civilian families flocked round the wagons to purchase meat at the going rate of five dollars a saddle. Mess sergeants purchased meat from their company funds. Officers' wives sent their servants.

"I'm a graduate turkey hunter now, Coleman," Captain Stone reported. "I can tell the difference between a turkey and a war-bonneted Sioux as far as I can see one."

He related to Coleman the story of what was probably the biggest turkey hunt in history. Returning with Sheridan's and Custer's commands from a campaign against the southern tribes, the expedition had camped on the North Fork of the Canadian, just south of the Kansas border. The scattered timber along the creek bottoms had literally swarmed with great flocks of turkeys, so tame as to afford the easiest of hunting. The enlisted men of the command had been given permission to engage in a general turkey hunt and in the next few hours at least five thousand of the big birds had been slain.

Coleman watched the two wagons, loaded with buffalo saddles, approach. There were three men in the outfit. Coleman recognized Flack as the driver of the lead wagon. Conley had sold out Coleman's meat and Flack found no market for his load.

Flack was loud in his denunciation, both of Coleman for intruding upon what Flack chose to term his territory and of the occupants of the post for purchasing from others when he had been selling meat there steadily for two months.

"I bring in a load of meat every week. But you all buy from the first outfit that turns up ahead of me. I suppose you think my meat can rot!"

"Any hunting outfit is privileged to sell meat here any time there is a market for it," Captain Stone returned coldly. "The fact that you have been selling meat here whenever you found a market for it does not give you a monopoly. Hunting is free to all."

Rapaho Gil spoke to the two men who rode the second wagon, calling them by name. Bronson and Enders were the names he used. Coleman inspected Enders carefully. So he was a trader of mules, with two partners, according to the contractor who had sported a claybank mule in his string.

"You three men partners in business?" Coleman inquired of Flack.

"Yeah," Flack assented. The ex-wagon boss knew the caliber of the four men and contented himself with grumbling. "You're cutting in on my territory," he said to Coleman. "Why don't you pull out somewhar else? I was hunting round here first."

"Move out if you don't like company," Coleman said shortly.

He walked to his wagon and thrust an arm into his war bag. He returned carrying a small buckskin sack. "Every Injun carries his medicine bag. I picked up the habit, sort of, living so long amongst 'em. Ever see what I pack in mine, lieutenant?"

"Stone is a captain now," California Joe corrected.

"Right glad to hear it," Coleman congratulated.

He drew forth three short lengths of stick, one end of each chewed to a fibrous brush, and a heavy turquoise and silver earring. Recognizing the objects instantly, Stone lifted his gaze to Coleman's face. But Coleman was gazing steadily at Flack. Stone's eyes, too, turned to Flack. The ruffian was staring at the objects in Coleman's hand as if fascinated. His lips were drawn back from his teeth in a snarl. Then his eyes flitted from one to another of the group. California Joe and Rapaho Gil were interested spectators, sensing that there was some underlying significance in this byplay, but unaware of the nature of it.

"Hell's bells!" Rapaho Gil yelped suddenly, leaning forward. "No man could mistake that who'd seen it once. Last time I set eyes on it, 'twas dangling from old Ike Williams' ear. I've knowed that bauble for close to thirty year."

"What's this, Coleman?" Captain Stone asked, his eyes still on Flack's livid face.

"Just the contents of my medicine bag," Coleman returned. But his eyes were hard as he trained them on Flack.

"Come on, Flack," Enders urged. "No money to be picked up here. Let's dangle."

Flack mounted the lead wagon and the outfit left the post.

"Do you think that's the man?" Stone inquired of Coleman, drawing him aside.

"Couldn't get the least line on his whereabouts round that time—or pick up a word as to whether he'd come east on the Oregon Trail about then with a claybank mule in the outfit," Coleman said. "But a man named Enders sold a claybank mule to a contractor on the Kansas Pacific."

"Do you think there's enough evidence to order their arrest?" Stone asked.

Slowly Coleman shook his head. "It wouldn't hold together."

He drove from Wallace in mid-afternoon and made camp five miles or more away. He shot a cow elk in a creek bottom for camp meat. That night he produced a letter from his hunting frock and slit the envelope. It had been handed to him at Fort Wallace. That letter had been written by himself, with the help of Army officers, and addressed to Sue Carrolton, Pike County, Missouri. An acquaintance had suggested that he put a return address on it in case it did not reach the girl. Well, it hadn't reached her. After all the months, it had been returned to him. Evidently, then, the Carroltons had not returned to their old home. Probably Sue had forgotten all about him—likely was married to someone else by this time. But he had figured, some way, that she'd wait for him. He had planned the big stock ranch of the future, with Sue, as the mistress of it, installed in the ranch house.

He'd predicted once, he recalled now, that when there were no new places left to go, Sue and himself would back track eastward along the trail that their ancestors had blazed into the West. It had been only a fanciful remark. But it had come to pass. Already Sue had started on that return journey. How far to the east had she gone? He himself had been part of the back-lash, so to speak. Born on the Oregon Trail and reared in a trading post on Snake River, here he was now meat hunting on the Kansas prairies. Well, why not? A hunter must hunt where he could find a market for his game.

But he and Sue Carrolton had not been alone in that return movement; far from it. The westward travel was many times heavier than the travel east, but the trails saw no lack of discouraged or homesick parties returning eastward from California and Oregon. Many of the outfits whose wagons had been labeled Pike's Peak or Bust, had busted before reaching the new Colorado mining camps or had found no gold after reaching them. But the main travel was west; always would be, likely, Coleman decided.

His thoughts reverted to Flack. He had a strong conviction, some way, that Flack had had a hand in old Ike Williams' taking off. But there was little evidence to support his belief. Chewing a stick or straw was a common practice. True, Flack chewed a stick more savagely than most. But no such evidence would hold in criminal court or court-martial. And a claybank mule might have been bought and sold several times before reaching Enders' hands.

Killing men for their outfits was nothing unusual in the West. On the contrary, such affairs were of commonplace occurrence. The border-ruffian element from the Missouri-Kansas border had spread throughout the West after the close of the Civil War; both Missourians and Jayhawkers alike steeped in bloodshed after the long years of sanguinary frontier strife. Taking human life meant little or nothing to such men. In addition, deserters from both armies had sought refuge in the uncharted regions of the West during the progress of the war. Upon its termination, those restless spirits who found it difficult to settle down to peaceful pursuits had quit civilization and headed west. Also, criminals released from Eastern prisons and those whose crimes made them apprehensive of imprisonment, had flocked to this new region that was just being opened up. Where murdering for gain became too rampant, miners' safety committees, vigilantes, or stranglers, organized to take the law into their own hands and hang the offenders. Town marshals administered single-handed justice in many new camps. The military took a hand on occasion and courts-martial were not few. Citizens frequently organized themselves into posses to pursue, capture, try and execute some malefactor on the spot. For a few citizens to deal out summary justice to murderer or thief and leave him swinging in the breeze was considered well within the lawful rights of honest men. Scarcely a cottonwood grove the length and breadth of the plains but what, at one time or another, had served as gallows for some party of desperadoes.

Still, that breed swarmed in profusion, gathering new recruits faster than the shooting and hanging citizenry could blot them out. Every man went armed. To kill a man in a personal quarrel, provided that the deceased had been given anywhere near an even break, was not considered cause for interference. Even in court, a man had merely to prove that his deceased opponent had been armed and had made a move for his gun. Inevitably, the jury freed him. To shoot an unarmed man or to shoot from behind was frowned upon by the citizenry and apt to result in a popular lynching unless the perpetrator decamped before irate citizens took his case in hand. Human life was cheaply held and swiftly taken upon slight excuse.

A cow elk yelped from somewhere close at hand. The gruff bark of a doe antelope sounded from the prairie. The wolves began their nightly serenade. A family group of those marauders were snarling over the entrails and foreparts of the elk that Coleman had shot a few yards down the creek.

Coleman laid aside his pondering and slept. In the early morning he and Dick Conley broke camp and drove on across the prairies. They topped out on a low divide and there before them in the next sag a trail herd of Texas longhorns was moving to the north. Two men rode the points to guide the lenders. At intervals along the sides of the long narrow string of cows rode flankers and, far back behind, several men rode the drags, hazing on the laggards. Then came the chuck wagon and behind it the cavayado, or "cavvy yard," the extra horses of the outfit in the care of the day horse herder and the nighthawk, the man whose duty it was to ride herd on the horses at night.

Again the sight thrilled Coleman. He halted his mule wagons a hundred yards away, lest a closer approach should frighten the passing herd.

"Where you headed for?" he called to one of the flank riders.

"Montana-bound!" the puncher shouted back.

As the rear of the herd drew almost abreast of the wagons, a yearling broke from his fellows and made a run toward Coleman. One of the drag riders jumped his horse after the animal to head it back. He passed near the wagons and waved a hand in sudden recognition.

"Hello, Breck!" he shouted.

The rider was but a youth, tall and rangy, a downy beard already concealing the lower part of his face. Coleman couldn't place the boy, although there was something hauntingly familiar about his face. He'd run across him before somewhere. Ordinarily, he would have dismissed the matter from his mind and thought no more about it. But that face kept recurring in his thoughts and teasing for identification. It was not until two weeks later that Coleman gave voice to a sudden oath. So Buckner Carrolton, the boy who had been so eager to touch off that old flintlock at the savages during the trip to Virginia City, had grown up and traveled

(Continued on Page 89)

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(Continued from Page 85)

south with a bunch of returning drovers to become a Texas cowboy. And now he was riding up the trail on the long drive from Texas to Montana with a trail herd. It had been young Buck Carrolton, that rider; no doubt of that, now that Coleman's memory had clicked. Why hadn't he recognized the boy at first glance, so that he could have made inquiry as to Sue Carrolton's whereabouts? Had the whole family gone to Texas? Coleman found himself unable to answer his own query.

IX

THE Federal Government had subsidized the various railroad companies that were laying their tracks westward through virgin country. It was a land subsidy, instead of grants of cash. In most instances the country on either side of the proposed rights of way had been checkerboarded into sections, the railroad gaining ownership of every alternate section for from ten to twenty miles on either side of its tracks.

The more rapidly construction work was pushed ahead, the more rapidly the railroad lands on either side of the right of way could be sold to aspiring settlers, providing the funds for still further swift construction.

The Carrolton family, destitute by the time its single wagon had reached Northern Kansas on the return journey, had been forced to tarry and rest their toil-worn oxen. Carrolton heard of the high wages being paid for expert mule skinners in the grading camps of the Kansas Pacific. He trekked thither and found work at once. Settlers were taking up homesteads on open sections or buying in the alternate sections of railroad land for miles on either side of the tracks.

Towns were springing up along the right of way. Hundreds of Missourians were numbered among the settlers. Carrolton felt himself at home. Particularly, he knew every trait of the Missouri mule. After a few months his knowledge of mule skinning and bullwhacking caused the contractors to promote him and he became foreman of a grading crew at a stipend of ninety dollars a month. That seemed to Carrolton a princely sum. It furnished food and new clothing for his offspring. Talk of rising land values induced him to file upon a piece of land himself.

He located his family on an open quarter section and built a sizable sod house. Young Buckner Carrolton, with the four oxen, put in a few acres of wheat and corn, an acre of potatoes and squashes. Sue Carrolton assigned the younger children to the task of planting every variety of garden truck. The elder Carrolton provided her with chickens, turkeys and two cows.

But farming was not to the taste of young Buck Carrolton. Adventure called him. Not far from the Carrolton place, the little town of Abilene had made a bid for the Texas cattle trade. Men were sent east to induce buyers to meet the drovers at Abilene. Others were sent to the south to meet the trail bosses on their way north with herds and guide them to the new village that felt the urge to become the cattle metropolis of the West.

The herds rolled into Abilene. Buyers were there in plenty. And young Buck Carrolton bade his family good-by and rode down the long trail to Texas with returning cowboys, intent upon accompanying another trail herd from Texas to the Kansas prairies the next season.

Almost overnight, Abilene had leaped into world-wide fame as a cow town. It was reported that hundreds of thousands of longhorns were being gathered in Texas preparatory to starting them north toward Abilene in trail herds the following spring. The little camp mushroomed. Gamblers and speculators flocked there. Dance halls and saloons sprang up in profusion. The place swarmed with cattle buyers, Army officers, sporting men, railroad men and the wild riders from Texas as each new herd came up the trail. Iowa and the Dakotas, even far-off Montana, were intent upon stocking their ranges with Texas cows. Buyers from those points came to Abilene to bid for trail herds.

And as the town boomed and prospered, Sue Carrolton prospered also to a mild extent. Twice a week she hitched two ponies to a buckboard and hauled garden truck, butter and eggs and poultry into Abilene, where prices were extremely high. Usually her next younger sister, Linda Carrolton, accompanied her. Both girls now had new dresses and both were in great demand at dances and other social functions in the growing cow town.

A frame addition had been built onto the original sod house and this room was seldom without its quota of male visitors in the evenings. In a community where men predominated overwhelmingly in numbers and female society was largely obtainable only in the dance halls, the two sisters had become belles of the countryside.

The sharp edge of her anguish over having lost her first love had dulled. There were times when she told herself that she had forgotten Coleman. During the excitement of various social events and the surplus of masculine attention that was showered upon her, she did forget temporarily. When she remembered again, which she always did, she thought of Breck Coleman with more than a trace of bitterness for his desertion of her.

Flack was much in Abilene with his two principal associates. Enders, dark and suave, was a person of considerable poise and polish of manner. His speech hinted of former educational advantages. Bronson, the third member of the trio, the youngest, was a curly-haired youngster in the middle twenties. Flack had trimmed his red beard and pruned down his flowing mustache, which improvements gave him somewhat the air of a professorial gorilla.

The three men had prospered and were known in Abilene as men of substantial means. It was known that they traded heavily in oxen, mules and horses, in addition to the fact that they had had several meat-hunting outfits in their employ. Once, at least, they had come to Abilene to meet and dispose of a big trail herd of some three thousand head of cows which they purported to have bought. The half-dozen men who had arrived in charge of the herd seemed very few to have conducted so large a herd up over the long trail from Texas. And they had not been typical drovers.

Flack, Enders and Bronson had turned the herd quickly to a Dakota buyer, who had started on with it at once. There had been some later gossip to the effect that the six men who had arrived with the herd had murdered the original trail crew just after the outfit had crossed the Arkansas, then had appropriated the herd and sold it to Flack and his two partners on the trail. No censure could attach to the purchasing trio for that. The bill of sale had been in order, apparently. Besides, there had been so much talk of that variety—and with cause. The border-ruffian element of Southwest Missouri and Southeast Kansas had murdered so many trail crews and stolen so many herds that the practice had killed Baxter Springs, Kansas, as a cattle market within a space of two years. No sensible trail boss would divert his charges to that point, no matter how tempting the promises of high prices and ready markets awaiting him there. Baxter Springs, the first boom cow town, had died an unnatural death and nothing could resuscitate it.

Flack and his associates spoke vaguely of large deals in livestock, grading contracts on various railroads then being constructed, and of various other ventures of magnitude. A man's business was his own, in Abilene as elsewhere on the plains, and definite inquiry was considered the worst possible breach of etiquette.

Sue Carrolton still retained her original aversion for Flack, softened somewhat, perhaps, by time and the cessation of his train-boss manner. She no longer felt actively hostile toward him, but still could accord him only civility, no friendliness.

Sensing this, Flack confined his attentions to Linda, the younger sister. Enders and Bronson vied with each other in their courtship of Sue. She found herself flattered by the considerate regard accorded her by the older man, amused and slightly stirred by the impetuous declarations of the younger Bronson. When she heard of the latter's wild sprees in the dives of Abilene and chided him upon his habits, he excused himself on the grounds of loneliness when he was out of her sight. He was out of her sight frequently, as were the others. The three men left for long trips to various parts of the country. When they returned to Abilene they were much in evidence at the Carrolton homestead. Rumor linked Sue's name with that of Bronson and it was predicted in Abilene that a wedding was not far off. Sue, however, still engrossed with her responsibilities toward the younger members of the family, accused herself of being unable to respond to the advances of her various suitors. Her old wild love for Breck Coleman, of course, had died long since, she assured herself repeatedly. But she seemed unable to accord any such measure of affection to another. All of which caused her to think of Coleman with added bitterness.

The general uprising of the tribes was in full progress a bit to the westward. Troops came through Abilene by trainloads. Then Sue began to hear Breck Coleman's name mentioned among those other well-known scouts whose exploits were on every tongue. She learned by casual inquiry that he had been meat hunting for Western Kansas forts and camps for some months before the outbreak.

She knew that her popularity and that of her sister had traveled the length of the Kansas Pacific on the tongues of railroad men and Army officers. She tossed her head and told herself that, since Coleman had not troubled to come and see her, at least he must know that she was experiencing no lack of suitors. She went about more with Bronson, willing that the tale of the prosperous young man's devotion to her should reach Coleman's ears.

Abilene leaped into world-wide fame, not alone as the cattle metropolis of the West but as the wildest and wickedest camp on earth. Saloons, brothels, dance halls and gambling houses roared wide open every hour of the day and night. Every man went armed. Desperadoes stalked the streets and shot men down in quarrels with the slightest excuse. Soldiers off on leave waxed drunk and shot it out with hard-faced civilians who took exceptions to their activities. Wild trail crews of Texas cowboys, drawing their pay after the long months on the trail and feeling the need of relaxation, went on frantic sprees, rode their horses into various establishments and pulled their guns on all who objected. Most of the men of Sue Carrolton's acquaintance wore notches on their guns as evidence of having come off victor in deadly affrays. Young as he was, Al Bronson had a reputation as a gunman and his Frontier Model six-shooter sported a notch for each of its six chambers.

Abilene tried in vain to become a law-and-order camp. Successive peace officers failed even to retard the lawlessness and almost nightly shootings. At last Wild Bill Hickok was induced to come to Abilene as town marshal. The noted scout and gunman, single-handed, tamed this most lawless spot on earth. Most of the noted gunmen of the plains were Hickok's friends of long years' standing. Such desperadoes as were not his friends knew him as an exceptionally deadly antagonist. Many, nevertheless, did not lack the courage to confront him. Each in turn learned just too late that Wild Bill was perfectly capable of doing what he had declared he would do—bury every turbulent ruffian who set out to upset the peace of Abilene. Shootings declined to a minimum, became extremely rare. Every man who engaged in pistol practice found himself face to face with the town marshal in very short order.

Hickok came upon occasion to visit for an evening at the Carrolton farm. Sue marveled at the intense flame in his blue eyes, contrasting so sharply with the man's extreme placidity of countenance.

Then young Buck Carrolton, having returned after the start of the new year from accompanying the trail herd to far-off Montana, stopped briefly in Abilene on his way to the Carrolton farm. The members of his family greeted the returning wayfarer with boundless affection.

"You been seeing considerable of Al Bronson of late, Sue, I heard in Abilene," he said after a space.

The girl nodded. "Considerable," she mimicked. "But not just of late. He's been away for a few weeks. Linda heard that he had come back to Abilene last night."

"Seen much of Breck Coleman?" her brother made inquiry.

Sue's heart skipped a beat. The query had startled her. For a moment she could not formulate a reply. Then, "Not anything of him at all. Is he in Abilene?"

Buck Carrolton looked into his sister's eyes questioningly for many seconds. Evidently she was telling the truth. He was glad of that.

"I was wondering if Bronson's attentions to you had been at the bottom of it," he said. "Nobody seemed to know what the trouble was all about. I'm sure relieved to know your name wasn't mixed up in it."

"What?" Sue demanded. "Mixed up in what?"

"Oh. I thought maybe you'd heard," her brother said. "The trouble between Breck and Al Bronson."

"Trouble?" She was suddenly faint, recalling Bronson's reputation with a gun. Why was it that she feared for Coleman instead of for the other? Coleman could mean nothing to her now. "Tell me!" she insisted.

"Coleman came riding into Abilene early this morning and shot Al Bronson dead in his tracks, the way I heard it," her brother said.

Sue Carrolton sobbed hysterically. She was surprised to discover that her tears were occasioned by a vast relief. Why was she not grieving instead for Bronson? Her brother, however, interpreted her emotion as that of deep sorrow springing from Bronson's untimely end. He frowned in awkward sympathy.

"Coleman turned and rode right on out of town again," Buck Carrolton amplified. "Hickok had gone out after him. That's all I heard about it. I rode right out to see what you knew about the ruckus."

Again he was puzzled by the swift transformation in his sister. Rigidly, as if gazing upon some scene of horror, she was staring at him without seeing him. Her sobs seemed to have been frozen at the fount, so swiftly had they ceased.

She was thinking again of those flaming blue orbs of Hickok's behind the two deadliest guns that the West had known—Hickok, riding out after Coleman to exact justice. Instinctively she knew that Coleman would not run. He'd face the music. Those icy blue eyes of the marshal seemed to be staring into her own accusingly. With a desperate little moan she covered her eyes with her two hands as if to shut out the vision, then besought her brother to ride back into Abilene at once and inquire as to the final outcome.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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OF course, Dad is going to get *and like* his usual quota of sox, handkerchiefs and ties.

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Everywhere, his men friends are talking about this marvelous new tire—built a different way. He knows how much more easily it steers—how much better it rides and how much longer it wears.

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Then Christmas morning—a set of Fisks—a broad red ribbon—a sprig of holly and a card "for Dad."

Perhaps we shouldn't limit such a gift to Dad. There is mother to be considered—and sister and brother. Everyone who drives will appreciate this unusual gift, for the Fisk *Air-Flight* Tire is as great an improvement over balloons as balloons were over the old-fashioned, high-pressure type.

Yet this new Fisk costs no more than other good tires.

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 39)

eight and a half inches. A workman placed the tip of a spike in position. One of the superior engineers took a sledge hammer, swung it to three skillful strokes. There was a little irregular cheer from the bystanders. The first spike of the Union Pacific Railroad had at last been driven, a little more than three years after that day of agony when President Lincoln had called it into being.

The work went on steadily, without hurry. The pairs of rails began to lengthen on the tie-strewn track, their chairs—cheaply dispensing with fishplates—riveting them together, their spikes driven by clanging sledge hammers wielded by brawny laborers, seminaked in the summer heat, who called to each other as Pat and Mike, Murphy and Sullivan and O'Gorman. Hand trucks, brought by steamboat from St. Louis, were lifted on to that first commencement of the line, were loaded with ties and rails, pushed forward. Other hand trucks were loaded with ballast, to be shoveled between the rails already laid. On a short section of its own rail stood a locomotive, likewise water borne from St. Louis, its crew feeding its furnace with cordwood, getting up steam. Already another party began to unite that siding section with the main track.

None of the spectators had lingered so long. They had dispersed to comment professionally on the brick machine shops and engine houses in process of erection, to discuss the difficulties confronting this line, which must stretch more than 500 miles across empty prairie before it would meet even the scantiest of timber for ties or fuel, which had no eastward railroad communication whatever from this base at Omaha. At that moment the seventy-ton stationary engine for the shops was about to be ox hauled 150 miles over country from the nearest railhead at Des Moines. There were those who doubted whether it would ever arrive.

Among those professional visitors was an engineer of the Chicago and North Western road, now energetically stretching itself out of Des Moines toward Council Bluffs, in prevision of a profitable eastern link to the Union Pacific, from which it would then be separated only by the Missouri, presently to be bridged. He talked with Construction Engineer House of the Union Pacific.

"Sure," he said, "you can bet we're going to push our road along. We're not going to miss the freightage on your material if we can help it. But not by any sort of miracle can we be into Council Bluffs before late in '67."

Engineer House shrugged his shoulders.

"By that time we shall be at the Rockies, or bust. Most likely bust. Estimates are a bad joke on this road. It's not possible to figure costs. The river's only usable for three months in the year. And to team all our stuff across Iowa ——"

He was interrupted.

Location Engineer Ainsworth came running across to him, waving a piece of paper and calling out vehemently:

"Look at this! Isn't this road ever going to start?"

It was a telegram from the head office in New York:

STOP CONSTRUCTION TILL FURTHER ORDERS. LOCATION END OF TRACK DOUBTFUL. MAYBE BELLEVUE, MAYBE ELSEWHERE. PRESIDENT NOT YET GIVEN FINAL DECISION BRIDGE.

President Andrew Johnson in Washington, on whom it now devolved to locate definitely the bridge across the Missouri, was in fact at that moment being bombarded and bewildered by clamorously rival interests. Bellevue, recommended by the consulting engineers in New York, was seven miles down the river.

Construction Engineer House spoke, comprehensively, bitterly. They could still hear his fluent words as he strode off, between the piles of railroad material, to whistle his gangs to down tools.

Not until September did work start again, as originally, from Omaha itself. Thus, hesitatingly, did the great vision begin to translate itself into reality.

It was late September, 1866. Under a brilliant sun hundreds of men were laboring with pick and shovel and scraper at a long scar of freshly turned and heaped earth running dead straight across the oceanlike yellow immensity of the summer-scorched prairie. Up to them and beyond, multiple-teamed grading wagons laden with ties and tools, with supplies for the night's encampment, wore a dusty trail parallel with the embankment as they went forward slowly to a cracking of long-lashed whips, returned empty at a smart, jangling trot.

In advance of the extremity of the scar a spaced-out line of survey stakes marched dwindlingly out of sight toward the horizon. In the other direction the naked track went back some hundreds of yards to where it became strewn with ties swarmed over by other busy men; went back a mile or two to where on temporary switches several trains were ranged amid a collection of teams and vehicles; went back nearly forty miles to a mushroom collection of tents and shacks at Kearney; thence went back in all but complete emptiness a further 190 miles direct across the rolling plain to Omaha.

On the new soft grade the tie men adzed the timbers into neat shape, laid them transversely at the correct intervals, 2400 to the mile. Behind them, on the already completed track, came a straining horse ridden by a vociferating youngster and pulling a flat truck loaded with twenty pairs of rails. It halted at the end of the track. The horse was unhitched. Two squads of tracklayers, five men in each, seized each a rail, ran it over the rollers of the truck onto the ties. The end of each rail was forced into the chair connecting it with its predecessor. The gauger measured with his rod, aligned them parallel. The spikes were placed, ten to each rail, the spikers struck three blows to each. The rail truck rolled over this new length of line, to repeat the operation, while behind it the bolters riveted the chairs. The truck was emptied, was tipped off the grade to make way for its successor. Casement Brothers' men were laying more than a mile a day, at a contract rate of $800 a mile for less than two miles a day, $1200 a mile for more than two miles a day, and $3000 a day for delays caused by unfinished grade. It was sufficient inducement to press close on the heels of the toiling graders.

Those graders sang in chorus as, in the long cloud of dust, they dug and shoveled, sang I'm Off to Philadelphia in the Morning, sang The Wearing o' the Green, sang:

"Drill, my Paddies, drill!
Drill, you tarriers, drill!
Oh, it's work all day,
No sugar in your tay—
Working on the U. Pay Ra-ailway!"

Michael Finnigan rested a moment on the handle of his pick, pushed back his flop hat, mopped his brow with a large red handkerchief.

"Thanks be to the blissed saints, 'tis tomorrow as is Sunday," he said. "An', be hivins, a thirst on me already I have that'll make ivry saloon in Kearney as dhry as the very desert itself be th' toime I have it lost, Terence O'Leary."

His comrade straightened his back from the shovel he was wielding.

"Thirst!" he said, his coarse-featured, unshaven face running with sweat. "'Tis not a thirst I have, Michael Finnigan—'tis a furnace foire consumin' me vitals. May the good saints bless the foine man that invented Sunday. If it weren't that a man can be afther gettin' hisself dead dhrunk ivry seventh day, this 'ud be no job at all, at all!"

"That's a thrue word ye speak, Terence O'Leary," agreed the other seriously. "'Tis Sunday that makes a Christian man rejoice in the thrue religion—an' whisky's a powerful hilp to it indade. Be the same token, I mind me that I've not had such a thirst since that day—though sure 'twas a Friday, bad cess to it—I hid behint a blade o' grass wid the Rebs shootin' to kill on that accursed slope o' Cold Harbor, an' Giniral Grant orderin' jist one more attack, an' Giniral Hancock's Second Corps what niver failed, rubbin' their noses wid the ground like wan man an' refusin' entoirely to git up an' be kilt."

He was brusquely interrupted by the boss of the squad:

"Now, then, Finnigan! 'Tis not that ye may be chatterin' loike an old woman at a tay party that Giniral Dodge is afther payin' ye three dollars a day currency! Git to work out of it now!"

Michael Finnigan faced him:

"Arrah, now, an' is it Giniral Dodge himself ye are wid yer big talk? 'Tis a tarrible pity if a man mayn't take a breath of air to his lungs but Lord God A'mighty himself must walk along an' thrate him no better than a slave. The sthrange ugliness of ye gives me a pain in me eyes, Pathrick Brady, an' that's the thruth!"

"I'll give ye another pain in yer eyes, Michael Finnigan, if ye don't break ground wid yer pick this very minut!"

"Faith, an' is it a foight ye're wantin', Misther Brady?" cried the grader, with the swift anger of his race. "For 'tis a grand one ye shall have ——"

He did not finish. The squad boss drove a fist like a leg of mutton, and Michael Finnigan went flat upon the grade. He was up again in an instant, bellowing with rage, rushed at his antagonist.

Before a second blow could be struck there was a multiple shrilling of whistles, a wild shout: "Injuns!"

Across the prairie a wide cloud of dust approached quickly, was already near—the instantly recognized dust cloud of furiously galloping horses. The hostile Cheyennes had gathered unobserved in the not far distant bed of a creek flowing into the Platte River, were now racing to overwhelm the graders stretched out along the track.

The workmen dropped their tools, ran for their rifles piled in military fashion conveniently close at hand, the bandoleers draped upon them. Supervising engineers and squad bosses roared out orders. There was a quick scurry which was only an apparent confusion. The situation was already abundantly familiar.

A moment later they were prone behind heaps of earth and tie piles, were nestling in the little dugouts—prairie monitors—the more prudent had that morning excavated for themselves in a habit learned in the battles of the Civil War, were shooting into that long dust cloud which raced parallel with them—an indistinctly seen swarm of painted, yelling savages, leaning low upon their maddened ponies and firing as they rode and circled. Already the wagon teams, promptly abandoned by their drivers, had been stampeded, were dashing frantically across the prairie. Bullets moaned in the air, zipped and thudded against the track.

Up and down the grade walked the engineer in charge, a major by authentic war-earned rank, revolver in hand, commanding them with the coolly authoritative voice of an experienced officer:

"Steady, men—steady! Don't waste your ammunition! Shoot to kill the vermin!"

Michael Finnigan snuggled behind his improvised shelter, adjusted himself comfortably for a deliberate shot through the drifting smoke into the yellow dust cloud, inserted another cartridge into the warm barrel of his rifle, pounded his ramrod upon it. (Continued on Page 94)

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—Bulwer-Lytton

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One pound of good cheer:

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It contains one full pound of such ripe, mellow tobacco as may well express the season's spirit between good friends. Prime Kentucky Burley, made smooth and fragrant by the secret "Wellman 1870 Method," and specially "rough cut" for slow cool burning in pipes.

Dealers generally throughout the country now have this Christmas canister.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

... in more pipes every day!

(Continued from Page 92)

"Indade, Terence O'Leary," he said contentedly, "'tis loike old toimes; savin' in thruth that these poor murtherin' savages can't shoot loike Johnny Reb."

Terence O'Leary pulled his own trigger methodically before he replied.

"God be thanked for that same," he remarked, jerking a cartridge from his bandoleer. "'Twas meself that was afther spoilin' for a foight as a bit of a change from shovelin', but, glory be, ivry blissed Injun on the plains has come to take tay wid us. Hark now to the ——"

Again the racing mob of yelling Indians tore through the smoke and dust, firing in a rapid crepitation as they passed, were instantly replaced by yet another wildly galloping troop. There were sharp cries amid the detonations from the defenders of the track. Here and there men had been hit. Word was passed that some laggards at the end of grade had been unable to get in, had been overtaken, killed and scalped.

Suddenly, startlingly, a crashing volley, continued into a viciously crackling fusillade, poured into them from the rear. Another band of Indians had profited by the clamor of the mounted attack to work round and creep up on foot through the sere grass of the prairie, had ensconced themselves at almost point-blank range.

Patrick Brady jumped to his feet, bawled in the voice that had been that of a sergeant in a New York regiment:

"Squad Number Ten! About face! Smart now, men! Take cover! Let 'em have it!"

Finnigan and O'Leary sprang up with the rest of the squad, leaped for what scanty cover there was on the other side, flung themselves down to fire at the long line of jetting, drifting smoke where they could just see head feathers. Patrick Brady lurched forward, went headlong down the heaped-up earth of the grade, lay between them and the wildly yelling enemy whose bullets spurted dust all round him.

"Holy Moses!" cried Finnigan, jumping to his feet. "I'll not miss my foight wid Pat Brady!"

He dashed down the ramp, tugged at the body, even as a painted Indian sprang from an unsuspected nearness, scalping knife in hand. There was a sharp report close to him. The Indian fell. He glanced round to see O'Leary at his side, his rifle smoking.

"Good for you, Terence!" he said. "A foine dhrink for that same shall ye have at Kearney. Hilp me now to git Brady onto the back of me. 'Tis loike a blissed locomotive he weighs."

Together, amid the singing bullets, they got the wounded man back, laid him in what there was of shelter.

There was another outburst of shouts from the graders: "The train! The train! Rally on the train!"

It was rescue. Down the newly laid rails came General Jack Casement's track train, puffs of smoke already darting from the armored caboose, from the loopholes of the cars. Smartly obedient in familiar tactics, the graders retreated toward it in little rushes, carrying their dead and wounded, while yet others knelt and fired.

The train halted. From its cars sprang hundreds of men, rifle in hand. Bugles blared. Drums rolled, as on the now silent battlefields of the South they had rolled for Titanic conflicts. Officers gesticulated, shouted commands. The trackmen shook themselves out into disciplined bodies, into lines of skirmishers, firing smashingly, rattlingly, into the yelling, circling bands of mounted Indians, into the lurking, crawling enemy suddenly revealing themselves as unexpectedly numerous. The graders rallied, formed themselves into military array, moved forward against the enemy, now themselves being outflanked. From the top of the grade, little General Jack Casement, five feet nothing and a chestnut beard, sent decisive, skillful orders to his forces, maneuvered them with veteran imperturbability. It was but another of the almost daily battles he fought to drive this line whose every mile cost a life to lay.

It was November, 1866. The terminal point of the railroad was at North Platte, 293 miles from Omaha—a city that had sprung up overnight, that grew visibly to the eye every twenty-four hours. Civilization was being carried across the prairie hitherto innocent of a house.

Its muddy street of timber shacks, of mere tents—all displaying flamboyant signs—was populous with the entire West in miniature. Emigrants and gold prospectors held up by the winter snows on the mountains ahead, the teamsters of freighting outfits, overland stagemen, stockmen driving cattle, jostled with idly roaming gangs of Irish laborers waiting for the spring and resumption of work on the railroad, with swallow-tailed real-estate speculators, with drummers of every conceivable commodity, with patent-medicine venders, with self-consciously swaggering bad men prominently wearing six-shooters in their belts, with an assorted riffraff from half the continent. For it was third in the succession of the roaring towns—alias Hell on Wheels—which sprang up wherever the Union Pacific fixed its temporary advanced base, and which wilted and died when again it moved onward.

The trains brought a five-days'-old mail from New York; brought—crowded to the platforms—every kind of adventurer greedy for the spoil of flush times; brought whisky, hardware, canned delicacies, luxurious and fantastically expensive gewgaws, barrels of flour, ready-made clothing, plank timber for building, notions, and again whisky; brought vast masses of railroad material to be piled up around the great portable warehouse of Messrs. Casement Brothers in readiness for the spring campaign.

The early dusk was beginning to be patchily illumined by hanging oil lamps casting their rays through open doors and uncurtained windows as Jim Calhoun, with his friend Dave Morgan, respectively construction engineer and location runner to the U. P. R., splashed down that street where almost every edifice was either a saloon, a dancing floor or a gambling hell, or all three combined. They were both young men—persons over forty were rare in the contemporary population—and with their trousers tucked into high boots, their broad soft hats over precociously bearded visages, their ex-army Colts holstered to their belts in accordance with local fashion, their appearance was rather that of dime-novel desperadoes than of one-time scientific graduates from Eastern universities. The war and active railroading thereafter had subsequently graduated them into a different and harsher school. It was probable that their mothers would have disapproved of them. Of both, indeed, it might have been said—as, in another connection, Col. John Hay was immortally to write three years later—"He weren't no saint—them engineers is all pretty much alike." At that date they were all pretty much alike in North Platte, and the ethics of that interesting locality, though on occasion disconcertingly stern, set but little value on orthodox sanctity.

They pushed open the door of Sam Johnson's saloon, entered an atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke and stifling with the heat of a cylindrical stove whose pipe bent to escape over the portal. Behind the counter three shirt-sleeved bartenders were energetically springing to and fro in an apparently impossible attempt to satisfy the incessantly vociferated demands of the crowd of customers. Calhoun pushed through, called for two drinks. The raw whisky would have made an Easterner choke. Here it was the ordinary brand. The close-packed crowd buzzed with railroad talk, with boasts of the track to be laid next year and bets against them, with grievances and scandals denounced in loud-voiced indignation. Others argued noisily about the latest sensational and unpunished feats of lawlessness, guessed that North Platte had formed a vigilance committee not before it was time. Yet others denied

(Continued on Page 96)

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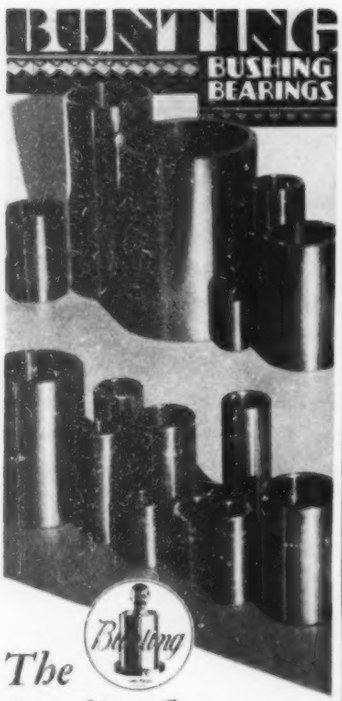

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(Continued from Page 94)

heatedly that a vigilance committee existed, that it was all bluff. No one was going to risk a bullet in his skin in the vain attempt to enforce law and order in a railroad roaring town. A tall, bearded ruffian, squalid, tousled, and already somewhat drunk, bragged truculently.

"There's no blank-blank son of a blank in this yere city that can git me scairt!" he proclaimed. "I've killed ten men, I have, and they was men, not blank-blank mud diggers on a blank-blank railroad. I've been in this yere West since the Year One. Ask 'em in Denver City if they knows Jake Harman—ask 'em in Pike's Peak—ask 'em in every blank camp in Montana!"

"You've sure traveled, Jake," said another ruffian, evidently his companion. "Have another throat tickler. Drinks on me," he shouted to the bartender. "I'll say there ain't your like with a gun in this hull outfit. . . . Jake can fan out six plumb-straight shots a'most before you know he's drawed," he added admiringly to those around him. "He's a tough hand in a row, is Jake. The other man ain't never got a chance; I've seed him drop 'em with their gun only half pulled."

"Pity he wasn't on the Denver stage the other day," opined one of the bystanders. "There was a bit of quick shootin' needed then. . . . If ever I get my gun on the feller that shot poor Tim Riley I'll make a hole in him!"

The remark evoked an excited babel. A few days previously the incoming Denver stage had been held up by six masked men when only a few miles from North Platte. The driver had been killed and the passengers robbed. Nor had the mysterious newly formed local vigilance committee—if indeed such existed—so far done anything about it.

The truculent Jake Harman and his companion finished up their drinks, went to the door, departed with a "So long, boys!"

Dave Morgan turned to Calhoun. "Who are those fellows, Jim?"

Calhoun shrugged his shoulders.

"I've seen 'em bumming around these last few days. Bad men, I guess. They seem to be pretty flush too. We've got too many of that sort. Let's go along to the floor."

They passed by a room at whose doorway stood a tall, white-faced, sharp-eyed man rattling a dice box, and crying: "Step right in, gentlemen, and try your luck! I'm your man for any game in the universe. Poker, euchre, faro or just plain crap shootin'. No limit and all fair and no favor! Try your luck, gentlemen! Who's for a little sport?" Within the room other pale-faced professional gamblers were dealing cards to groups crowded intently about little tables.

Calhoun and his friend ignored the invitation, continued to the dance hall at the back of the premises. It was a large barnlike erection, lit by hanging lamps, where a pianist and a fiddler rendered excruciatingly a waltz tune for the benefit of the couples gyrating on the plank floor. The place had not yet filled up. A number of girls in low-cut, brightly colored dresses, their cheeks a vivid sharp-edged red, stood around, looked enviously at their more fortunate sisters already twirling in the embrace of heavy-booted partners.

One of them came running across to Calhoun, captured his arm before any competitor could forestall her. She was a peroxide-blond, harsh-voiced hussy who had followed the Union Pacific all the way from Omaha, where already she had earned the honorific title of Nebraska Nellie. Another girl, dark-haired and swarthy, familiarly known as Spanish Sal, had similarly seized upon Dave Morgan.

"I'm real glad to see you, Jim darling!" said Nebraska Nellie, with the intimacy of old acquaintance. "I was just loafin' around hopin' you'd come in. An' now buy me a drink before we go on the floor!"

"Sure! Come right along!" he replied good-humoredly, led her toward the bar conveniently installed here also for thirsty dancers. "Name your poison, Nellie. Whisky? Brandy?"

"What?" she exclaimed scornfully. "Ain't you learned me better'n that? Nebraska Nellie don't drink nothin' less than champagne—no, sir! An' I want it off the ice!"

He laughed and turned to the bartender. "Take this lady's order!" He threw a ten-dollar bill on the counter, glanced round. "Where's Dave and Sal?"

They were already dancing; Spanish Sal languorously yielding to her partner's arm, smiling fascinatingly up into his face.

Nebraska Nellie lifted her foaming glass. "Here's how!" she said, and drank thirstily. Her eyes went round to the dancers. "Poor Sal!" she remarked. "She's all broke to pieces. She was plumb crazy on Tim Riley. Gave him a diamond ring for his little finger on his last trip before those gol-derned road agents got him. Sam Spicer give her the ring an' he got sore about it. But she told him straight out that a lady can do what she likes with presents gentlemen give her. And so say I. It's on'y right, ain't it? Not but what I'd keep presents from gentlemen I'm really mashed on. You know that, don't you, sweetie?"

"Sure," he replied equably. "But there's no diamond-ring presents tonight, Nellie. Drink up and we'll go to the floor. There's getting to be a crowd."

They clinked glasses again, emptied the bottle. As he said, the room was becoming crowded. Every one of the girls now had a partner. The pianist and the fiddler worked hard to make themselves audible above a hubbub of strident voices, above the thumping of boots upon the floor.

Suddenly there was a shriek, a wild high-pitched feminine shout. Spanish Sal had torn herself loose from Dave, was pointing at a hirsute ruffian dancing with another girl.

"That's the man that shot Tim Riley!" she screamed. "He's wearin' his ring! Let me kill the ——" A string of epithets followed. She whipped out a little silver-plated, mother-of-pearl revolver from her dress.

The ruffian had stepped back, his hand instantly at his belt. There was a sharp report, a whiff of smoke. Spanish Sal collapsed like an emptied sack.

The music ceased abruptly in instantaneous uproar. From all parts of the hall the dancers rushed tumultuously to crowd around the center of excitement. There were fierce shouts:

"String him up! String him up! No woman killers here! Where's the man that shot Tim Riley? String him up! String him up! Where's the vigilantes?"

The killer held now a revolver in each hand, threatening back the crowd.

"Listen here, boys!" he shouted. "Fair play's fair play! I don't know nothin' about Tim Riley! I've just come in from Montana. Tim Riley ain't the only guy to wear a di'mond ring. As for this yere girl, it ain't my fault. She drew first. I dropped her afore she could drop me. That's fair play, ain't it, by every camp law in the hull West?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried a number of voices—it was noticeable that they came from the rougher element in the crowd. "That's fair play! That's camp law! She drew first!" They clamored over a dissenting murmur from the more respectable, shocked at this killing of a woman, but prudently daunted by that pair of obviously quick-shooting revolvers. "It weren't his fault! It was him or her! What are we a-waitin' for? Let the music go on!"

Nebraska Nellie had sprung forward, was now kneeling with arms about the dead girl. She looked up, her face in fury.

"What are you a-waitin' for? You!" she cried. "You call yourselves men—let a poor girl be shot by that murderer! An' she was right—that's the man that killed Tim Riley! That's Tim Riley's ring he's wearin'. Don't I know it? Ain't I seen it often enough? And you're scairt of him—you lot of ——"

"Shut up! Shut up, Nellie!" the rougher chorus yelled at her. "You're drunk again! Fair play's fair play! Sal drew first! What's done's done! . . . Clear the floor! We didn't come here for chin music. We came to dance. An' there ain't goin' to be no trouble! Clear the floor, there!"

Nebraska Nellie was roughly hustled away. The corpse was picked up by a couple of men and carried into one of the adjoining cubicles inhabited by the dance girls. Nebraska Nellie followed it, shaking her fist at them, shrieking that she'd rather be dead than dance with any one of those cowardly mud diggers that let a girl be murdered and not lift a finger.

Calhoun had stood silent, his mouth grim under his beard. Plainly, the killer of Spanish Sal and the very probable killer of Tim Riley had plenty of partisans here. All this rough element hung together by instinct, lest it should hang separately. He took out his pocketbook, wrote a word or two, added a number, moved across to his friend, spoke quietly as he gave him the torn-out folded page.

"Slip off and beat up the boys, Dave. Quickly. I'll stay here and keep an eye on things."

Dave disappeared. The pianist and the fiddler started again. Once more the floor was filled with turning couples; vivid-hued girls clinging to clumsy partners painfully serious in this business of the dance, or talking and laughing so that the tune could scarce be heard.

Suddenly that joyous revelry was cut across by a sharp stentorian command: "Hands up! All of yeh! Quick now! Stick 'em up!"

There was an outburst of feminine shrieks, furious masculine oaths and a stampede.

As the crowd fell away in front of him Calhoun saw the gentleman from Montana, together with a confederate, each with a brace of leveled revolvers.

His own hand half jerked to his belt. "Stick 'em up!" The killer's gun aimed instantly at his stomach. He stuck them up dutifully, backed into the frightened crowd huddled, arms upthrust, at the end of the room.

Simultaneously there were other sharp cries of 'Hands up!" from the card room and bar outside. In obedience to them, the gamblers, professional and amateur, stumbled, hands abjectly aloft, into the dance hall, shepherded by three other ruffians, two of them the pair which had bragged in the bar, with threatening six-shooters. Muttering ineffectual curses, the gamesters joined the throng at the far end of the hall.

The five men held the crowd covered. A sixth was evidently in the barroom, guarding the door from the street. The gentleman from Montana spoke curtly and decisively:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you'll step forward one at a time as you get the word. And keep your hands up! . . . You! Step out!"

He indicated a big Irish laborer at the end of the throng. The man came into the open space, hands above his head. One of the bandits promptly went through his pockets, threw a few bills and coins into a large red handkerchief he spread upon the floor. The despoiled Irishman was peremptorily bidden to stand against the other wall, hands still up. Reveler after reveler, male and female, was similarly called out to be stripped of portable property. A girl started hysterically to curse them, was harshly told to be quiet if she didn't want to go the same way as Spanish Sal. It was coming near to Calhoun's turn.

There was suddenly a conflict of fierce voices outside in the barroom. "Hands up!" "Hands up yourself! Tie him up, boys!" A tread of heavy boots was loud in the tense silence of the dance hall. Two of the bandits swung round to cover the door. Calhoun heard Dave's voice: "This way, vigilantes!" His heart leaped in a shock of apprehension. Dave would be riddled as he appeared in the doorway.

(Continued on Page 101)

YEARS AGO, car manufacturers discovered that the nearest approach to perfect riding comfort was obtainable through the installation of Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers. ◆ They discovered that Lovejoy Hydraulics safely and surely check the vicious rebound of car springs . . . that they require no adjustment, winter or summer, once properly installed . . . that they are moisture-proof, dirt-proof, rattle-proof . . . that they outlast any car. ◆ Naturally, car manufacturers turned to Lovejoy Hydraulics and adopted them as standard equipment. And, as the Delco organization increased its production facilities on Lovejoys and developed new types for specific needs, more and more car manufacturers were able to meet the demand for supreme riding comfort. ◆ Today, Lovejoy Hydraulics are the world's most popular shock absorbers . . . preferred by those who build and those who buy motor cars.

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◆

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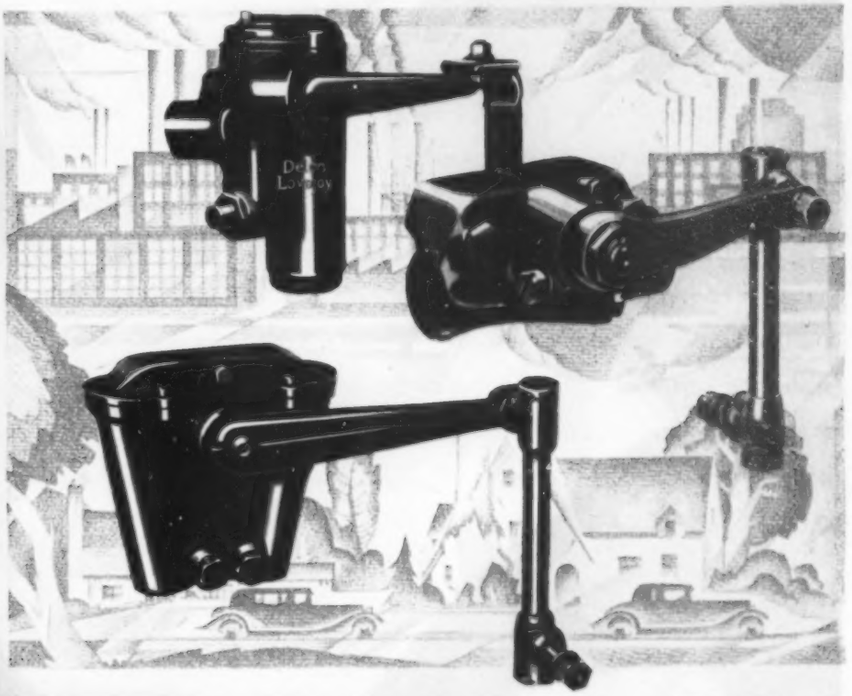


LOVEJOY Hydraulic SHOCK ABSORBERS

Portrait painted for The Hoover Co. by Ralph Fisher Shelton

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

AM I *the Woman of a* YEAR AGO?

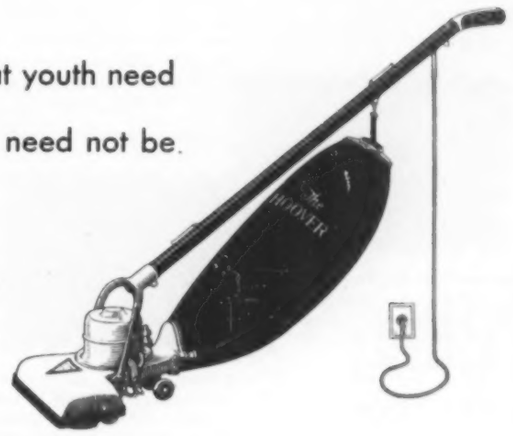
I WONDER if you remember me—you husbands to whom I said last Christmas the things I could not say to my husband?

I was the woman whose husband gave her each Christmas some pretty trinket. The woman whose youth was slipping from her too fast. The woman whose cleaning burdens were too heavy. The woman who wanted, but could not ask for, a Hoover.

I'm not the woman of a year ago.

In one short year I have discovered that youth need not go so swiftly—that cleaning duties need not be burdensome.

For last Christmas my husband did give me a Hoover!



"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

JOHN E. DRESHAR *scores with* #601 *and* #912

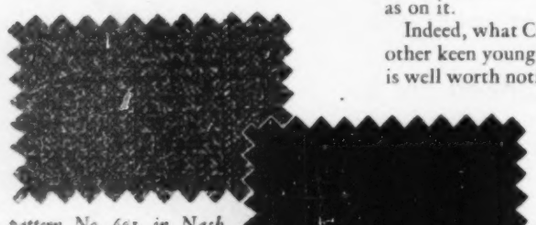
CAPTAIN of the 1929 football team at Carnegie Tech—the only team that defeated Notre Dame for two consecutive years—John E. Dreshar is a notable figure in the world of sports, and also on the campus. He is a member, too, of Phi Kappa fraternity. He is one of the thousands of college and business men who wear Nash clothes.

Hard-hitting and aggressive as a football player, immensely popular on the campus, Captain Dreshar, of Carnegie Tech, is a leader of men off the field as well as on it.

Indeed, what Captain Dreshar does today, a host of other keen young men will be doing tomorrow. So it is well worth noting that he is wearing Nash clothes.

For his suit he chose pattern No. 601, which he had tailored into a two-button sack model, with a medium fitting back. And for his overcoat he chose Nash pattern No. 912, made up with that full roominess which is the preference of so many college men.

Whatever your build, or your bank account, you'll find it worth your while to ask the nearest Nash-trained resident representative—one of a national organization of 1800—to call at your home or your office. He will show you the 210 Nash patterns and 30 Nash models (at prices to suit almost any purse!), take your measurements for a suit or overcoat that will be tailored individually for you. If he hasn't already called, write us and we'll quickly put him in touch with you. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Nash pattern No. 601, in Nash style No. 216, makes a trim-fitting, stout-wearing suit that has proved popular with thousands of well-groomed young college men.

Nash pattern No. 912, cut in Nash style No. 223, tailors into a full, roomy overcoat—two-button, double-breasted, sportlike by day, "dressy" by night.

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co.

(Continued from Page 96)

In that apprehension he sprang forward, hands kept aloft in the convention of safety. "Put down those guns—all of you!" he cried authoritatively, loudly, so that Dave might hear him. "I've got this place surrounded! I'm Vigilante Number Three!"

"Vigilante, are you?" retorted the man from Montana. He jerked the loose hammer of his revolver to a spurting detonation.

Calhoun crashed forward on his face.

But that instant of diversion had been enough. A score of hands had jumped to belts, a score of revolvers were horizontal.

"Hands up yourselves! Surrender! Up with 'em!"

The bandits stood irresolute in the evident odds against them. Dave Morgan appeared in the doorway.

"Vigilantes! Arrest those men!"

Half an hour later a row of bodies dangled from the rafters of the new hotel which was to be the pride of North Platte.

By a guttering candle, Dave Morgan looked down upon Calhoun's face.

"You were a good man, Jim," he said, hardening his voice. "I'm going to miss you, and the road's going to miss you. It just eats up good men, does this railroad, but we'll see it through. Trust us."

It was May, 1867. A small party of men scrambled among the crags and precipices of the Black Hills, the eastern range of the Rockies. They were running the final location of the road, which, quitting the old emigrant trail—impracticable for a railroad beyond a certain point—had to climb 8000-odd feet on a grade not exceeding ninety to the mile. Behind them the track was being rapidly pushed across the last flat stretch of prairie, personally financed by Oakes Ames, heroically chancing whether he could dispose of the company's depreciated securities he received in payment. North Platte was a deserted village. The terminal base had shifted to Julesberg, "wickedest city in America." Thirty-five hundred men were working on the grade, four hundred and fifty were racing to catch them up with the rails. Preliminary location runners were working far beyond Salt Lake. Survey parties were being killed and scalped in the eastern foothills. The Indians of the plains were making a desperate effort to stop the onward march of manifest destiny, alarmingly visible in the Union Pacific and the rival Kansas Pacific away to the south, frightening the all-essential buffalo. For hundreds of miles over those plains scattered settlers were fighting for their lives and the stages raced in what was often a death ride. Under the chief command of Sherman, Generals Hancock and Custer moved out in a widespread campaign. The Kansas Pacific was held up. But the Union Pacific went on, daily driven forward by the inflexible will, the electric energy, of young General Dodge, chief engineer.

This little band of men was untroubled by that distant warfare. Isolated in the mountain solitudes, they had heard no news for weeks. They formed a self-complete internally subdivided little community of their own—surveyors, levelers, axmen, flagmen, instrument carriers, muleteers and the all-important cook. Their job, though more or less following the staked route of their predecessors, was to establish the final layout of the ever-climbing line, making as much height as possible without ever exceeding the permitted grade, avoiding tunnels wherever possible, avoiding evident or probable snowslides, seeking diligently wherever the road might run with a minimum of blasting as it clung to the winding cliffs. The working party was now on the halfway ledge of a great chasm, snow-covered peaks high above them, white against the blue sky, a sheer drop vertiginous below. A wall of rock barred their farther progress—a wall which certainly would have to be tunneled.

The engineers consulted. "Impossibility" was not in their vocabulary. The road could not stop, and this was the best grade so far. How long must the tunnel be? Whither would it bend? They gave curt orders to the party bunched up behind them. Men commenced to drive climbing irons into the cliff, one above the other, from handhold to dizzy handhold. They must go up and over, look down from above. Up they went, their paraphernalia hauled carefully after them.

They reached a spot among jagged rocks which was high enough. Now they must look down over the edge, accurately measure the level at which the tunnel would emerge, accurately fix a point to link with the last previous fixed point in distance and in grade. With experienced nonchalance the men were already making preparations, were laying out coils of rope, were knotting the ends to the little plank platform which would be lowered over the rim into blue nothingness. Others were fixing iron stakes to take the strain. The instruments were strapped to the platform. The platform was pushed to dangle a foot or so over the edge. A young engineer stepped forward unconcernedly to what was his routine duty, wound the end of a signal rope about his arm, cautiously squirmed over to get a seat on the platform. "Lower away!" he said. The men paid out the ropes. The engineer's head disappeared. The men continued to let the ropes run out, slowly, slowly, yard after yard. There was a tug on the signal rope. "Stop!"

They stood waiting. Far below, out of sight, the young engineer was swaying in the mountain wind, lucky if he could clutch a crag to steady himself for those all-essential, precise calculations he must make. The wait prolonged itself. It was all habitual, normal. They stood back from the edge in patience, lit their pipes.

Suddenly there was a startled shout: "Look! The ropes!"

The ropes, serrated by the sharp rock edge, were almost sawed through! Several men jumped forward, flung themselves prone, reached for the ropes to clutch them beyond the frayed strands, to ease the strain. They were too late. Those last strands parted. From far down the gulf they heard a faintly reëchoing cry.

The men stood back, appalled. The engineer in charge looked at them, his face grim. The work must go on.

"Get ready another platform," he said. "And put a roller under the ropes this time. I want to come back for my coffee."

It was July of that same year, 1867. Far to the west, Assistant Engineer Percy Browne rode with eight troopers of the United States Cavalry. Already he had had adventures. In March he had left Omaha, with a survey party had fought his way through spring blizzards over the Black Hills to Fort Sanders on their western side. His assignment prescribed that he should "develop the country from Fort Sanders to Green River," 275 miles across the high Laramie Plains—a favorite Sioux hunting ground—and over the practically unexplored Red Desert beyond. At Fort Sanders he had picked up an escort of the Second United States Cavalry. On May twelfth, in the Laramie Plains, his camp had been rushed by Sioux. He had beaten them off, taken back his dead to Sanders, started out again. Unmolested, he had run his preliminary lines across the high ground of the Continental Divide, across the North Platte River, until he reached the Red Desert. There he had left his party with orders to work back and complete the survey. He himself, with eight cavalrymen, would push on into the desert to reconnoiter.

The nine men had now penetrated a hundred miles into that thirsty irregularly heaped wilderness of reddish soil, patched whitely with soda and alkali, gray with great stretches of sagebrush, magicked with deceptive mirage where herds of antelope had looked like charging columns of cavalry, had looked like bounding fantastic monsters until they had burst like bubbles revealing the miniature reality of the animal within. The sun was already high and the heat and dust parched their throats, made them yearn for the precious water they must above all things economize.

Suddenly one of the troopers pointed to the north. "What's that?"

They all reined up. Away across the desert a large shapeless mass was swelling and bouncing in the mirage, baffling all exact recognition.

"Antelope!"

"Injuns!"

Indians it was—hundreds of them, approaching at a gallop, emerging startlingly from the brusquely dispelled mirage.

The nine men turned their horses, dug in their spurs, rode for their lives. Less than a score of miles to the south was a station of the overland stage. It was evident almost at once that they would never reach it. Their start was too short. The Indians, yelling and whooping, were rapidly gaining on them.

Just ahead, an irregular small butte rose above the plain. They dashed for it, dismounted, heel-roped their horses, flung themselves prone, carbines ready, just as the Sioux raced up. The carbines cracked out. A fight of nine men against three hundred began.

It was dark dusk. For eight hours the fight had gone on, an incessant fusillade from lurking Indians, a constant repetition of wildly yelling charges that swerved only at the last moment. The horses had been stampeded, driven off. Assistant Engineer Browne lay shot through the stomach. The eight troopers fired a few last shots at the Indians retreating out of range with their spoil. The party had saved its scalps so far. With a little luck they might make the overland-stage station on foot, in the darkness. So the troopers opined. They glanced at the desperately wounded engineer, stretched helpless.

"Leave me, boys," said Assistant Engineer Percy Browne. "I'm all in, anyway. Go while the going's good. You'll make the station before dawn."

"We're just the boys to leave yeh, ain't we?" said one of the troopers. "Put a blanket over a couple them carbines, lads; we'll tote him along, all right."

They carried him fifteen miles through the darkness to LaClede Station, and there Assistant Engineer Percy Browne died. More than a hundred miles to the eastward, Percy Station of the Union Pacific Railroad yet commemorates him.

A few weeks later, General Dodge, reconnoitering with a party into that same Red Desert, met the Thomas A. Bates survey party. Its teams abandoned, it was crawling on its hands and knees, its tongues black, on a desperate compass course due east. Perishing with thirst, it could only croak. Thus were laid the survey lines for the man-devouring railroad ever hurrying west.

It was August, 1868. Now, across the arid, poison-water, sagebrush desolation of the Red Desert, 10,000 graders, 1000 tracklayers, hundreds of supply teams, were busy in a long thin line. The road was going forward at nearly two miles a day average; on one classic occasion had extended by seven and a half miles between sunup and sunset. There was much need for furious haste. From the west the Central Pacific was advancing fast. At the end of 1867, team-hauling its locomotives, cars and material over the frozen Sierra, without waiting for the completion of the tunnels in its rear, it had crossed the California border. Now it was racing across the Nevada desert toward Salt Lake, even as the Union Pacific was racing thither from the east.

It was indeed a race. No point of junction had been fixed by Government. Each road was free to build as far as it could, with a premium of $64,000 and 12,800 acres of land for every mile it made. The surveyors of both companies were working far in each other's territory; the Central's engineers well east of Ogden; the Union's linemen as far west as the Humboldt.

(Continued on Page 104)

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He laid upon the altar of his work all the dear things of life—health, family, friends, fortune, happiness.

He was cast into prison for debt.

He felt himself "appointed of God."

He discovered the vulcanization of rubber.

His name was Charles Goodyear.

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In cities that he never saw—quite possibly of which he could not even dream—and in an enterprise he did not found, his spirit abides where his name finds greatest honor.

With every passing year, the name of Goodyear rises higher, clearer.

Deservedly the greatest name in rubber in the beginning, through the work of the man, it is today no less deservedly the greatest name in rubber through the work of the institution which followed the path he pioneered.

THE name Goodyear is greatest in invention.

Look through the annals of the rubber industry's achievements, and on every important page for a quarter-century you will find record of Goodyear the institution's contribution to the art.

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Goodyear perfected the principle of cord tire construction underlying the high-mileage performance of automobile tires today.

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Goodyear devised the All-Weather Tread, for maximum safety, traction, wear.

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Goodyear provided the indispensable rubber equipment for aeronautics in America, and itself established record after record in air navigation.

Goodyear developed SUPERTWIST, the extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric essential to the modern low-pressure tire.

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THE name Goodyear is greatest in sales.

The measure of value in rubber may accurately be gauged by volume of sales, sustained public demand being the evidence of merit.

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More rubber is used by Goodyear—more than one-sixth of all the crude rubber produced annually in the world, almost 50% more than is used by any other manufacturer.

THE name Goodyear is greatest in service.

There is in the Goodyear business-method a fixed principle of the greatest service to the greatest number. With the same care that it builds into its products the greatest possible value, Goodyear has provided the means to help users get all that value out.

It has covered the world with a network of branches, depots and dealer service stations for the prompt supply and expert servicing of Goodyear wares.

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It is a fair statement to say that none of Goodyear's success has come to Goodyear unearned.

This is a young company—eager, alert, forward-looking—one of the youngest although it is the greatest rubber company of the world.

It has come along no royal road in its march to decisive leadership but often through trial and travail like that which Charles Goodyear himself endured.

But it has had his conquering spirit in its heart.

And it has had the devoted service of thousands on thousands of loyal men who respond to that spirit.

And it has had the trust and goodwill of the millions of people who have tested its work and word and found them worthy.

It will keep all these, because it knows whereof they spring.

In the beginning, by force of discovery, Goodyear was the greatest name in rubber.

By force of usefulness, to its own and to all people, Goodyear is the greatest name in rubber today.

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Pat. Nos. 1581761, 1668491, RE17131. Others Pending

(Continued from Page 101)

Last winter the Union Pacific had halted amid the snows just short of the summit of the Black Hills. Henceforth there were to be no more halts. From Doctor Durant's elegant office in New York—"beautiful with paintings and statuary, and enlivened with the singing of birds"—the fiat had gone forth in April: "Cover the road with men from Green River to Salt Lake within one month, and to Humboldt Wells in three"—seven hundred miles of location in three months, while the road was to go on without stopping, over the Wasatch Range, at least to Ogden. That rush through winter would cost at least an additional $10,000,000. The Crédit Mobilier, amid ugly whispers of political scandal caused by a melon of Union Pacific stock prematurely cut last fall, was desperately borrowing right and left, was paying half a million a month in interest. Oakes Ames put his great shovel factory in as backing to it. "Save the credit of the road, I will fail," he was to write, faithful to the trust Lincoln had given him, and fail he would in due course, die reviled and broken-hearted. It mattered not. At any price those subsidies must be won, and with them the control of traffic as far as Ogden, key to the trade of the Mormon paradise of Utah.

Day by day the transcontinental telegraph spurred the racing trackmen with bulletins of their rival's prowess. If Crocker's Chinamen laid two miles for the Central, Casement's Irishmen replied with two and a half, with three—"no damned Chinamen could beat them laying rails." The entire continent had become excitedly aware of this contest of giants. On their front pages the newspapers splash-lined yesterday's progress in fat type. Excursion parties flocked enthusiastically from the East to view this thrillingly impressive march to the sea, a civilian army conquering prairie, mountain and desert with a clockworklike precision of disciplined human effort. From Omaha the iron trains followed one another along the single strip of rails, beating off Indians, desperate to be on time. In the lumber camps of the Rockies hundreds of axmen and teamsters labored to send down ties for the track which could never have enough of them. In mountain and desert thousands of men toiled through fatigue and thirst and danger for the road which had become a mystically superhuman entity, tyrannical over their lives.

It was Monday, May 10, 1869. Promontory Point, Utah. A bleak muddy upland valley. Fronting each other on a single track stood two trains. The one facing east, drawn by a wide-funneled locomotive, Jupiter 60, adorned with banners and national flags, had brought Leland Stanford and his guests from the siding thirty miles west, where their special car had spent the week-end. The Union Pacific train, drawn by the straight-stacked Rogers 119, had been delayed by bad weather east of Ogden, had only recently arrived. It carried, together with a multitude of excursionists and four companies of the Twenty-first Infantry, Vice President Durant, Sidney Dillon of the Crédit Mobilier, General Dodge and the Brothers Casement. Only the indomitable Oakes Ames was absent from those who chiefly had driven the Union Pacific across the continent. Between the two trains, the southern rail was for a double span missing from the track. The final rails which were now to be laid.

It was the end to a last fierce achievement. If the Central Pacific had pressed forward from Humboldt with smallpox raging in the camps, with bridges breaking down behind, with trains plunging into canyons, with a desperate shortage of rails, the Union Pacific could boast not less of difficulties surmounted. All through winter it had battled through the Wasatch Range, shoveling away snow twenty feet deep, blasting the frozen ground, working in night and day shifts, Mormons added to the Irish. On March third its rails had entered Ogden.

The race had gone on, seeming as though each line were determined to build right through to the opposite ocean. Between Ogden and Promontory, fifty miles west, the rival gangs of Chinamen and Irish had worked on parallel grades, had blown each other up with dynamite. It was a passion of rivalry patently absurd. The two companies had come to a compromise ratified by decree of Congress on April tenth: "The common terminus of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific railroads shall be at or near Ogden; and the Union Pacific Railroad Company shall build, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company shall pay for and own, the railroad from the terminus aforesaid to Promontory Point; at which point the rails shall meet and connect and form one continuous line."

A telegraph operator sat at a small deal table beside the gap in the rails. From his instrument, wires led up to the nearest telegraph pole. It was just before noon. The crowd of spectators, Mormons, graders, trackmen, excursionists and the Twenty-first Infantry, together with their band, had ranked themselves in eager anticipation.

There was a burst of cheering. The construction superintendents of the once rival roads were walking together from the Stanford car, carrying between them the famous last tie of polished laurel bound with silver. Behind them came a squad of blue-bloused Chinese, carrying the last rail of the Central Pacific. From the other side advanced a squad of Irishmen, similarly bearing the last Union rail. The cheering became a wild enthusiasm. The engines shrieked. The tie was put in place, the rails laid.

The telegraph operator worked the key of his instrument: "To everybody. Keep quiet. When the last spike is driven at Promontory Point, we will say 'Done.'" He looked up, clicked again. "Almost ready. Hats off. Prayer is being offered."

There were prayers and speeches. General Dodge, incarnation of the Union Pacific, spoke: "Gentlemen, the great Benton proposed that some day a giant statue of Columbus be erected on the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains, pointing westward, denoting this as the great route across the continent. You have made that prophecy today a fact. This is the way to India."

The crowd cheered, cheered and cheered again.

The telegraph operator clicked: "We have got done praying. The spike is about to be presented."

A silver-headed maul was connected with the telegraph instrument. Doctor Durant, elegant, as usual, in a velvet coat and a vivid cravat, was presented with a silver spike from the Comstock Lode. The governor of Arizona brought forward a spike of mingled gold, silver and iron. Idaho gave a spike of silver, Montana one of gold. California presented two spikes of gold—one for each rail at point of meeting. The silver spikes were set in previously drilled holes, were driven by invited guests. Doctor Durant hammered in his golden spike. Leland Stanford took the silver maul. The honor of the last spike was to be his. A continent's telegraph business stood still for that signal which would be automatic from the blow.

The telegraph operator clicked: "All ready now. The spike will soon be driven. The signal will be three dots for the commencement of the blows."

President Leland Stanford struck.

The telegraph instrument clicked: "Dot-dot-dot! Done!"

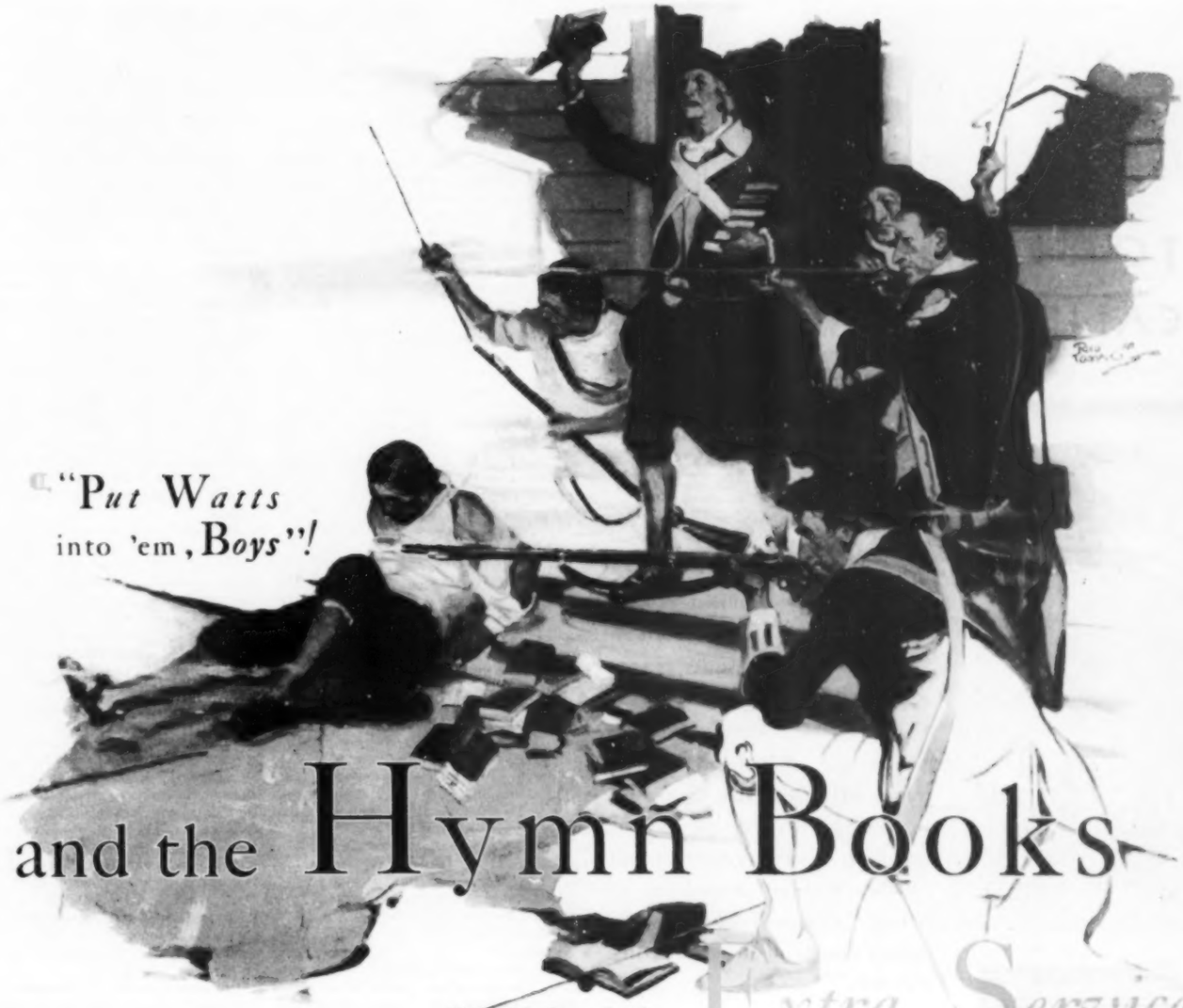
It released a nation-wide enthusiasm. Far away in Washington, the ball on the dome of the Capitol fell and a vast crowd cheered and yelled. In San Francisco the old vigilante bell was pealing from the city tower and 220 guns were firing. At New York 100 guns thundered out among the joyous carillon of Trinity Church pealing the Old Hundred. Chicago celebrated in a procession four miles long. Philadelphia swung the Liberty Bell. Salt Lake City Tabernacle was packed with Mormons and Gentiles rejoicing that the isolation of Utah was forever ended, that the oceans were linked.

Meanwhile the two engines had been uncoupled from the trains. Swarmed over with enthusiasts, they moved forward between walls of cheering spectators. Their engineers clambered out to the front, each with a bottle of champagne. The locomotives slowly touched. The bottles were broken upon the opposing engine. The engineers shook hands. Everybody "yelled like to bust."

Thus was accomplished the feat that was perhaps most typical of the nineteenth century, the century sundered from all predecessors by the railroad, revolutionizing the destiny of mankind as no invention had ever revolutionized it since the discovery of agriculture.

PHOTO. BY WALTER HESS

A Canyon Entrance to the Panamint Mountains, California



"Put Watts into 'em, Boys"! and the Hymn Books gave an Extra Service

Down through the valley, lovely in June sunshine, came the Hessians. Defiant, their backs to the church, stood the fearless Jersey farmers led by Caldwell, the heroic parson! An hour of withering fire—and then above the roar of battle sounded the cry from the minute-men—more wadding for the hot muskets! Into his church dashed the fighting parson; then back to the battle, loaded down with hymn books! Throwing them to his men, he shouted "Make wads of the pages—put Watts *into 'em, boys!" . . . They did; and the Hessians broke into straggling retreat. Hymn books, printed for peace and worship, did an* **Extra Service** *and saved the day for freedom!*

• • •

. . . ***in emergencies***. . . and in everyday life . . . things that do an Extra Service are doubly valuable!

The ***Extra Service*** that you get from Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, makes it doubly valuable to the engine of your car.

Opaline is not merely a good motor oil made to lubricate your car's engine thoroughly—Opaline lubricates—and does the *Extra Service of sealing the pistons to prevent power from blowing by!*

In your engine, between each piston and cylinder wall is a space. Motor oil should fit this space and seal it. *But* . . . the size of this space varies in different cars. In new cars the space is small—a lighter grade of motor oil is needed to seal it. After a car has traveled 2,000 miles, 12,000 miles, and over, the space has worn larger—heavier grades of motor oil must be used.

The degree of wear in your engine determines which grade of motor oil you need—and the *mileage* on your speedometer indicates that degree of wear.

That is the Sinclair Law of Lubrication". The right *grade* of motor oil is just as important as the right *quality*. It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to give you both.

Tell him the mileage reading on your speedometer—he will give you the grade of Opaline that will render the *extra service of piston seal* to prevent power from blowing by!

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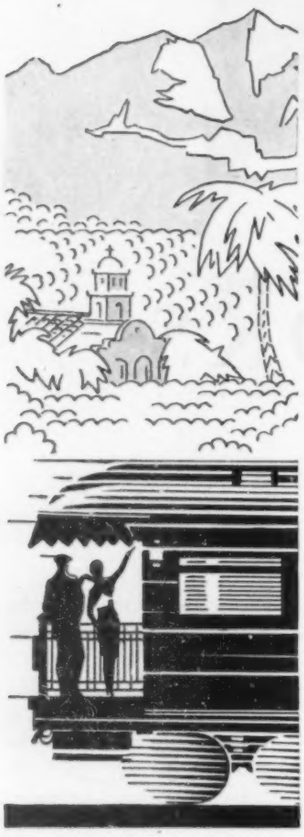

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

SIZZLING SADIE

(Continued from Page 25)

"An' you think maybe you might like me enough to make ma'iage provided I co'ted you some mo'?"

"I—I think so. You sholy plays the fiddle swell."

Aleck took her arm and strolled with her toward the building which housed the projection room and cutting department.

"Albany is jealous," he announced.

"Yeh, Aleck, I sort of suspected somethin' like that last night."

"He come to see me after I got to the hotel, an' he 'lowed that he would sterminate me did I ever even walk down the street with you again."

She clasped her hands.

"Ain't that terrible!"

"So I ask you, Ester, how is a feller gwine co't a gal when ev'y time he does he gits lammed with a couple of big fists?"

"You—you mean you ain't gwine co't me?"

"I is. Honest, I is, honey gal. But I cain't do it on the street."

She gazed at him closely.

"You has a scheme?"

"Uh-huh. I schum one las' night."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, it's this way. I reelize that you is a nice, beautiful, self-respectin' gal which coul'n't make ma'iage with nobody less'n you was co'ted proper. Also I know that I cain't co't you ordinary, 'cause if I does so, Albany White is gwine see that I immedjutly collecks my benefits in the Over the River Burying Sassiety. So I started figgerin', an' the fust idea which come to me was this: I work regalar fo' Midnight. Also, you do. An' nobody gits on this lot 'ceptin' on'y he is a 'ployee of the company. Now that means, Ester, that ev'y day fum nine in the mawnin' until five or six in the afternoon I an' you is on the lot heah where Albany White cain't git to us. So I ask you, will it be salisfractory to you if I co'ts you all day an' leaves you alone after us departs fum the studjo?"

She deliberated the question.

"Tha's kind of queer etiquette, Aleck."

"I know it is, honey. But gettin' kilt is a lot queerer."

Ester was a good sport. "All right, Aleck. You can co't me on the lot only, an' I wish you lots of luck, 'cause I always did ambition to marry a fiddle player."

Aleck was beaming. He fairly adored Miss Babble. There sholy wasn't many gals would pass up bein' co'ted in the evenin's. He reckoned Ester must be considering his suit seriously, else she would never have consented to anything so unconventional. He determined to make his courtship a good one. Then perhaps she'd marry him, and after that he was convinced that Albany would sense the futility of any further opposition.

An ebony office boy came scooting across the lot to notify Aleck that his presence was required immediately in the office of Midnight's chief executive. The professor bade Ester adieu and departed. As he walked into the presence of the pompous and portly President Orifice R. Latimer, that dignitary glanced at the countenance of his musical director and made a comment:

"That face, Aleck! What happened to it?"

The professor shrugged. "An accident met up with me, Orifice."

"Sorry." Latimer immediately became all business. He took a sheet of paper from his desk and extended it to Champagne. "Read that, Aleck. I an' Forcep Swain drawed it up, an' we crave to see does it meet with yo' 'proval."

Laboriously, Aleck perused the document:

CAN YOU WRITE THEME SONGS?
Evrybody Does. So Can You.
MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.
Off rs a Permanunt Job to the Composer of
THE BEST THEME SONG
For the Currant Midnight Comedy.
Everybody Invited to Compete.
Come One. Come All.
Here's Your Chance to Get a Swell Job With Midnight at Fifty Dollars pr. Week Salry.
Six Months Contrack Given to the Winner.
All Theme Songs Will be Judged by Birmingham's Most Foremost Colored Musician—
PROFESSOR ALECK CHAMPAGNE

The professor shook his head slowly.

"I got only one suggestion, Brother Latimer."

"Well, go ahead. Be suggestive."

"Why can't we put in there that I is also open fo' dance engagements at night?"

"I'll consider that, Aleck. Now read the rest of the 'nouncement."

Aleck turned the paper. The article announced that Midnight intended to retain its position as the preëminent producer of two-reel comedies of negroes, by negroes, and for the whole world. It stated that since the advent of sound production all great pictures boasted their own individual theme songs and that Midnight had no intention of being behindhand in so vital a matter.

Midnight, said the paper, was ready at all times to encourage native talent, and to that end had inaugurated this contest which everyone, professional or amateur, was entitled to enter. Music only was to be submitted; the lyrics could be supplied easily enough by Author Forcep Swain to fit the exigencies of the particular production in which the prize-winning theme song was to be used.

And the reward was nothing to be sneered at—a six months' contract with Midnight at fifty dollars a week, with the certainty that if the candidate made good he would be retained indefinitely. In conclusion the announcement made it clear that since everybody connected with or interested in sound pictures was writing theme songs, there was no reason why some hitherto unheard-of genius might not be uncovered in the confines of Birmingham's Darktown. And realizing that it was possible the Alabama metropolis might be lacking in theme songsters of ability, Midnight reserved the right to refuse the prize altogether.

Professor Champagne was pleased. That he should be appointed the sole arbiter was more than he dared hope. He knew that the contest announcement would be received with vast enthusiasm and that he, therefore, would come in for considerable friendly attention.

Jobs with Midnight were coveted by the dusky citizenry of Birmingham. In the first place, the company paid well and, in the second place, there was an impregnable social prestige attached to being a member of the organization which had blazed a trail across the silver screens of two continents. That there would be a grand rush for the prize was a certainty.

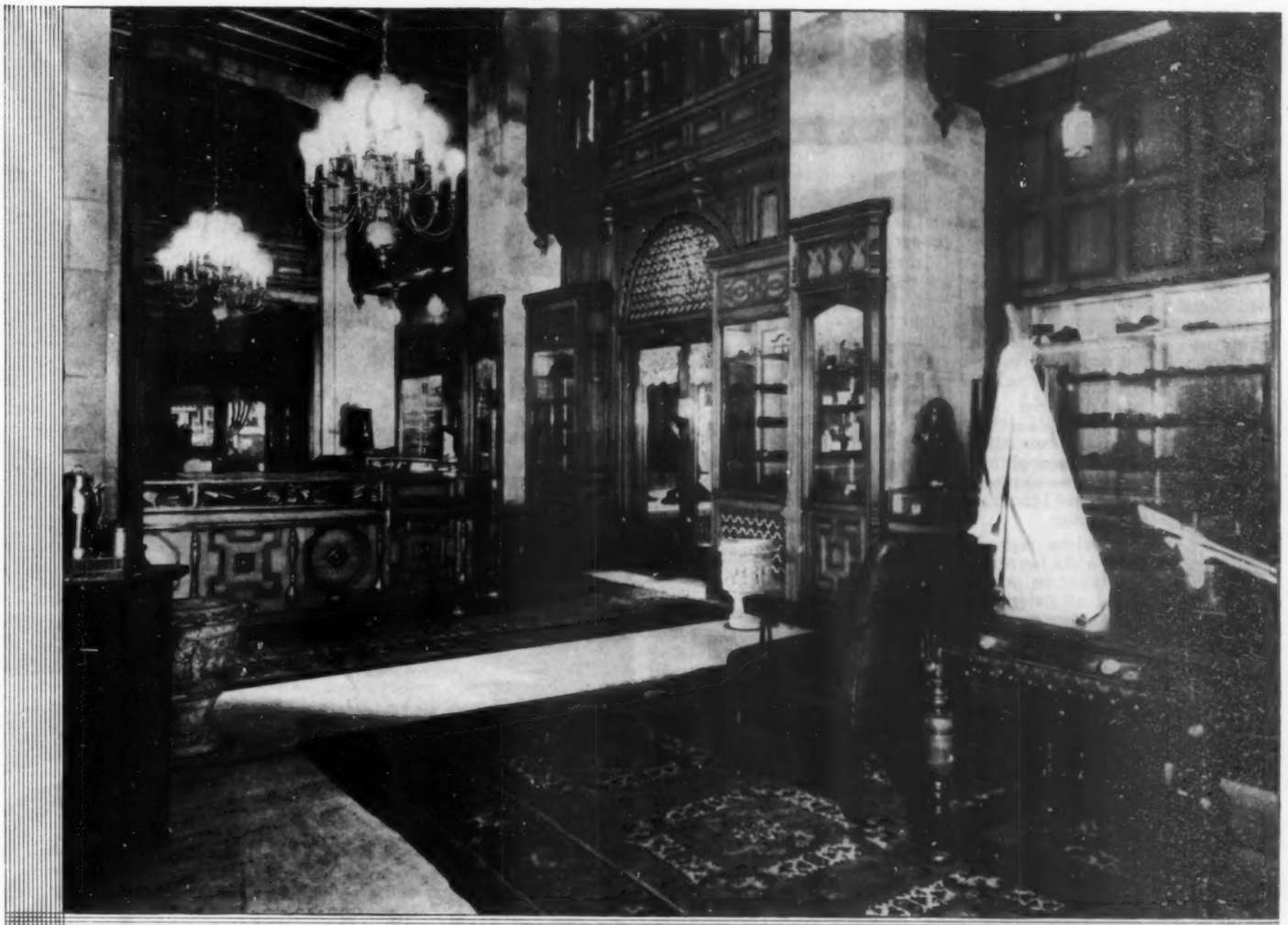
And there was. The announcement was put into type and circulated through the city. Colored Birmingham read and gasped. In one fell swoop the entire Afro-American section of the city went music mad.

Wherever one went—along Eighteenth Street or up and down the busy reaches of Fourth Avenue; on Avenue F or in the winding streets of Tittisville—one could see ebony gentlemen and ladies strolling absent-mindedly with their lips puckered to that shape from which whistles emerge. Within four days Midnight was deluged with theme songs.

Meanwhile, Professor Champagne had not guessed wrong in believing that he would come in for a world of attention. Each contestant seemed to think that it behooved him to be a trifle nicer to Aleck than the next, and so the professor rode triumphantly on the crest of a popularity wave which exceeded anything he had ever before experienced.

There was only one fly in his ointment. It made him sick at heart to realize that

(Continued on Page 109)



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At 32nd and Broadway, New York, is this newest of twelve John David Stores—*magnificent, beautiful, inspiring*—an impressive example of Grand Rapids artistry in planning and equipment.

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Broadway or Main Street—it makes no difference to Grand Rapids. No store is too large, none too small to benefit from our service. Large department stores, chain stores, exclusive shops—even the smallest of small stores have found the way to *greater volume* through contact with this 30 year old organization.

Wherever you are, whatever your size, whatever you sell, Grand Rapids can aid in increasing your business. Send for our latest book, "The New Way Method in Merchandising". You will find it intensely interesting and full of valuable information. Why not write for it today—it will help you plan your business for 1930.

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GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

Interesting facts about your car's performance

MOTOR car performance is a purely relative term. Your car either has it or hasn't, depending largely on its condition from day to day.

Motor car performance has no tangible or concrete definition, but is a quality with which every motorist is greatly concerned, and likes to consider as being embodied in his own car to a superlative degree.

When a new car is delivered to its owner it is in the best condition that its manufacturer can achieve. After its delivery, the maintenance of that high level of performance depends entirely on the care and attention given the car by its owner.

The condition of valves, pistons, piston rings, cylinder walls, bearings, ignition system, lubrication and a host of other items, all determine exactly the measure of performance your car will give.

A little attention to these units at regular intervals will maintain topnotch performance in your car. The effort involved is small, the cost negligible. Both will be more than repaid by the greater motoring satisfaction which you gain and by avoiding possible costly repair bills.

Proper lubrication is vital to the life of your engine. Any good oil helps it retain its greatest efficiency. The owner who is concerned with maintaining performance keeps his crankcase full and changes oil at regular intervals to insure correct lubrication at all times and under all operating conditions.

He appreciates that friction is a constant threat to the cylinder wall and bearing surfaces. Proper lubrication is his constant safeguard. It contributes greatly to the performance and the life of his engine.

The storage battery is a most important factor in motoring satisfaction. With regular attention it will last indefinitely. Simply maintain the proper water level and keep the terminals clean. This insures bright lights, easy starting and a hot spark at the spark plug points.

A few drops of oil on the generator and starter, and an occasional inspection of the brushes, will generally make these units efficient for the life of the car.

Worn piston rings lose compression, which means lost power and a waste of oil and gas. New rings, when necessary, restore it. Sluggish, improperly seating valves should be ground to maintain power, speed and acceleration.

Ignition cables are subject to disintegration from the attacks of heat, water and oil. The insulation cracks and current is diffused, to the detriment of the spark at the spark plug points. New cables once a year obviate this loss.

Spark plugs play an important part in better engine performance. It is a simple matter to clean them and to make sure that the gaps are properly spaced.

In the last analysis, spark plugs are the heart of your engine for it is on their life-giving spark that the latent forces of your engine's power ultimately depend.

It is a well-known fact that spark plugs will continue to function almost indefinitely. It is also well established—though not so well known—that spark plugs do deteriorate during 10,000 miles, or a year's use, to such a degree that power, speed and acceleration, to say nothing of economy, are all greatly impaired.

All motor car manufacturers now recommend that you change your spark plugs every 10,000 miles simply because a new set actually improves your car's performance and saves its cost in oil and gasoline economy alone.

Thousands of laboratory and road tests, in which practically every make of motor car operated in America today was used, have proved beyond question that performance actually is impaired after spark plugs have been in use 10,000 miles. Various engineers, during these long and exhaustive tests, checked the performance, fuel and oil consumption and wear on scores of motor car engines equipped with both old and new spark plugs. Starting, changing gears, accelerating, stopping, driving in traffic and on the open road at high speed—all these conditions were exhaustively studied and the results definitely established by the readings of the most accurate precision instruments that science has devised.

Six years ago, the Champion Spark Plug Company first recommended that spark plugs be changed regularly so that you could secure the greatest performance and economy from your car. Since that time millions of motor car owners have learned that this gives them greater performance and increased satisfaction from their car, yet actually costs them nothing.

Upon Champion has been conferred the proud privilege of excelling and outselling throughout the world because its superiority is so obvious. Installing Champions insures you that you are equipped with the better spark plug. Changing them every 10,000 miles assures you that you are obtaining at all times your car's utmost in performance and economy of operation, in so far as spark plugs can give you these advantages.

Insure your car of better winter operation by installing a complete new set of Champions now. The nearest Champion dealer, or your service station, will install new Champions and otherwise make your car ready for more efficient winter driving, at small cost to you.

(Continued from Page 106)

because of the sinister presence of Mr. Albany White in the city, he could not escort the fair Ester to the various social functions at which he was the bright, particular roaring lion.

But he didn't dare. Evening after evening as Aleck stepped through the gate of the Midnight lot, he could see the massive figure of Mr. White lurking across the street, watching with venomous gaze to see whether his orders were being obeyed.

It was a noble courtship which Aleck was conducting on the lot. Every morning flowers were carried to Ester Babble's dressing room; every second day a pound of candy was delivered to her with Aleck's compliments; and every available minute the professor was to be found in her vicinity, courting fiercely, and feeling secure in the knowledge that Albany White wasn't on the lot and couldn't get there.

Aleck knew that he was making progress with Ester. Give him sufficient time, and he felt that he actually could induce her to marry him. And, between sessions of courting, he sorted out theme songs and tried them.

This task was laborious, but amusing, and the process never varied. With Webster Dill at the piano, and Professor Champagne and Sam Gin standing behind him, composition after composition was placed on the music rack. Then the large Webster would finger the ivories, Aleck would jiggle his bow across the strings of his violin and the lengthy and melancholy Sam Gin would propel wailing blue notes from his saxophone.

Day after day studio officials gathered in the little room where the amateur efforts were being tried. Thus far the contest had proved only one thing conclusively—that Birmingham colored folk had plenty of musical ambition, but an irreducible minimum of talent.

This morning the three musicians gathered for their daily chore. Sitting in a corner were President Orifice R. Latimer, Production Manager J. Cæsar Clump, Actor Opus Randall, and three or four others, including the elegant and debonair Florian Slappey, whose aim in life was to do nothing and do it constantly.

Several pieces were played and discarded. Thus far it was evident that Midnight would be forced to avail itself of the protective clause which made it possible for them to refuse the prize altogether. And then, with vast indifference, Webster Dill placed on his piano a badly inked series of notes which bore the title of Sizzling Sadie.

Webster fingered the introductory chord, Professor Champagne scraped the first notes from his violin, and Sam Gin tremoloed his saxophone. Then an amazing thing happened—a thing which brought wiggles of delight to musicians and auditors alike. Real music spurted from the three instruments—music that was delicious and lilting and thoroughly fine. Sam Gin did some expert syncopation, and before Sizzling Sadie was finished, the audience was rocking back and forth appreciatively, while the eyes of the musicians were shining with professional approval.

Sizzling Sadie was well conceived and expertly written. It had melody and delicacy, and when it had been played for the second time, President Latimer leaped to his feet.

"Hot diggity dawg!" he yelled. "I knowed we could find a genus!"

Professor Champagne shared the general enthusiasm.

"Brother Latimer," he confessed, "this is ginuwine music."

"Yeh! An' it's a cinch that whoever authored it is gwine git a job with Midnight fo' anyhow six months. Who was it?"

"Lemme see." Professor Champagne was all enthusiasm as he turned back to the cover page in search of the composer's name.

And then, for one awful, ghastly second he stared. Immediately thereafter his knees trembled and he sat down limply on a chair.

"Who was it?" demanded President Latimer. "Who written that gorgeous music?"

Professor Champagne did not answer and Midnight's chief executive surged forward, followed by the others. They stared over Aleck's shoulder at the piece which had so delighted them. Title and author's name were inscribed in ink.

SIZZLING SADIE
BY
MR. ALBANY WHITE

"Oh, golla!" mourned the professor. "Disaster has sholy backed up against me an' pushed!"

His brain was racing. The awful potentialities of the situation smote him heavily. Sizzling Sadie was unquestionably a swell piece of music, and even more unquestionable was the fact that it stood out above all the others.

But Albany White—Albany, his archenemy; Albany, the ex-fiancé of Ester Babble!

Until this contest the professor had been doing well. All day every day he and Ester were on the Midnight lot, safe from the jealous eyes of the manslaughterish Mr. White. But now Albany was about to win the grand prize, which was a six months' contract with Midnight, and each day Mr. White would also be allowed on the lot.

As through a haze, Aleck could hear the enthusiastic praise of the others for Albany White. President Latimer was clapping him on the back and stating positively that Albany was a wonder, and destined to be a marvelous addition to Midnight's already famous roster.

Aleck looked up weakly.

"But—but maybe he ain't gwine win, Orifice."

"You talks foolishment. Sizzlin' Sadie is a swell number."

"Yeh, but s'posin' somebody writes a better one?"

"Nobody ain't gwine to. That song is marvelious."

"I know. But s'posin' ——"

"Well, if anybody does, then he's a wizzid—tha's all I got to say. An' who gits the job by beatin' that song is gwine be wuth thousands of dollars to this company. On'y there ain't no chance, on account there ain't no sound pitcher, nowhere, no time, which ever had no better music than that." The chief executive swung on Forcep Swain, Midnight's author. "You, Forcep," he commanded; "git you busy creatin' words fo' that song."

"Yaa-suh, President Latimer. There ain't no job I could be fonder of."

The others strolled from the room, eagerly discussing the miracle. Only Professor Champagne remained—Aleck and one other. This person rambled across the room and dropped a friendly hand on the narrow shoulders of the stricken musician.

"Aleck," said Florian Slappey, "you look as though Mistuh Fate hisse'f had busted you in the optical."

"He has," groaned Professor Champagne.

"How come?"

"That song."

"Meanin' Sizzlin' Sadie?"

"Uh-huh."

"Gosh, Aleck, I think it's wonderful."

"So do I," groaned the professor. "Tha's what makes me sick."

Florian seated himself near his friend, and his voice was freighted with sympathy:

"Ise yo' buddy, Aleck. S'posin' you tell me yo' troubles, an' maybe I can he'p you out."

Aleck told the story from the beginning down to the present moment:

"An' it was Albany White which written that song, Florian. I never even knowed he understood music, let alone harmony an' melody an' such. An' heah I is, the only judge in this contes', an' I has got to climb up on a platform an' present Albany White with a job which means I don't make ma'iage with the gal Ise crazy about."

Mr. Slappey made a clucking sound of sympathy and agreed that Aleck was indeed in a horrid predicament. The professor threw his arms wide in a helpless, hopeless gesture.

"What is I gwine do 'bout it, Florian? I cain't give that job to Albany, an' I cain't refuse, on account President Latimer wouldn't let me do such."

Mr. Slappey commenced to exercise his brain. "I got one idea, Aleck."

"Yeh?"

"You is a swell musician. How 'bout you writin' a theme song yo'se'f?"

"I cain't. Ise the judge."

"I know. But sign it with my name."

"An' give you the prize?"

"Uh-huh."

"But, Florian, you don't know no music. An' did you git the job, you couldn't write no mo' theme songs."

"Shuh! I should worry 'bout that when I has got a six months' contrack at fifty dollars a week. Anyway, Aleck, it's the on'iest chance I see. An' I know dawg-gone good an' well that you is mo' musicaler than Mistuh White."

And so for two nights Professor Champagne locked himself in his room at the Cozy Home hotel and created music. It was a tedious and headachy job, but eventually there appeared on paper a series of notes which, when played in sequence by the professor, were distinctly pleasing to the ear.

He rewrote and revamped and polished. Finally, the task was finished and Aleck was satisfied. He printed the name of Florian Slappey on the cover and carried the number to the Midnight studio the following day.

He demanded the presence of President Latimer and other executives when the Slappey number was played. During its very excellent rendition the eyes of the auditors glowed with approval, and when the last notes died out, President Latimer spoke:

"Not so bad, Aleck."

"I think it's good."

"Well, it ain't so good, neither. In fack, it strikes me as bein' just another piece of music."

"You mean you don't think it's good enough to win?"

A derisive laugh filled the room. "Shucks, Aleck, you know good an' well that thing ain't half as good as Sizzlin' Sadie. Why, that song is puffeck. Lemme sing you the words Forcep Swain has written fo' it."

At a signal Webster Dill commenced fingering the notes of the great theme song and Orifice Latimer's raspy voice enunciated the opening words.

"Sizzlin' Sadie, is you hot?
Or is you not? I have forgot.
Tell me true, how sweet is you,
'Cause always you make me blue.

"An' I forgot the rest," finished the president, "but they is all just as good as that."

"Then you mean," gasped Aleck, "that I has got to give that prize to Albany White?"

"I don't mean nothin' else. An' you ought to be glad to do it."

"Ought to," groaned Aleck, "ain't is!"

The great news had been bruited about the lot, and it came eventually to the ears of Miss Ester Babble. She sought the depressed Aleck.

"Yeh," he confessed, "it's all true. Albany is gwine git him a job with Midnight writin' theme songs. An' I never even knowed he was a musician."

She shook her head sadly.

"Nor neither me, Aleck. Ain't it awful?"

"Gal, you don't know how much." He looked up with sudden hope. "How 'bout ma'ying me now, honey? What's the use of waitin' till Albany beats me up some mo'?"

"No, Aleck, I couldn't ma'y you yet."

"Don't you love me?"

"I reckon so, Aleck, but I ain't been co'ted half enough, an' it ain't decent fo' no gal to ma'y a man which ain't co'ted her plenty."

"But, Ester, does I wait 'til after Thursday, then Albany will be workin' heah, an' he'll plumb ruin me does I even wink at you one time."

"Tha's terrible sad, Aleck, but I cain't ma'y you now."

(Continued on Page 113)

A Run of Fifteen

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE

WHAT You See: A dark cone shedding a white light on a table covered in green . . . a leveled cue, the click of two ivory balls . . . a masterly shot completing a run of fifteen.

What You Don't See: Before the match, the players roughing the tips of their cues—so that they will grip the balls better—with a Nicholson Flat Bastard File.

There are picturesque uses for files and thousands of commonplace jobs that only a file can do. From the pocket billiard champion to the mechanic in a small town garage, every one can find uses for these sharp cutting, time tested tools.

At hardware and mill supply dealers'.

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NICHOLSON FILES

A File for Every Purpose

INGERSOLL *strikes* 12

for CHRISTMAS ....

12 DEPENDABLE GIFTS 12 GOOD LOOKING GIFTS 12 ECONOMICAL GIFTS

A PRESENT for Dad? There's an Ingersoll made just for him—a *dependable* Ingersoll! For Mother? There's an Ingersoll that will please her too—a stylish Ingersoll! For Sue? For her there's an Ingersoll—you'll find exactly the one—a *wee-size* Ingersoll! For Sonny? An *inexpensive* Ingersoll!

And for everybody else on your gift list, at just the price you want to pay, there's an Ingersoll—a reliable watch—a good-looking watch—a watch as sturdy as only Ingersoll can make.

For Ingersoll makes all kinds of watches—men's watches—women's, children's watches—pocket watches—wrist watches—desk watches—bedroom watches—traveling watches—*and the new* MITE *Wrist Watch*. This is the latest addition to the Ingersoll family and an exceedingly important addition. A stylishly small wrist watch, sturdy and dependable. Good-looking. Whether it is for a man, woman, boy or girl, this new Mite Wrist Watch will be a delightful gift.

For thirty-five years Ingersoll has known how to make good watches, dependable watches, and—more than that—has known how to make them at amazingly low prices.

Just imagine—the Yankee costs only $1.50! The new Mite Wrist Watch can be yours for only $5.00!

So take your pick. Here they are—what a wonderful variety to choose from—12 exciting gifts—12 useful gifts—12 beautiful gifts—and all such welcome gifts.

1 MITE—Radiolite . . . $5.50

The newest Ingersoll. Stylishly small, but strong and sturdy. Chromium finish, Radiolite dial.

2 ALDEN $12.50

The aristocrat of the Ingersoll line. Seven jewels. 6/0 size. The smallest watch Ingersoll has ever produced.

3 WATERBURY $5.00

The best watch five dollars can buy. Jeweled movement. Engraved case. Chromium finish. Platinum-like brilliance.

4 MIDGET $3.25

"Cute", say women and girls at first sight. "Dependable", they say, after years of service.

5 TRAVELER $2.75

Don't stir from your bed or desk—just glance across at your Traveler. Texol case, choice of six colors.

6 YANKEE $1.50

America's most famous watch—a faithful timekeeper for over 35 years. New improvements.

7 PHOTO-TRAVELER . . $3.00

This *special* Traveler—as handsome as the regular Traveler—is designed with a frame to include your favorite photograph.

8 JUNIOR $3.25

Tens of thousands of boys and young men are enthusiastic about its looks and performance.

9 ECLIPSE $2.50

A handsome design—smaller and thinner than the Yankee.

10 WRIST $3.50

A rugged watch that will give you dependable time for years and years. Chromium finish back.

11 WRIST RADIOLITE . . $4.00

Splendid for outdoor use—the rugged dependable Wrist, with Radiolite dial.

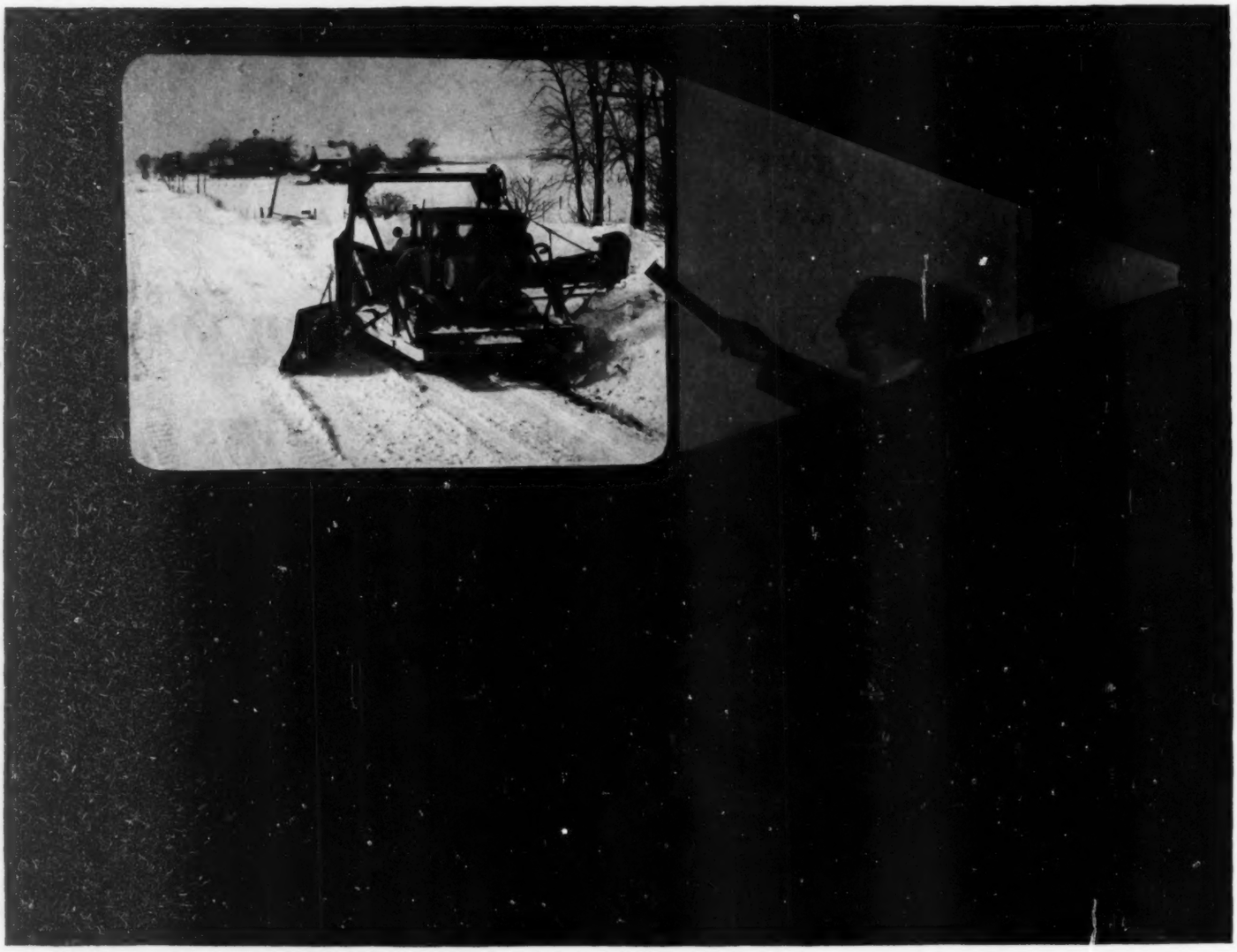
12 MITE $5.00

The same stylishly small dependable Mite, but this time with plain dial. Chromium finish.

Radiolite dials cost a little extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

INGERSOLL

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc. (Division of Waterbury Clock Co.) NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · MONTREAL. *Service Department*—Waterbury, Conn.



Ask to see the "Caterpillar" Tractor Pictures!

Motion pictures of broad tracks rippling over soft seed beds prove to farmers that "Caterpillar" Tractors *can* cultivate plowed ground. Motion pictures of the "Caterpillar" motor patrol prove to the assembled township officials that economical road maintenance is within their reach. Motion pictures of a drifted road cleared by "Caterpillar" sell to a city engineer the feasibility of "business the year round". A virtual demonstration of "Caterpillar" Tractors is possible in office or home. ¶Most "Caterpillar" dealers possess projectors and a library of films which they gladly show to prospective purchasers. Films cover farming, snow removal, road-building, logging, earth-moving and industrial scenes. ¶A request will bring the name of the nearest dealer.

Prices—f. o. b. Peoria, Illinois

TEN	$1125	TWENTY	$1975
FIFTEEN	$1500	THIRTY	$2475
	SIXTY	$4300	

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PEORIA, ILLINOIS *and* SAN LEANDRO, CALIF., U.S.A.

Track-type Tractors · Combines · Road Machinery

(There's a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

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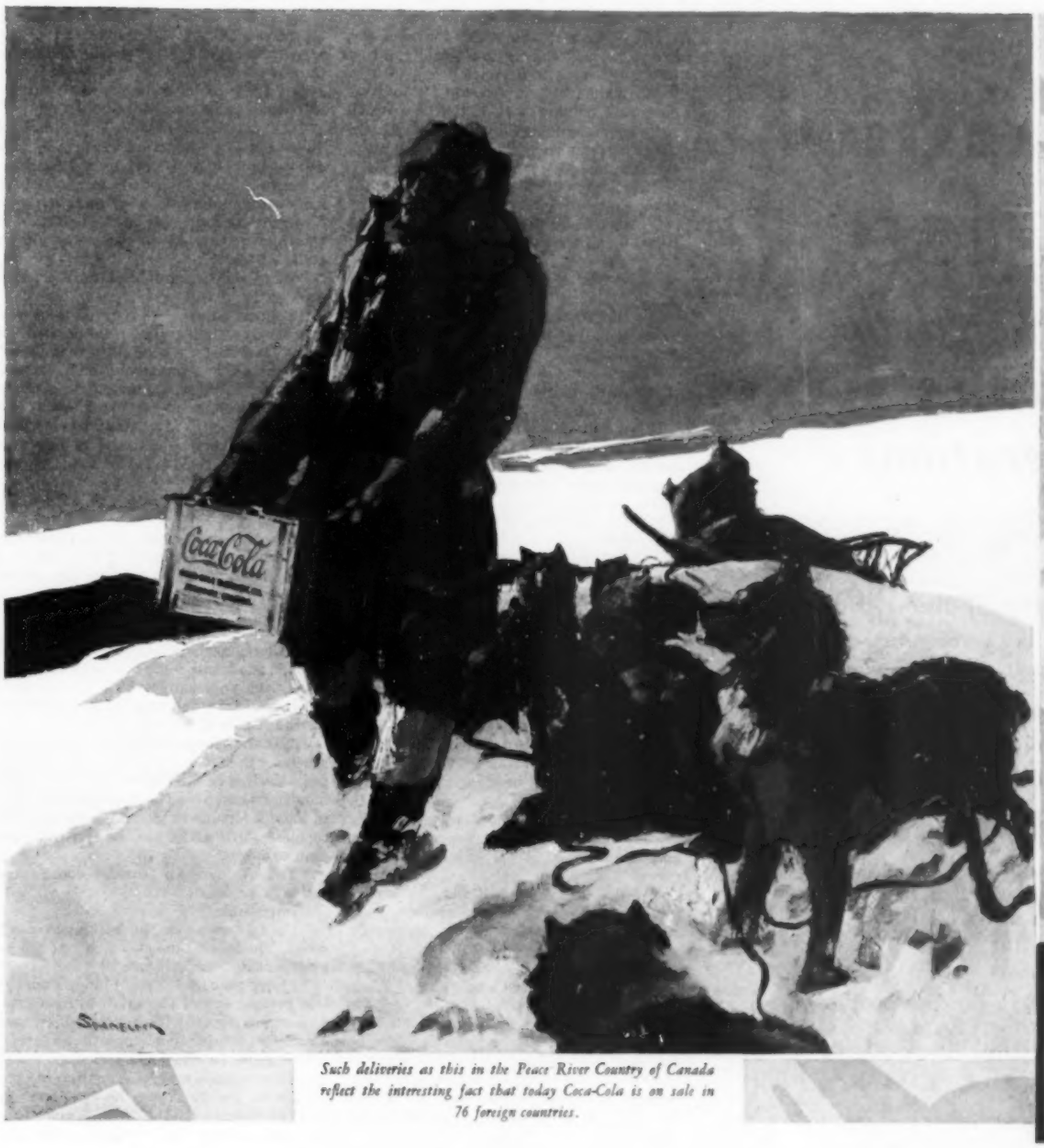

Such deliveries as this in the Peace River Country of Canada reflect the interesting fact that today Coca-Cola is on sale in 76 foreign countries.

It had to be good to get where it is

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

Where only huskies can haul ... because all men desire *the pause that refreshes*

SOMETIMES it is so cold that the atmosphere, on a clear day, shakes with frost, fine as diamond dust. Every particle of moisture in the air has turned to ice. Deep snow stretches endlessly in white brightness. It is up in the Peace River Country of Canada—where you've got to dig snow before wheels can turn. But Coca-Cola's deliveries continue—on dog sleds with the cases covered with quilted tarpaulin and heated underneath with charcoal burners. For man does not outrun the need for *the pause that refreshes* .... North or south, summer or winter—ever the call comes to pause, relax and refresh yourself. And Coca-Cola, always served ice-cold, has proved itself the one great drink whatever the weather. With its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, a short pause can be as wholesome and refreshing as a long rest. Over eight million times every day in the year Coca-Cola repeats the proof that there's no other drink so universally desired.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is steriiized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

836

FIRE ASSOCIATION PRESTIGE

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FINEST TYPE OF AGENTS

for Generations

IT follows quite naturally that a company which has been renowned for honorable dealings for more than a century, should be represented by men of high character and marked ability. And that such men should enhance its reputation in the business world.

Among our representatives there have always been many who were prominent in public affairs—often in high public office—and who had to a marked degree the esteem and confidence of the people.

Many of our agency connections are held today by the second or third generations of the fine old insurance families which started with us long ago. This franchise is so highly prized as a business asset that fathers advise their sons and grandsons to continue with it.

The importance of this to you is that insurance, properly conducted, is as much a profession as law, medicine and theology. Men who are steeped in its best experience and traditions and supported by a company with the background of the Fire Association Fleet, can serve you as few others can.

The Fire Association *Fleet*

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Almost every kind INSURANCE excepting Life

The Reliance Insurance Co.
Fire Association of Phila.

Constitution Indemnity Co.
Victory Insurance Co.

EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817

(Continued from Page 116)

"Well, we won't have time for much else from now on," said Ralston jovially, if ruefully. "Come along, Vance."

Mr. Vance turned to Jeff. "You'll excuse us," he said with a courtesy which some men might have found unnecessary in the circumstances. "I'm afraid we must go back to town."

"Certainly, sir. Can I be of any assistance—to telephone or in any way?"

"Thank you, I think not." He turned to Ralston. "I'd trust my life with every man on our pay roll," he said. "I—this has upset me dreadfully. I'm not thinking of the money loss, Bill, but of the possibility that—that some boy I've practically raised in the bank has—has made a bad business of it."

"Don't jump at conclusions," said Ralston. "It's bad for the liver. Let's go look-see."

When Jeff stepped into his shop he saw Tim, the locker boy, in indignant conversation with the caddy master. The pleasant-faced, red-haired Irish lad seemed rather hurt than angry.

"What seems to be the catastrophe?" Jeff asked.

"I just got a swell bawling out, Mr. McTodd. And it wasn't coming to me neither. It was that Mr. Minturn, and he told me plenty."

"What was his complaint?" Jeff asked.

"He says I was snoopin' in his locker. He said I hadn't any business to open his locker, and he says if he ever caught me at it again he'd get me fired. And I wasn't snoopin'. All I was doin' was gittin' out the shoes he wore yesterday, to clean them up. I'd like to know how a fellow's goin' to give service around here if he gets bawled out for that. What I got a master key to all them lockers for, anyhow? I thought he was goin' to bust me in the nose, he was that sore about it. He acted kind of crazy."

"Well," said Jeff pacifically, "if I were you, Tim, I'd give Mr. Minturn a wide berth. Let him ask for what service he wants."

"Anyhow I wouldn't open up that locker of his if he shut himself inside of it and hollered for help," said the boy.

Jeff wondered if it were just ill nature or if Minturn had heard of the occurrence at the bank and was upset by it. Just why the man should be troubled, he could not see, because the responsibility rested upon the bank, which would have to shoulder the loss.

He walked over to the case where he had on display a number of sets of matched clubs and straightened them abstractedly. Eric Minturn! Ever since meeting the man and hearing his identity, he had felt a vague irritation somewhere in his subconscious self. What was there about Eric Minturn? What was wrong with the picture?

As Jeff repeated, mentally, this question which was a popular catchword at the time, his hand stopped on its way to move a handsome brassie, and he shut his eyes as one does sometimes in a violent effort to pierce the mists which obscure exact recollection. Picture! That was the word that did it.

He turned slowly away from the show case and found himself a seat in the nook where he kept his desk and his accounts. There he sat motionless for twenty minutes, until aroused by the caddy master's voice telling him Mr. Smith had arrived for his lesson.

The following morning Mr. Vance appeared in the shop shortly after nine.

"Can you play around with me, Mr. McTodd?" he asked. "I'm disturbed. I want to be in the air to think things out."

"Of course," said Jeff, and presently they were out on the tee, ready to drive off.

"By the way," said Mr. Vance, "it will not be necessary for me to caution you about speaking of that matter of the missing securities."

"I've a splendid reputation for silence," said Jeff.

Mr. Vance nodded. "I find I think better if I can talk. It clears my mind. I can argue with myself. Now, you have chanced to hear of this thing, so, if it won't annoy you, I'd like to discuss it as we go along."

"I shall be interested," said Jeff.

"It is incredible. Our collateral is kept in envelopes arranged alphabetically in a cabinet in the vault. No outsider can have access to it. But almost any employe of the bank could find a reason for going in there. Nevertheless, Mr. McTodd, I refuse to believe that any of my people would be guilty of theft."

"Were they negotiable securities, Mr. Vance?"

"Coupon bonds. As negotiable as currency. The money loss will be bad, of course, but it is the possibility that I have been mistaken in the trust I have reposed that hurts me most. As things stand, every man and woman in my bank must rest under suspicion. Mr. McTodd, I would cheerfully give ten thousand dollars if it could be proved this could be brought home to none of them."

"If it were what they call an outside job?"

"Exactly. We must call in detectives and what not. Probably it will end in a reward being offered for the return of the bonds."

"Which can be identified?"

"By their serial numbers."

"Do you mean seriously that you would pay ten thousand dollars to have suspicion lifted from your employes?"

"Indeed I do, and another five thousand for the return of the bonds."

Jeff found himself liking Mr. Vance very much—a man who would be more relieved to be assured of the innocence of the young men and women who worked for him, than to have a fortune in stolen bonds returned to him! "Here," he said to himself, "is a man to tie to."

"You are sure no outsider could have got in?" he asked.

"Impossible."

"May I ask when the bonds were last seen? The latest time at which you can be positive they were still safe?"

"I have gone into that. I fancy I am the last person, except the thief, to have seen or handled them. I made the loan personally to Minturn and took the collateral with my own hands. The bonds were placed in a large manila envelope, such as we use always for the purpose—the envelope was tied with tape—and I myself made out the card, placed the envelope in the cabinet and turned the card in to our assistant cashier."

"So you know they reached your vault?"

"I put them there myself."

"Do you remember, sir, if the day was warm or cold?"

"Eh?" Mr. Vance stopped in astonishment. "Warm or cold? What can the temperature have to do with it, McTodd?"

"I have heard," said Jeff smilingly, "that all human activities are affected by the weather. It might be important."

"Why," said Mr. Vance, "it was a chill morning. I remember Mr. Minturn was wearing a handsome coat of unusual pattern, upon which I remarked. It was one made for him in London."

"You are satisfied that no outsider could have made his way into the vault by any device? No electrician or plumber? No one?"

"Impossible," declared Mr. Vance.

"Yet you refuse to believe in the guilt of an employe?"

"Until it is proved, I decline to credit it. I have known each one of them from childhood. I have seen them grow up and have taken them into my employ. I have done my best to advance them according to their deserts. There is not one of them I would not trust as I do my own daughter."

"I do not think," said Jeff thoughtfully, "you are an easy man to deceive as to character. But any man can be deceived by adroitness." He laughed boyishly. "If we couldn't be tricked, magicians would

(Continued on Page 120)

IF YOU LOVE CANDY

take this diet rule to heart:

"EAT WHAT YOU SHOULD — THEN EAT WHAT YOU WANT"

If you really will take this rule to heart you may live a good deal longer* and feel a great deal better. So perhaps you would like to know just what this rule means.

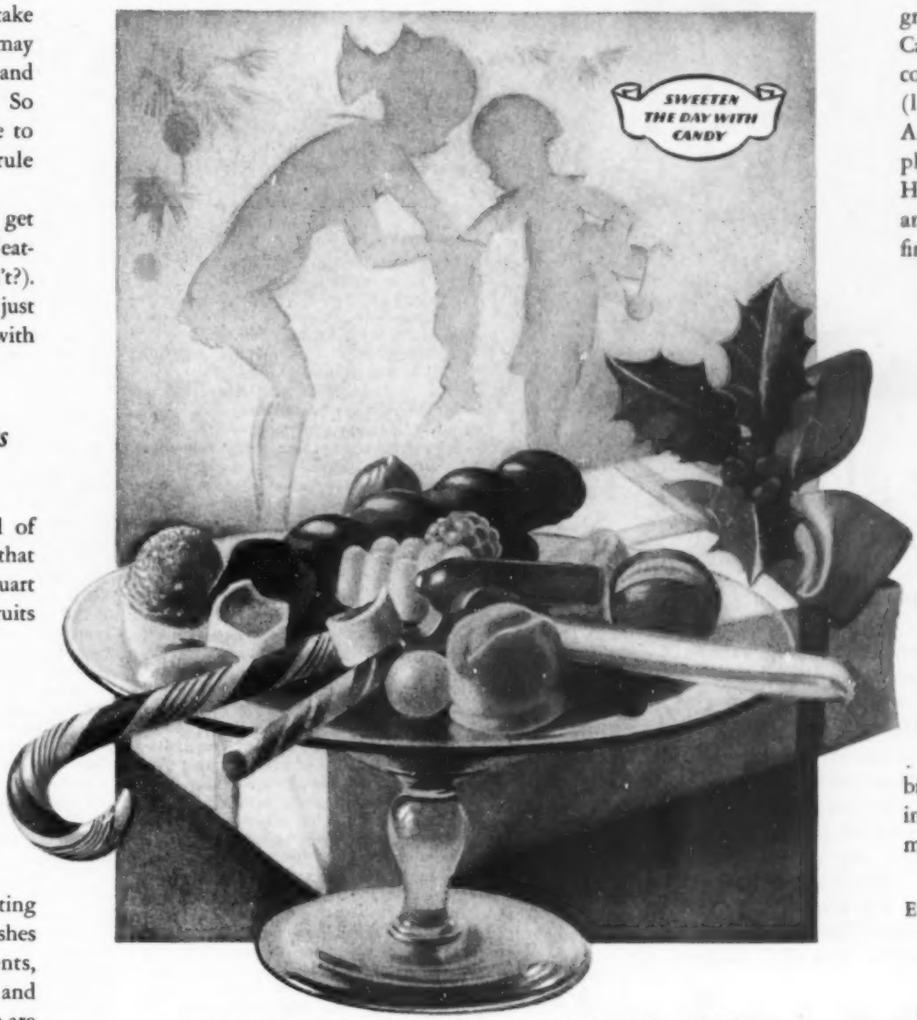
Particularly, if you get a lot of enjoyment out of eating candy (and who doesn't?). You might fairly ask, just where does candy fit in with right eating habits?

Pay your respects to Nutrition

To be at the top level of health, the experts agree that you should (1) take a quart of milk (2) eat two raw fruits or vegetables (3) eat one "pot-herb" every day. This, of course, in addition to other foods you normally eat—eggs, bread, meat, fish, etc.

That's what you *should* eat. It's the most health-promoting plan of eating. It furnishes you all those elements, needed for maintenance and repair of the body, which are most generally neglected.

And after that—enjoy yourself! Eat what you like with a clear conscience! Be it candy, beefsteak or any other food. (Candy, by the by, is not merely an appetizing form of sugar—it is in many cases a complex food, into which enter such various ingredients as chocolate, fruit, nuts, milk.)



What Christmas joys candy brings everywhere! It's the gift everybody likes

Its greatest virtue— Candy is quick energy

When the fires of energy burn low, candy is a grand source of quick energy. Candy relieves fatigue that comes with hypoglycaemia (lessened muscle sugar). Athletes, soldiers, explorers know this well. Hard-driven business men and busy housewives are finding it out.

Try eating a piece or two of candy before the hour that brings fatigue. It's not a bad idea. Many find it very effective (in addition to the pleasure it gives).

Get all the story

The whole story of candy as a food is far too long to tell here. Get the whole story—it's interesting and important. Use the coupon below. It brings you a book written in every day language by a modern scientist.

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Please send me
The New Knowledge of Candy

Name _____

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*Laboratory nutritional experiments have shown, for instance, that life is prolonged 10% and vigor substantially increased when a diet rich in milk is eaten.

When the forecast reads...

THE WEA
ht: Colder with heavy winds
Snow tomorrow

He'll be glad you gave him a "travelo"

OPPOSITE his name on your gift list write "travelo"... and *that* shopping is *finished.* He'll revel in "travelo's" snug, compact warmth. He'll have comfort and health-safety for cold weather work or play; freedom and ease for muscle and mind.

"travelo" is the country club jacket that likes hard work. Many styles; all of the best new heathers and solid colors. Featured by 11,000 stores... priced to please the giver, too. Elastic-knit by the creators of "travelo" SwimSuits. Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., (Dept. P), Park Ave., N. Y., for free Portfolio of Styles. It shows people you know in "travelo" Jackets.

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

Lido

KNIT JACKETS

Lower in cost than "travelo"—better value than anything else at its price.

They hold their shape

(Continued from Page 118)

have a hard time earning a living by taking rabbits out of silk hats."

"That is true," said Mr. Vance.

"So," said Jeff, "it seems we are faced with two possibilities, as you state the circumstances: Either the bonds were stolen from the vault by an employe or ——"

"Or what?" asked Mr. Vance.

Jeff disregarded the question. "It would be interesting to know if anyone connected with the affair mailed a registered parcel since the theft."

"An excellent thought. I will have the matter investigated."

"Also who among the possible suspects has been absent from town since that day."

"But the thief, if he were very astute, might make no attempt to get rid of the bonds. He might—probably would—find a place of concealment for them near at hand. . . . But what was your other possibility, Mr. McTodd?"

"The other possibility —— If, Mr. Vance, you will make up a foursome tomorrow of yourself, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Minturn and myself, I'll try to think up the other possibility."

Mr. Vance frowned. "I don't quite understand," he said.

"Don't think I'm meddling, sir. And I am quite sure the other possibility will be interesting when I have worked it over in my mind. At worst, it can do no harm."

"I confess you puzzle me," said Mr. Vance. "But I can see no objections. Certainly the other gentlemen are parties in interest."

They finished their round without referring again to the matter, but as they reached the clubhouse, Mr. Vance confirmed their engagement to play tomorrow.

"At two o'clock, then," he said.

Just before two o'clock the three gentlemen appeared, dressed in the locker room and came down through the shop.

"Go right up to the tee," said Jeff, "and I'll join you in three minutes."

Mr. Minturn's attitude toward Jeff was not what could be termed genial; obviously, he resented playing with the young professional, and set out to make the round as unpleasant as was possible without giving offense to Mr. Vance and Mr. Ralston. But neither his overbearing manner nor the poisonous observations he cast from time to time in Jeff's direction seemed to ruffle the young man's temper. He played splendid golf until they reached the fifth tee, back in the woods, secluded and far from observation.

There he alluded to the missing bonds for the first time.

"Mr. Vance," said he, "yesterday I was of the opinion there were but two possibilities from which to choose in this affair of the stolen bonds—Mr. Minturn's bonds."

"And if there were a dozen possibilities, my good man, it need not raise your blood pressure," said Minturn arrogantly.

"I told you the first," said Jeff, ignoring the Englishman. "It was that the securities were stolen from the vault by one of your employes."

"I say, Mr. Vance, what has this fellow to do with our transactions?" Minturn demanded.

Again Jeff ignored him. "The second possibility, sir," he said, "can be only this: That the bonds never were in your vault."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Vance. "Never in our vault. But that is nonsense, McTodd. I placed them there myself."

"Then," said Jeff, undisturbed, "there is nothing to do but turn your detectives loose on the people in the bank and sift out the guilty party. Nevertheless, I insist on the other possibility. I mean to say, it must be one or the other. If you put the bonds in your vault, an employe must have stolen them. If you did not put the bonds in the vault, then we must look elsewhere."

"But I did put them there," said Mr. Vance.

"You examined the bonds in your office and put them in one of your regular manila envelopes, which you tied with a piece of pink tape."

"Exactly. And took it to the vault and filed it in its proper place."

"Which, in the event the second possibility is chosen, narrows our search. It gives us two more possibilities, sir; the first of which I think we may discard. Either you, Mr. Vance, took the bonds yourself or the magician pulled a rabbit from the silk hat."

"Young man," said Mr. Vance, "you are being offensive."

"I am being logical," said Jeff. "Think a moment. Can you reach any other conclusion yourself? You refuse to admit the guilt of an employe. Very well. For the sake of argument we admit their innocence. What remains?"

"I see your point," said Mr. Vance in a more friendly voice. "But I did not take the bonds. I put them in the filing cabinet."

"The bank examiner found an exact duplicate of the envelope there. It contained blank paper," said Jeff. "Has the idea occurred to you that you might yourself have put it there? If a rabbit can be taken from a hat, you know ——"

"What are you implying, Mr. McTodd."

"That the hand is quicker than the eye, Mr. Vance."

"By Jove! The blighter! I say, he's insulting me, you know! He's intimating I'm a bloody sleight-of-hand chap, eh? What? For two and sixpence, my man, I'd bash you in the eye!"

"I wouldn't," said Jeff placidly. "And I'm not implying. I'm stating."

"But it is impossible. I'm afraid I've made a mistake discussing this with you, McTodd. You have let your imagination run away with your judgment and are making unfounded charges against a gentleman whose birth alone is a guaranty of his integrity."

"Birth? Oh, to be sure. But, you see, this gentleman is not the second son of Lord Baizecroft. I'm afraid not. Eric Minturn lost an arm at Mons. So this gentleman has altogether too many arms to be authentic."

"What? What are you saying?"

"A cable to London will clear up that point," said Jeff. "And now, gentlemen, with your permission I will do a bit of parlor magic. Not a rabbit from a hat but an envelope from a golf bag."

He pulled the fastening on the pocket of his bag and took from it a thick manila envelope tied about with pink tape.

"I haven't had time to go over them, Mr. Vance, but I imagine you will find the bonds intact."

The Englishman leaped to his feet, stood crouching with his driver clutched in his fists. His face was black with rage and his eyes dangerous.

"Now, now," said Jeff. "Put it down. You really should have kept at least one arm buttoned inside your coat. Put down that driver, man. We can have no exhibitions of temper on the course."

Mr. Vance had torn open the envelope and was rapidly running over its contents; he lifted his eyes sternly to the Englishman. "Perhaps you have some explanation of this," he said gravely.

"He hasn't," said Jeff. "That's one reason I brought you way back here out of the reach of curious eyes—so you could discuss this and that. It occurred to me that, in view of various circumstances, you might wish Mr. Minturn's unmasking to be a private affair, and that the whole matter should be embellished with a certain quantity of circumspection."

"The boy's right," said Ralston. "You've got to think of the scandal—the way Abbie's name has been linked with his."

"You have shown discretion, Mr. McTodd," said Mr. Vance. "Rare discretion." He turned to the Englishman. "Sir, the securities have been returned. For reasons which you will appreciate, there can be no prosecution. If you will accompany us to the bank we will wind up this matter, and then ——"

"And then," said Jeff, "he'd better be recalled suddenly to his ancestral estates."

"Exactly," agreed Mr. Vance.

(Continued on Page 122)

Burroughs

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SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

SERVICE STATIONS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD

Accounting Machine

The only accounting machine that multiplies directly, prints results and totals by a single key depression, typewrites, adds, subtracts, accumulates totals and posts several related records in one operation.

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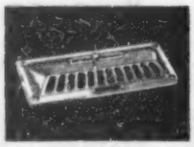
The three-way switch controls the speed of the blower, thus regulating the temperature of the car.



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Note the cars listed below. If yours is among them, see your dealer . . . insist that he install a Metalcraft Heater and you will experience the highest degree of mental as well as physical comfort!

METALCRAFT HEATER CORP., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
CANADIAN METALCRAFT CORP., LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.
Subsidiaries of Grand Rapids Metalcraft Corp.

Metalcraft Heaters are now available through the following motor car manufacturers and their authorized distributors: Auburn—Buick—Cadillac—Chrysler—De Soto—Dodge—Durant—Franklin—Graham-Paige—La Salle—Marmon—Packard—Plymouth—Reo

METALCRAFT HEATERS

THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR CAR

(Continued from Page 120)

"But," exclaimed Ralston, "I'm busting to know how you got wise to this bird, and where those bonds came from."

"Our curiosity can wait," said Mr. Vance. "Please come with me, all of you."

They walked back to the clubhouse in silence, entered Mr. Vance's car and drove to the bank. Presently the *ci-devant* Eric Minturn emerged from its doors and walked by the most direct way to the railroad station, where he purchased a ticket for the East. He did not wait to pack, because in the back of his mind was a justifiable uneasiness that Mr. Vance might change his mind.

"Now," said Ralston, leaning back in his chair, "come clean, young fellow. Give us the story."

"Mostly luck," said Jeff, "but some swell guessing. When I first met this Eric Minturn I had an uneasy feeling there was something I should remember about him. There was something wrong with the picture. That was the start of it. Then Jim Bolitho, my club maker, wanted to tell me something that had him all upset, but before he could tell me he disappeared. My guess is he was hired to disappear because he discovered something wrong. I was beginning to have a pretty uneasy feeling. Then this bank trouble came along, and I guess it jarred my memory, because all at once I recalled a picture of Eric Minturn I had seen—and he had but one arm."

"Where did you see a picture of Minturn?" asked Mr. Vance curiously.

"It was over a fireplace," said Jeff noncommittally. "Well, when you find a man impersonating someone else and a crime is committed in the vicinity, you get a sneaking suspicion. He wasn't doing a masquerade just for practice."

"Quite evidently," said Mr. Ralston.

"Then Mr. Vance told me about the affair. It was evident that the bonds must have been taken by someone in the bank—if they ever got into the vault. But here was your fake Minturn on the spot. The obvious conclusion was the bonds never left his possession. Also it was a cold day and he wore a voluminous overcoat, in which he could have concealed a goat, let alone a rabbit. The answer was that the hand is quicker than the eye. There was no other way out of it. Minturn must have shifted envelopes, and Mr. Vance must have filed away the one filled with blank paper."

"By Jove," exclaimed Ralston, "the boy can reason!"

"Or guess," said Jeff. "I had to guess after that, but I banked on guessing right."

"But where did you find the bonds? I can follow you so far, but how did you get those securities, and without the man's knowing it?"

"It was his disposition. He bullied servants. Now, we must take it, he was a man used to clubs, and who was accustomed to being well served. He would want things done for him in the correct way. Therefore, when he bawled out our locker boy for opening his locker to get a pair of shoes to clean, I was curious. That's what locker boys are for. It struck me that if he didn't want his locker opened, there must be some reason. Now, what more unlikely place to hide stolen bonds than in a golf locker? So I made a bet with myself and asked Mr. Vance to arrange our foursome today. When you were out on the tee I got the master key, opened Minturn's locker, and there they were as big as life and twice as natural. And that's that."

There was a moment's silence. Mr. Ralston spoke first: "I call that a slick job, Vance. Brains. Um. I've always heard that brains were wasted in golf. I've got a place for a young man who can use his head."

"No, no, Bill," said Mr. Vance. "I saw him first."

Jeff smiled. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said, "but I like it outdoors. I've picked golf as a profession, and I'd cut up capers if I were nailed to a desk. No, I'll stay put. But"—he raised his brows over pleasant eyes—"I can do with that fifteen thousand. I need a start in the world."

"You've earned it," said Mr. Vance. He wrote a check and passed it across to Jeff. "We are still indebted to you. Now, may I ask what are you going to do with that money?"

"I'm going," said Jeff, "to see that it doesn't die for lack of exercise. I'm going to use it to slap the world in the eye. I'm going to tie it to the treadmill while I play golf. This is going to be the busiest fifteen thousand dollars ever printed."

The gentlemen smiled, and then Mr. Vance asked, "But have you no ambition to be more than a golf professional?"

Jeff nodded. "Yes. I'd like to be an amateur. But I can't afford it." He arose to go, but stood for a moment in the door. "Golf is my business," he said, "but I'm going to take on business as a recreation. Just reverse matters. If I can't be an amateur golfer I'll be an amateur business man."

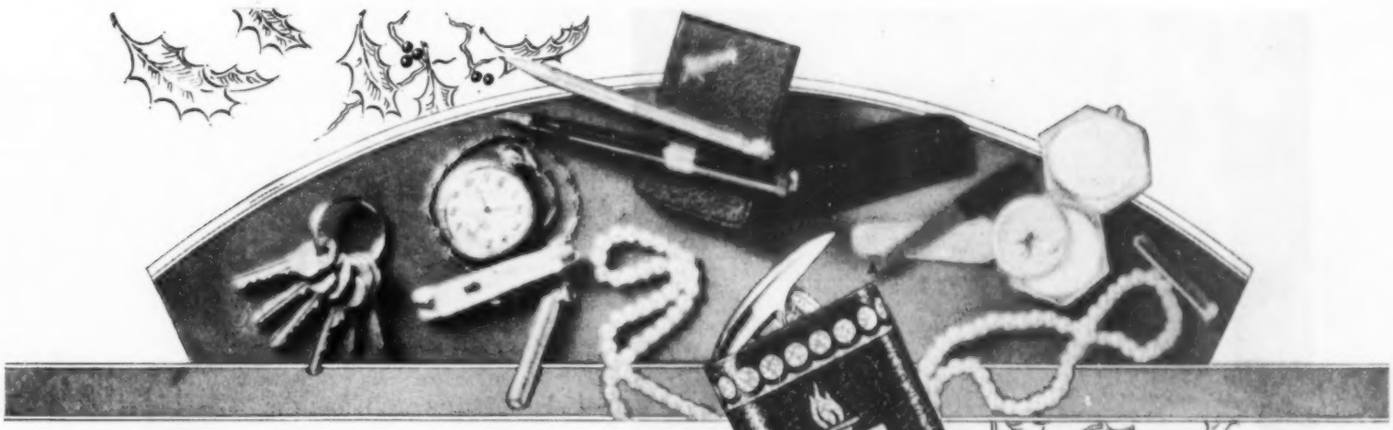
"Very well," said Mr. Vance, with eyes twinkling. "Come and play in the open tournament with us professionals."

"Any where, any time," said Jeff, "but not for nothing."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The second will appear in an early issue.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Willie: "Shucks! I Thought Maybe You Was Lindbergh!"



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For a gift that is unique and different . . . with utility, convenience and beauty . . . we suggest The Burgess SnapLite Flashlight.

—for the ladies . . . for the men folks . . . and for the children. (From the smallest tot up.)

The Burgess SnapLite Flashlight is the smallest electric lighting plant in all the world. It slips easily into a man's vest-pocket or a woman's purse without bulging. Durable, practical and efficient. Supplies bright light for an amazingly long time.

Its low cost makes it a very suitable gift for those who are merely "casual" friends or business acquaintances. For youngsters it is one of the most delightful presents that you could possibly give them.

The Burgess SnapLite Flashlight is made in a variety of sparkling color combinations . . . and costs, complete, but 39c.

Battery and Lamp Replaceable

These features insure months of extra life to your gift: The snap-per-top is lifted from the battery and the new part attached. Nothing to get out of order. Simplicity itself! Thus users obtain the practical money-saving advantages of the ordinary flashlight plus the more vital benefits of size, weight, and shape that permit one to carry The Burgess SnapLite Flashlight everywhere.

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A COMPLETE FLASHLIGHT **39¢** EVERYWHERE

BURGESS SNAP LITE FLASHLIGHT

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Even the healthiest mouth can't afford a half-way dentifrice

IT is a high tribute to Forhan's that people whose teeth are beyond the help of ordinary toothpastes employ this finer dentifrice.

For, as millions know, it gives a double protection. At the same time it cleans the teeth, it helps to give the gums the care they need.

Why, then, should the healthy mouth, the gleaming mouth of youth have less than Forhan's protection? Isn't it far better to avoid trouble by the help of Forhan's, than to use this dentifrice only after trouble has come? Why wait till conditions prompt your dentist to recommend its use?

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So he developed a preparation which dentists used in their practice. Then, as a further aid to dentists and to help patients supplement professional care at home, he combined tested and scientific ingredients in the excellent dentifrice which bears his name.

When you brush your teeth, simple precaution urges that you brush them with Forhan's. It may cost a few cents more per tube, but there is no safer, finer dentifrice made. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it helps to restore the glow of health to tender gums—and, what is more important, it aids gums which are firm and sound to keep their health throughout the years.

Forhan's comes in two sizes—35c and 60c—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it.

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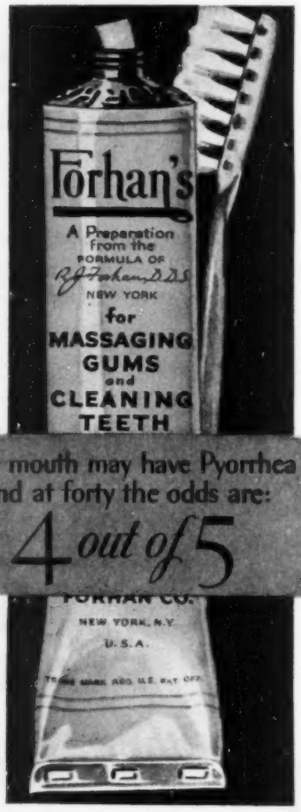

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are: 4 *out of* 5

Forhan's

. . . your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

AN EVENING AT LEON'S

(Continued from Page 15)

Joe lighted another match for our cigars and breathed fragrant smoke with a sigh of supreme contentment. "This is the life of Reilly," said he, "and the moment of all moments in that blest existence. Good dinner, good wine, coffee like this, good tobacco and good talk of olden days when all the world was young, lad, and all the boobs were green. And I like the moment to be in a place like this, with everybody happy around me. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die—what? For tomorrow we die! Honestly, I love my fellow men; also my fellow women." His roving glance stopped for an instant on the woman with Daw. "There's one easy and soothing to the eyesight," he said, seeing that I had followed his gaze. "Look at the curve of her neck and shoulders! What lines! Beauty! I'm crazy about beautiful things and glad faces—sunshine, if you get me—sunshine and smiles and kindness. I wouldn't say that to everybody. Some folks think I'm hard-boiled. That gives me a laugh."

"I know," I told him. "You're a sweet and simple soul, cruelly misunderstood. Charity to all, malice to none. 'When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling, he loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling and to listen to the merry village chimes.'"

He disregarded the innuendo. "That takes me back too," he said, and his smile was at once reminiscent and indulgent. "Why don't they give us things like that now—good, clean, sparkling fun? I give you my word there isn't what I'd call a good, clean show in town tonight. I was thinking of that a while ago—whether we'd look in on one. But it's all straight smut or psychology with a smutty angle—triangle, mostly—and gloom. You pays your six bucks and takes your choice. Remember the old Bijou? They'd call it hokum now, the good old stuff they gave us. There were black-hearted villains in the pieces, but they didn't pretend to be anything else, and they always got it in the neck in the last act, when virtue was rewarded. There wasn't any insinuation that we were all of us rotten. And we ate it up, and we went away better men. Isn't that so? You don't believe it. You don't believe even that I'm kind-hearted, judging from that crack you made. Well, I'll give you an instance."

I really did believe he was kind-hearted. I was sure he was—pretty sure. Looking at him, listening to him, it was almost impossible to doubt him.

Shrewd, of course, and not very moral or law-abiding, but how could he have any heart but one of gold at least as pure as the filling in his front teeth?

"We'll go back to the good old days," said Joe. He twisted his chair sideways for the better convenience of crossing his legs. "About the time you knew me. They weren't what you might call palmy days for me, from a professional point of view. Piking days, you might say, although once in a while there was a streak of fat in the lean. I wasn't much more than a dip, although I was edging into the con racket—you never knew that. I hid my shame. If anybody had called me a bunko steerer I'd have felt flattered. I kidded myself that I was; but to be perfectly honest, I was nothing much more than a dip."

Joe paused to look reflectively at his hands and wiggled his slender fingers. "And there's no jack to speak of in that," he went on. "You'd be surprised. Unless you had the concession to roll the drunks in a respectable saloon—joints where affluence got pickled—you had to take big chances for slim pickings, and at that the split went three or four ways. In the street cars the run would assay about a dollar-twenty to the leather; the theater lobbies were lousy with dicks—or you thought they were—and a couple of tens was a bonanza; soapbox mobs—well, they weren't worth trying unless you got a flash at a roll beforehand. I've nipped a woman's shopping bag in a store elevator that must have cost forty or fifty dollars, and had to throw it away after I'd emptied it of a library card, a postage stamp without any mucilage, a sample of dress goods, a telephone slug, a two-dollar bill and three nickels, a page ad from the morning paper, a handkerchief stained with rouge and a powder rag and a mother-of-pearl card case. Yes, the time you sprung me I was guilty as hell, but I'd slipped the leather to Lefty Sarkins and he made his get-away. They didn't have a thing on me, but they'd have framed me just the same if you hadn't kindly testified in my behalf. The beginning of a beautiful friendship—what?"

I hadn't the heart to qualify that. Human relations occasionally take on beautiful colors in their recession. Perhaps Joe and I had been warm friends in the bygone years. I had been under the impression that he was just one of the shady, but amusing acquaintances that a young newspaper reporter is likely to pick up—rather more interesting than most, perhaps. However, the "beautiful friendship" could stand.

"I was working with Lefty in our first tentative experiments on the credulous and trustful," Joe continued. "One fine morning we were hanging around the waiting room in the old Union Depot, and Lefty says to me 'Pipe that rube,' and ankled off to brace him. Well, there wasn't any doubt that Lefty was right. I don't mean to say that this youthful yokel had hayseed in his hair or that he was carrying a carpetbag and wearing a duster; but he was sunburned and freckled, and his grip and his black clothes were new."

It was a rather amusing story as Joe told it, with a wealth of detail over which I skim lightly. Supplied by his confederate with certain basic information concerning the sucker or prospect, Joe accosted the young yap in the guise of an old friend of his father's and a former resident of his native village. I could easily imagine the warmth of Joe's greeting, his genial, candid smile, his hearty back slap. And they were effective—too effective, in as much as the poor simp fell so easily that it was like taking candy from a kid. It also developed that his father—Joe's old-time friend—had been dead for five years and that his mother—silver-haired—had very recently died, leaving her boy the painful savings of a life of hard work and self-sacrifice. I observed that Joe's eyes moistened at the very recollection of the pathetic circumstance. Still, in spite of the struggle that rent his kindly soul, Joe had regretfully recognized the fact that business was business, and there was nearly two hundred dollars in currency safely pinned in the inside pocket of the hick's coat. Two hundred dollars was important money in those days.

So Joe tolled the come-on along toward the den where he proposed to relieve him of that comfortable little wad, but Providence intervened and jammed them into the thick of a mob of strikers and sympathizers who were hurling bricks at some scab teamsters. The cops had taken a hand, and it was *sauve qui peut*, and when Joe looked around for his charge, there was no sign or trace of his intended victim. Two hundred bucks a total loss!

"Wait!" said Joe, cutting short my commiserations. "The worst is yet to come. I had given him up and turned two corners on my way to the rendezvous at Jerry's, telling myself at every step that I was glad of it, or else wondering what Lefty would say when I blew in without our communal property, when I heard a gasping behind me and somebody grabbed my arm, crying joyfully, 'I was afraid I'd lost you.'"

It was the rube, of course—panting from the exertion of running with a heavy valise, but with his trustful face shining with delight. He had found his friend—the one man whom he knew in this big, heartless metropolis—the kind gentleman who had known his father!

"I looked at him long and earnestly, thinking of that dear old white-haired mother of his and taking note of the crape on his hatband," said Joe. "I took him by the arm. I turned him around, put him on a rattler bound for Saugatuck Avenue, got on after him, and in twenty minutes I was yanking the doorbell of the Rev. Josiah Edwards, to whom my young friend had been consigned.

"'Reverend sir,' I says to His Sideboards, 'this, as you see, is Dickie Pitts of Turnerville. He is a good boy and my friend, but he needs looking after and instructing in the ways of the wicked city. You ought to have met him at the train.'

"'Who are you?' he asked in a brisk, snappy manner and giving me the up-and-down with sharp gray eyes through highly polished spectacles.

"'I'm a dismal, abysmal failure and a false alarm,' I confessed humbly. 'I'm God's noblest work—an honest man—Honest John with the greasy fingers that nothing will stick to. Dickie here has been one too many for me.'

"He and Dickie tried to get me to stay, but I didn't dare trust myself. I quit them cold and went away to hide my hot blushes. I really did feel ashamed then, although now I glory in my noble conduct. I hold it's no disgrace to have a feeling heart."

"Outside of business hours," I suggested, and the white and gold of his teeth flashed at me appreciatively.

"The trouble is my business hours seem to be all hours now." He laughed, and then grimaced ruefully. "I never settle down to forget my cares and enjoy myself but something or another breaks—like tonight—and takes the joy out of life. Well, some of these days I'm going to retire to a 98 per cent sunny clime, a nice little villa overlooking sunlit blue seas, rose arbors and palms waving in the breezes, put all this be'ind me, and end my days in peace."

"The Riviera?" I asked.

"N-no," he answered. "I like it there, but after all, I'm an American, and Florida ——" He broke off, and I saw that Daw was helping the dark-eyed lady with her wrap. As the two passed us on their way out, Daw bowed to Joe. I thought there was something derisive in the man's grin. As for Joe, he fairly beamed, and then, as if by a sudden impulse, got up and overtook the two at the doorway. I saw him bow to the lady, who seemed to be doing her best to be enchanting, and succeeding fairly well. Something that Joe said made them laugh quite heartily. Then, after a moment or two, bows were again exchanged and Joe came back to me, apparently well pleased with himself.

"Is she charming as she looks, Joe?" I asked. "Who is she? I'm rather curious to know."

Joe's blue eyes twinkled at me mischievously. "Ye-ah?" he drawled. "Well, she's as charming as she looks, and I'm going to give myself the pleasure of calling on her tomorrow. Who is she?" He consulted a handsome watch. "We-ell, I won't say with absolute certainty, and she doesn't know it herself yet. Daw introduced me to Mrs. Da Costa, but I think—I think that by this time she's the Widow Gooch."

Looking through my paper the next morning, I found the following item of news in an inconspicuous corner preceding the classified advertisements:

The bullet-riddled body of a man, later identified as Walter E. —Silky—Gooch, a racketeer, said to be associated with the notorious Jerwin-Franchio gang, was discovered at an early hour this morning near the apartment house at 1611 Bruce Court, in which he resided. He had apparently been the target of a murderous fusillade from sawed-off shotguns from an automobile and, in the opinion of Police Surgeon Hislop, life had been extinct for some hours. There are, as yet, no clews to the assassins.

Evidently my warm-hearted friend, Smiling Joe, had not been joking.

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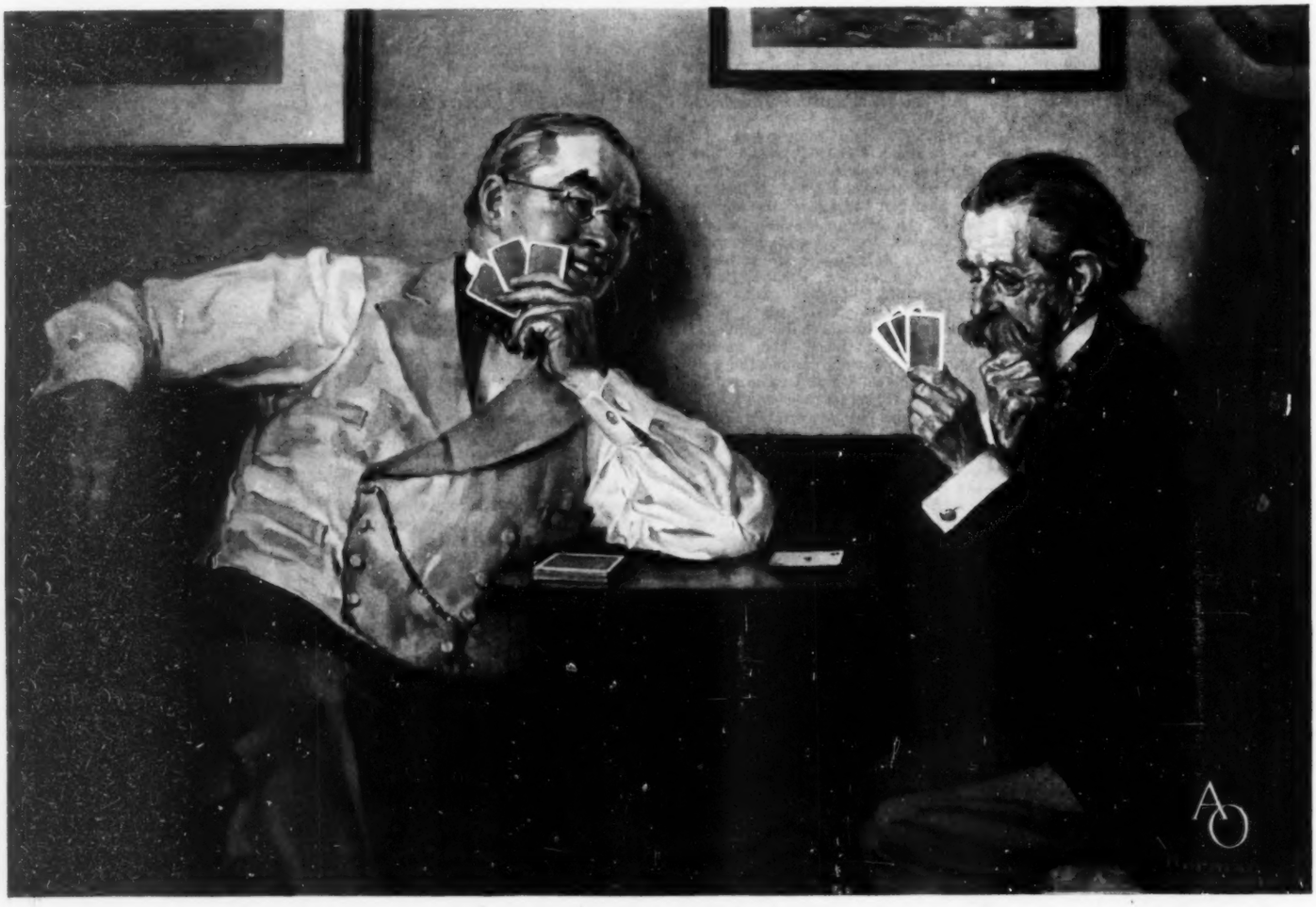

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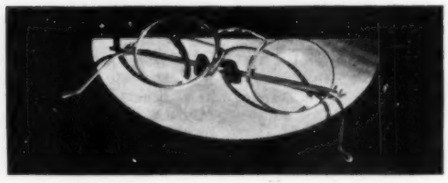

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She Liked Simple Things

DRAWN BY BILL BAILEY

"Gee, Spot, I Sometimes Wish't I Was a Kid Again"

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

"Who the Deuce are You?" "Graham McNamee"

DRAWN BY "MIKE" ANGELO

Little Willie: "Say, Pop, Why Can't I Wear Short Pants?"
Father: "You're Too Young, My Boy—Wait Till You Grow Up!"

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

The Maiden: "You Don't Mind, Do You? It'll Save Me Having to Describe it to Them Later"

YOUR ENEMY, THE CROOK

(Continued from Page 52)

But wait a minute. I almost forgot the very important and significant prelude to this story. It is this: I went into the state of Vermont to burglarize banks. Twenty-four hours after my arrival in the state I was arrested. Forty-eight hours after my arrest I was indicted. Twenty-four hours after my indictment I was tried, convicted, sentenced and on my way to prison. Those Vermonters didn't waste any time with me. Their philosophy was: Here he comes; there he goes. Bing, bam, boom!

This here-he-comes-and-there-he-goes business gave me pause. I wasn't used to such treatment. Such celerity didn't appeal to my burglarious heart, and when I got to the state prison I was loaded for bear.

I hadn't been in the joint five minutes before I knew that it was just a little bit different from the rest of the prisons in which I had tarried for a while. This realization was born when I met the warden, Ed Harpin. He was a big fellow, standing more than six feet and weighing around two hundred pounds. He didn't shake hands with me when I entered his office with my guards, and neither did he smile at me, as some other wardens had done. And yet he wasn't rough or discourteous. He was simply one of those plain, right-to-the-point, matter-of-fact fellows of few words and very much action. When the guards had taken the irons off, Mr. Harpin took me into his office for a chat. I have never forgotten that chat or the effect of it.

Discipline Without Luxuries

"Well, young man," he began, "you know why you have been sent here, don't you?"

Immediately I began to tell him that I was innocent. He interrupted me.

"I'm not interested in that," he said. "I've been here fifteen years and I have yet to run across a guilty man. They're all innocent. You'll have lots of company if you're innocent."

"He's a tough gazabo," I thought.

"Now," he resumed, "let's get down to business. You know why you have been sent here, don't you?"

I acknowledged my understanding.

"You've got seven years to serve," he said, "and it's up to you what sort of seven years they shall be. You and I will be good friends so long as you behave yourself, so long as you are a good prisoner. Now"—he paused and raised his eyes as if he were trying to read something on the ceiling—"what makes a good prisoner? First of all, a good prisoner is a good worker—a very good worker. A good prisoner does his task every day in the week. He is obedient and respectful to the keepers. He never breaks the rules. He keeps his cell nice and tidy. He doesn't pretend that he's sick when he's well, just to get out of doing a day's work. Simple?"

"Yeh," I grunted, as though all this guff about good prisoners irritated me.

"Yeh?" he came back at me as he leaned over the desk and looked me bang in the eyes.

"Yeh," I grunted again.

"Yeh?" there was a challenging inflection in his voice. "You mean, 'Yes, sir,' don't you? Everybody in this prison says, 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir.'"

"What kind of a joint is this, anyway?" I thought.

"And don't forget that 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' while you're here. You must learn how to be courteous."

I was disposed to rebel at all this yes-sir and no-sir stuff, but there was something about Warden Harpin that made me hesitate. But the worst was yet to come.

"The rules of this prison forbid smoking," he continued. "Newspapers are not allowed in the prison. Talking is prohibited at all times." He emphasized "all times."

"This is the limit," I mused. "Seven years in this joint will drive me bugs."

"Most prisons," he went on, "allow their inmates to wear their own underwear and shoes. Here you must wear prison underwear and brogans. We let you write one letter a month and receive one visit a month, provided you behave yourself. If you don't behave yourself, you go to the dungeon. It all depends on you whether you remain in the dungeon a day or a month. I never take a man out of the dungeon until he asks me to take him out. Of course, we feed you while in the dungeon. We give you bread and water once a day."

It seemed to me that all this guff called for a wise crack.

"This is a real nice place, warden," I said.

"It's a prison," he snapped—"one that you won't forget. We try to reform men here. Of course we don't reform all of them, but," he smiled for the first time and added, "we straighten them out now and then."

The routine: The get-up bell rang at 6:30. Breakfast was served at seven. At 7:30 we were at work. At twelve we had lunch in our cells. At 12:30 we returned to the shops, where we labored until 5:30. Supper was served at six. At 9:30 the lights-out bell rang and we retired. There were no ball games, no moving pictures, no band concerts, no exercise periods in the yard. The only time we saw the yard was when we were on our way to and from the shops. There was no opportunity to stage riots or escapes. There was no opportunity to reminisce with underworld plug-uglies. We toed the mark and walked the chalk line from one week's end to the other. There was plenty of time to think. This routine made one think very seriously about the futility of crooking.

Warden Harpin was not a brutal man. He was a rigid disciplinarian and a hard taskmaster, but he was also square and human. He never held a grudge against a convict. You always knew where you stood with him.

Too Much Glad Hand

Ed Harpin convinced me that I was a brainless chump. But he was the best friend I've ever had. When I became intellectually curious about life and began to open books, it was he who helped and encouraged me. When I expressed an ambition to go straight, it was he who urged me on. And it was he who persuaded the governor to parole me after I had served three years of my seven-year term.

I owe Ed Harpin and the Vermonters a debt of gratitude, even though I was kangarooed for a crime I didn't commit. The kangarooing was a godsend, because that stretch in the efficiently managed bastile at Windsor converted me into a square shooter. If I hadn't landed in the Vermont stir I might still be a fancy thinker.

Now compare the routine of the Vermont prison with that of some other prisons in this country today. When you step into the warden's office he greets you cordially. There is a make-yourself-at-home atmosphere prevalent. The president of the prisoners' welfare league buttonholes you and buzzes you about the warden, the prison and the keepers. Everything appears to be hunky-dory. The league, the president says, runs the prison. The prisoners are their own bosses. Harmony, law and order, is its slogan. It teaches the cons the fundamentals of self-government, so that when they go out into the world they will mend their ways.

Convicts' Clubhouses

This idea was born in the brain of someone who believed that porch climbers, burglars, cracksmen, dips and gunmen could be redeemed with a kiss and a kind word. Some prison officials will tell you that the mutual-welfare league is O. K. because it makes their jobs easier. The cons will tell you it's the goods, because it makes prison life easier.

The get-up bell in the playhouses managed by the mutual-welfare league rings at seven o'clock. At 7:30 the boys have breakfast. At eight they go to the shops. Lunch is served at twelve. After lunch the boys roam the yard until they return to the shop, at one, where they labor until 5:30, when dinner is served. After supper the count is taken. Then the boys have the privilege of the corridors until locking-up time, where they may play cards, chess, checkers or listen to a band concert by the prison band. There are newspapers, magazines, cigarettes, cigars, fruits and groceries of all kinds, if you have the price. There are moving-picture shows. Now and then well-known artists visit the prison to entertain them. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays they play baseball and handball. If you think that a term in a prison of this sort will make an underworld buzzard reflect and repent, you'd better wake up.

Your prisons should be taken out of politics immediately. Good hand-shaking vote getters don't always make good wardens. A prison warden should be a man of the highest character. He should be strong, resolute, just and, above all, intelligent; the sort of man who can command the respect of prisoners. Convicts never respect the wise-cracking, tobacco-chewing, politician type of warden. They think a fellow who talks their language and chews their tobacco is not such a big shot. They know a real fellow when they meet one.

A wise warden will have none of that do-good-for-evil stuff in his make-up, and neither will he be brutal. He will view every prisoner as an individual in need of discipline. He will understand that if the prisoner isn't disciplined he will always be a prisoner. The wise warden will know that singing jail birds never think; therefore he discourages singing and encourages thinking by the simple process of substituting punishment for entertainment. He will have no mutual-welfare league in his prison, no baseball games, moving pictures, band concerts, or special privileges for rich burglars. There can be no class distinctions in a well-regulated prison. All convicts will look alike to the wise warden.

Further still, the wise warden will have no radios, cards, dice, newspapers, cigars or cigarettes. These things are luxuries. The efficient warden dispenses with them because he believes that a prison with luxuries is not a very good prison. He will not permit convicts to wear their own shoes, underwear, socks, suspenders, neckties. He will offer no rewards for good behavior. In his opinion, good behavior is compulsory. In a word, the wise warden strives to make the prison experience of his charges an unforgettable one, because he knows that the prisoner who can forget his prison experience hasn't been disciplined and will go right out into the world and stage another crime. A wise prison warden will convert many of your social liabilities into assets.

A Leaky Parole System

The parole system now in vogue in your prisons, state and Federal, is a big joke. It has been a big joke to the crooks for a good many years. Ask your detectives what they think of the parole system. They run themselves bow-legged trying to catch a crook and put him away for a term of years, and then, long before the term is up, they see the crook walking the streets. He was paroled.

"Now, what's the use of us coppers catching these grifters, if the parole boards are going to turn them out?" a New York City central-office man said to me recently.

Before I tell you how the crooks beat the parole system and how to stop them from beating it let me explain the mechanics of the system. John Brown is committed to the Government prison at Atlanta for ten years. If John behaves himself he is eligible for parole after he has served one-third of his term, provided he can get some reputable person to guarantee him employment and will promise to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors and not frequent places where such beverages are sold. Further, he must promise that he will not associate with crooks and that he will conduct himself in a manner befitting a law-abiding citizen. Then he must promise to make a monthly report to the parole officers at the prison. So long as John reports that he's living up to the terms of his parole, the officials think everything is O. K. with John. Well, it happens on occasion that everything's all wrong with John, and yet the parole officials don't know it. There's a hole in the parole system which ought to be plugged up.

I have an idea for a parole system that the fancy thinkers couldn't beat. When the reputable person volunteers to give the prisoner employment, the police should be solicited for a report on his reputation and character. This simple precautionary measure obviates the possibility of a frame-up by the prisoner's friends. Even after the police pronounced the guarantor O. K., the prisoner should not be turned over to him unless he, too, promises to make a monthly report on the conduct of his charge. Further still, the prisoner himself should be

(Continued on Page 134)

The Coast of Kauai, Hawaiian Islands

THE knowledge, equipment and financial resources necessary to build a good automobile are neither remarkable nor rare. Many different manufacturers possess them in varying degree. . . . . .

But the *good will* of the public and of dealers demands more than a meritorious product, if it is to thrive permanently.

Since good will is an intangible quality, it re-

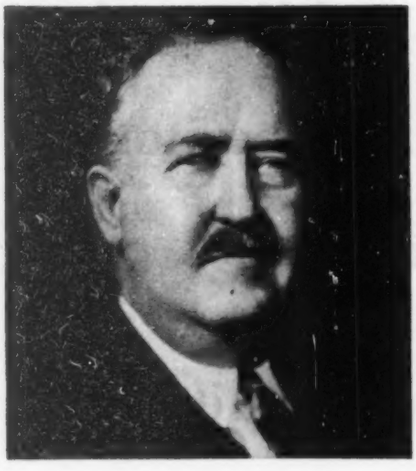
Continued on the four following pages

DURANT

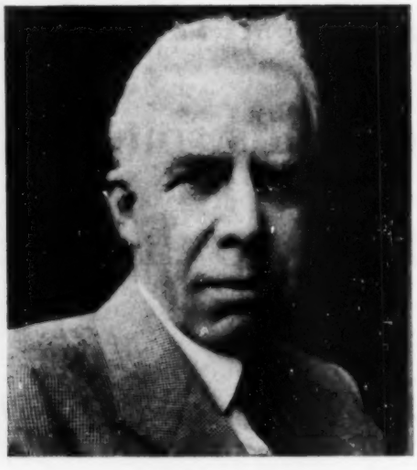
A GOOD CAR

quires more than forges and foundries, more than motors and money, to create and foster it. It is not of the head and hand of men, but of the heart. And it is the final measure of the success of every commercial enterprise. . . . . .

Increased good will for Durant products was assured by the character of the men who control Durant's engineering, manufacturing, merchandising and financial activities. . . . . .



A. I. PHILP, *Chairman of the Board*
Durant Motors, Inc.



F. J. HAYNES, *President*
Durant Motors, Inc.

J. A. NICHOLS, JR., *Secy.-Treas.*
Durant Motors, Inc.

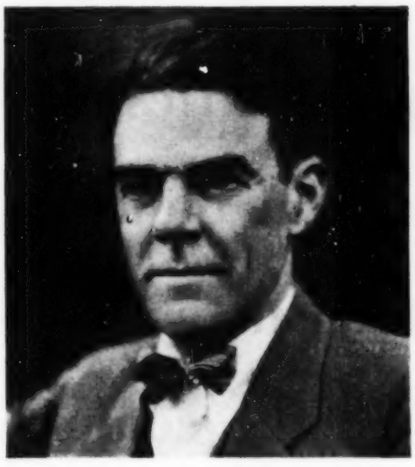
DURANT

A GOOD CAR

Collectively, these men achieved one of the most stupendous successes in modern automotive history. And they brought to bear in Durant management a wealth of experience and ability which compared favorably with that of any executive group in American business.

The aggressive application of these time-tested ideals of integrity and fair dealing, is the most substantial assurance of Durant's continued stability, progress and success. . . . . .

Continued on the two following pages



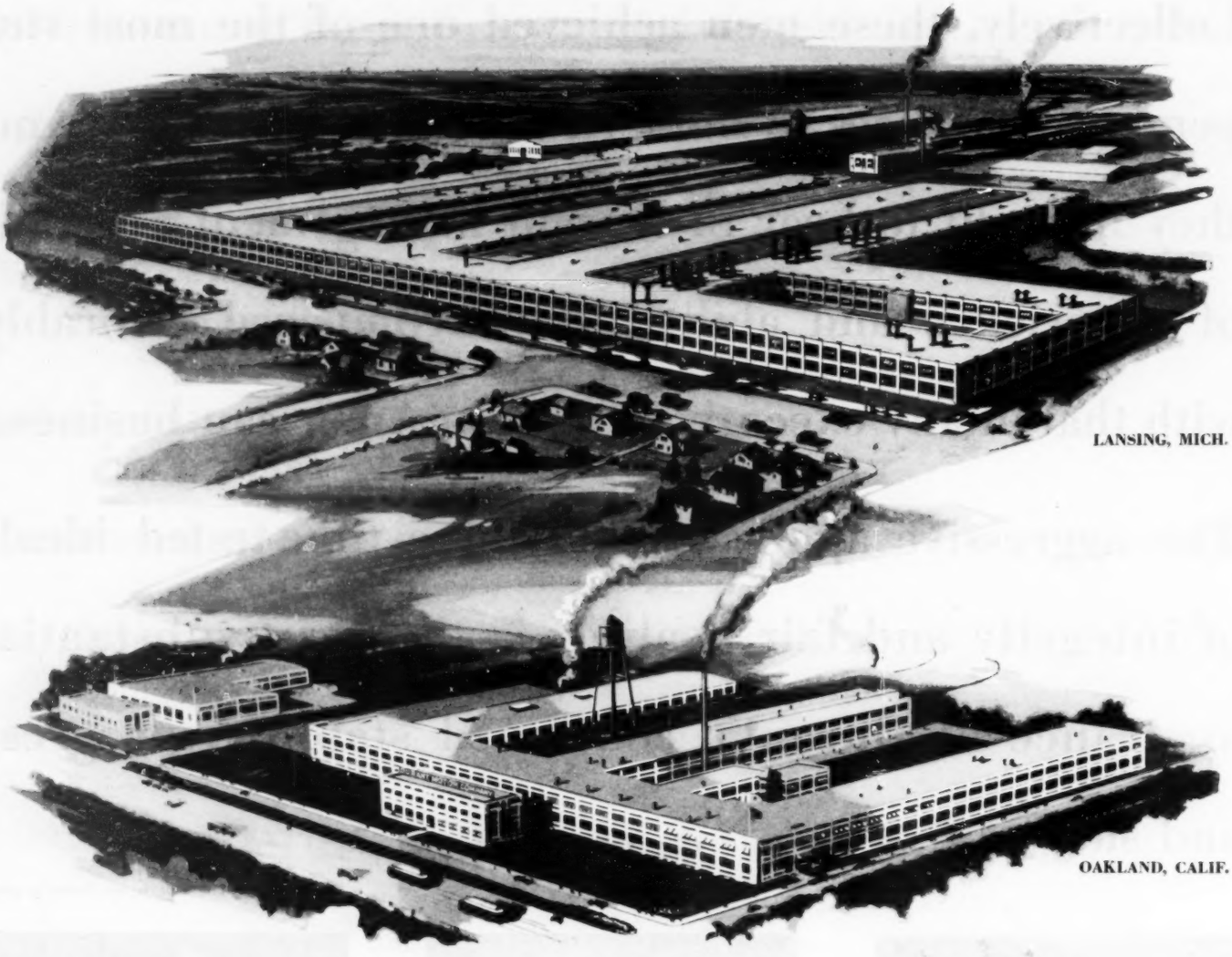
R. A. VAIL, *Vice President*
Durant Motors, Inc.

NORMAN DE VAUX, *President*
Durant Motor Company of California

R. D. KERBY, *President*
Durant Motors of Canada, Limited

DURANT

A GOOD CAR



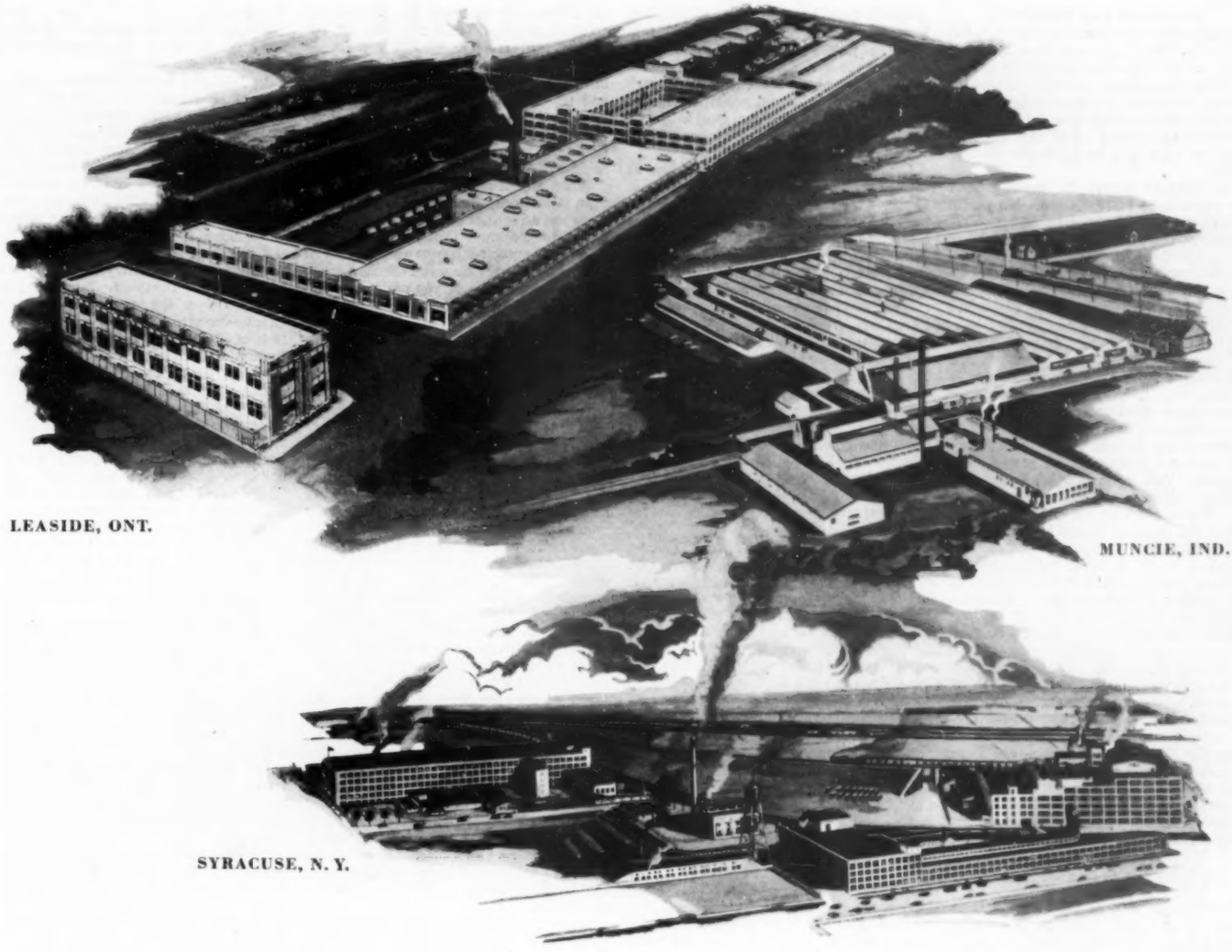
LANSING, MICH.

OAKLAND, CALIF.

Nevertheless, Durant manufacturing facilities are among the most modern and extensive in the industry. The plants illustrated here provide a total floor space of one hundred and fifteen acres. With the completion of important additions to the Lansing properties

DURANT

A GOOD CAR



Durant's capacity for the economical production of high grade passenger cars and commercial vehicles has been substantially increased. Durant executives are using these splendid assets in building permanent dealer prosperity and increasing public *good will.*

DURANT

A GOOD CAR

(Continued from Page 128)

compelled to make a monthly report to the chief of police of the town in which he is living. Under this plan you have a double check on the prisoner, and if he violates his parole, you know it immediately. Under the plan now in effect, you don't learn of the violation, in some cases, until the prisoner has been arrested again for another crime.

No prisoner should be paroled until the police have been notified. No parole system can possibly be a success without the aid of the police. You owe it to your police to advise them when a criminal's paroled, so that they can keep him under surveillance until he demonstrates beyond question that he has reformed. The police will help him if he is sincere.

After you have cleaned up your prisons and manned them with competent officials and plugged up all the holes in your parole system, turn to your courts. There are holes in your court procedure which ought to be plugged up immediately.

The method of dealing with first offenders and hardened offenders is all wrong. For example: You say a fourth offender is a habitual criminal and you imprison him for life. But are you aware of the fact that before you discover he is a habitual criminal it has cost you from nine thousand dollars to twelve thousand dollars to catch him, try him, convict and imprison him, to say nothing of the loot that he obtained during his career or the citizens he may have killed or injured? That procedure sounds like poor business to me.

Now, why in the name of common sense should you wait until a crook has obtained a record of four convictions before you isolate him for life? And why do you permit a crook to acquire a record of four convictions? What was he doing between convictions? Where was he? Does anybody know? No, nobody knows what he was doing between convictions and nobody knows where he was, where he lived or anything else about him. What a system!

Catch Your Criminal Young

Speaking as a gentleman who knows crooks, I say to you that every crook that ever packed a gat or carried a jimmy gave definite and positive evidence of his determination to live by his wits all his life long, before he ever acquired a record of four convictions. Why, bless your heart, I know crooks, safe crackers, bank burglars and holdup men who have been grifting for twenty years and have only two convictions charged against them. I know a few—fifteen or twenty—who have been on the beat for twenty years or more who have only one conviction to their credit. According to your definition of a habitual criminal, these boys are a lot of harmless bums. First-rate crooks seldom go before the bar of justice four times. Gerald Chapman and the writer were the exceptions.

In support of my contention that every crook gives definite and positive evidence of being a habitual criminal long before he acquires a record of four convictions, I cite you the case of Gerald Chapman:

Chapman was in the House of Refuge at the age of twelve. Before he was seventeen he was in the Elmira Reformatory. He was in Sing Sing doing a three-year stretch for breaking and entering when he was twenty. Then he went to Auburn with a ten-specker for burglary. After Auburn, he went to Atlanta with a twenty-five-year term for a two-million-dollar mail robbery in New York City. He escaped from Atlanta about a year after his arrival there. About fourteen months after his escape he was arrested for killing a policeman at New Britain, Connecticut, and subsequently was executed at the Wethersfield prison. Surely nobody will doubt that Chapman gave definite and positive evidence of his determination to live by his wits all his life long, before he acquired a record of four convictions. Then why was a desperado like Chapman permitted to carry on for twenty-five years?

But Chapman couldn't have carried on for twenty-five years in a society whose protective system functioned efficiently. In such a society his career would have been halted at the door of the reform school. In a wise society Chapman never would have been given a determinate sentence. First of all, he would have been committed to the reform school for a term of from one year to life. Vocational-training experts would have taught him a trade. There would have been no release for him until he had mastered the trade and exhibited a predilection for industry. And even then his release would have been conditional. He would have to make good. The life term would have hung over him until he had made good. The state would have provided employment for him after he had left the institution. The police would have been notified of his release. The police would have made a monthly report on him. His employers would have made a monthly report on him. Now, if Chapman went back to crime after society had done its best to put him on his feet—went back with the knowledge that he would be imprisoned for life when apprehended—why, then he demonstrated beyond all question that he was a confirmed criminal and entitled to no further consideration from society.

Again I ask: Why give any criminal, young or old, first offender or hardened offender, a specific term of years when you know that he will go right back to the old game after his release? It's no problem to differentiate between the professional criminal and the fellow who gets off the beaten trail once in his life. Who are the professional criminals? They are the birds engaged in rackets which require skill and training—the bank burglar, the safe cracker, the confidence man, the house burglar, and the stick-up man. Be assured that a first offender is rarely in any of these rackets.

When the crook with the determinate term is released, please bear in mind that there are no strings attached to him. The police do not know that he has been released. The crook is free to go and come as he chooses. Every time you release a crook under such conditions, you practically say to him: Well, boy, you have expiated your crime, so we're through with you until you commit another one. Go commit another one. And under this hit-and-miss method of doing business you expect your police to cut down crime waves. It can't be done. Ten million policemen couldn't do it.

Stop Babying First Offenders

The advantages of the from-one-year-to-life parole plan over the determinate system now in vogue are, first, you always have the crook under surveillance. The police know when he's to be released and where he is going to live and for whom he's going to work. If he slips, the police know it immediately, and a country-wide broadcast, via radio, is made to other police departments. His picture and finger prints are circulated. He never gets any rest. He's a hunted man when he breaks that parole. And when he is caught again, back to prison he goes for the rest of his life. Believe me, there wouldn't be so many crooks if the from-one-year-to-life parole plan were in effect!

The next advantage of this plan over the determinate-term system is that it eliminates the cost of subsequent trials. You simply recommit the fancy thinker. Every time you arrest, try and imprison him, it costs you from three thousand dollars to forty-five hundred dollars. You will save considerable money under the life-term parole plan.

In conclusion, I direct your attention to the probation system for juvenile offenders. Its sponsors say it saves many youngsters from criminal careers. Maybe it does. But it also fails to save many youngsters from criminal careers. I dare say it fails to save more than it saves. A recent report of the New York State Commission of Correction would seem to indicate that it's not such a roaring success.

This report shows that between May 1 and May 21, 1929, one hundred and twenty-nine young criminals, ranging in ages from sixteen to twenty-one, were confined in the Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn. Some of them had been sentenced to long terms in state prison, while others were awaiting trial for serious offenses.

In 1928, the report continues, 43½ per cent of all persons called for trial in the courts of Manhattan were young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. The records of the Kings County Jail for 1926 show that there were twenty-seven hundred young men confined therein for various offenses. In 1927 the count rose to three thousand. In 1928 it jumped to thirty-one hundred.

I tell you, Mr. Citizen, that the crime situation in this country is no joke when you can find thirty-one hundred young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one arrested in one city for a multitude of offenses ranging from petty larceny to murder. Crime must be a pretty attractive proposition to the young fellows of today.

And yet the sentimentalists say that the youngsters shouldn't be punished. Well, all I, an ex-crook, can say is this: If society persists in babying these young men as it has been doing for the past twenty years, why, then God help society! Some day in the not very distant future society will regret its actions. You must stop babying first offenders if you want to reduce crime in this country. Put all of them under the life-term parole plan and keep them under it until they have been convinced that crime is poor business.

My reply to the softies' plea that first offenders shouldn't be treated so harshly is that all notorious crooks were first offenders once. The smiling, round-faced juvenile of the reform school is the killer and bandit of tomorrow. He never responds to a kiss, but he will respond to the iron. I know them.

My reply to the time-honored fallacy that punishment does not deter is: Show me a prison or a reform school in the United States wherein convicts are punished.

Every crook, young or old, is a potential murderer. He views every law-abiding citizen as his enemy. He never gives you a break. If you corner him, he kills you. Why be so solicitous about such a character? There is only one way to stop him. Get him when he's young, put him in prison and keep him there until he repents. Determinate periods of imprisonment in playhouses have failed to make him repent, but life terms in real prisons may make him get on his knees.

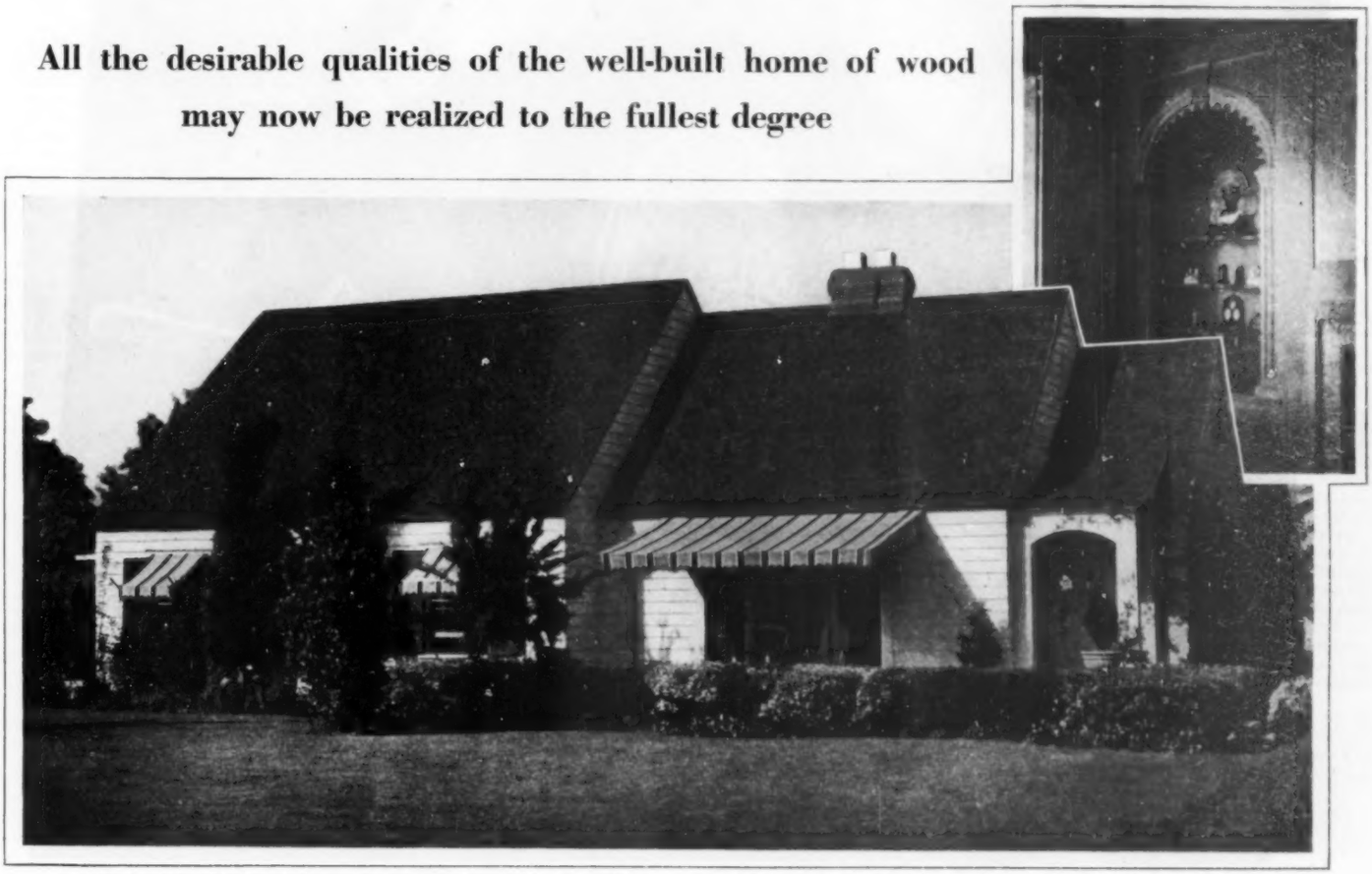
Swift, sure and merciless justice is a powerful deterrent, the opinions of the softies to the contrary notwithstanding. I speak as one who has been led back to the straight and narrow by the beneficent influence of the blind goddess.

That Old-Fashioned Red Schoolhouse: Then ——

—— And Now

BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF WOOD ARE GUARANTEED HOMES TODAY...

All the desirable qualities of the well-built home of wood may now be realized to the fullest degree



Pausing before this charming home, one is impressed anew with the inimitable beauty, the hospitable warmth, of the well-built house of wood.

Entering the inviting doorway one finds wood skillfully utilized to develop the beauty promised by the distinguished exterior.

The "Tree-Mark" stamped on a piece of lumber is your guarantee that the quality indicated thereon by the marks of the expert grader is correct.

FASHIONED from a natural rather than a synthetic product, the home of wood is warm and friendly, comfortable, livable. For wood, in any form, preserves a suggestion of aliveness. It breathes the forest rather than the factory. It is typically American.

Wood is an *adaptable* medium. It permits full expression of the home-owner's dreams, the architect's plans. It is the vogue always.

Wood is a *practical* material. The home of wood—luxuriously beautiful—costs less to build, is less expensive to maintain and heat. It is readily altered. Now a new development in the lumber industry has made possible *guaranteed* homes of wood.

The National Lumber Manufacturers Association guarantees that every piece of lumber manufactured by its members and bearing its "Tree-Mark," is of the quality indicated thereon by the official marks of the expert grader . . . is carefully manufactured "American Standard Lumber from America's Best Mills."

Choosing "Tree-Mark" lumber, the home-builder knows that every foot of lumber that goes into his home is exactly according to specification. He gets exactly what he orders and pays for.

Building now or later, you'll find it helpful to talk with your dealer about "Tree-Mark" lumber, and we will send you a further account of it. Let us also send you a copy of "For Home Lovers," a book of lovely homes, with practical ideas and suggestions for your new home. This book is free. Just mail the coupon.

NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
Washington, D. C.
Offices in New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Memphis, New Orleans, San Francisco

EIGHTEEN great associations affiliated with the National Association maintain supplementary information and service organizations. Guaranteed grade marked "Tree-Mark" lumber is available in all these species:

California Redwood Association, San Francisco, Calif.—Redwood.

†California White & Sugar Pine Manufacturers Association, San Francisco, Calif.—California Pines, White Fir.

†Hardwood Manufacturers Institute, Memphis, Tenn.—Oak, Gum, Tennessee Aromatic Red Cedar, Southern and Appalachian Hardwoods.

*†North Carolina Pine Association, Norfolk, Va.—North Carolina Pine.

*†Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers Association, Oshkosh, Wis.—Hemlock, Maple, Birch and Northern Hardwoods.

*†Northern Pine Manufacturers Association, Minneapolis, Minn.—White Pine, Norway Pine.

*†Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, Jacksonville, Fla.—Cypress and Tupelo.

*†Southern Pine Association, New Orleans, La.—Long Leaf and Short Leaf Southern Yellow Pine.

*†Western Pine Manufacturers Association, Portland, Ore.—Pondosa Pine, Idaho White Pine, Larch.

*†West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Seattle, Wash.—Douglas Fir, Sitka Spruce, West Coast Hemlock, Western Red Cedar.

*†Maple Flooring Manufacturers Association, Chicago, Ill.

*Oak Flooring Manufacturers Association of the United States, Chicago, Ill.

National American Wholesale Lumber Association, New York, N. Y.

National Association of Wooden Box Manufacturers, Chicago, Ill.

British Columbia Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

British Columbia Loggers Association, Vancouver, B. C.

American Wood Preservers' Association, Chicago, Ill.

Red Cedar Shingle Bureau, Seattle, Wash.

*Standard lumber bearing this Association's grade mark available in these species.
†Lumber shipments protected by Manufacturer's Certificate of Car Contents available in these species.

Send for **Free Booklet**

National Lumber Manufacturers Association
Dept. 113, Transportation Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of the booklet, "For Home Lovers."

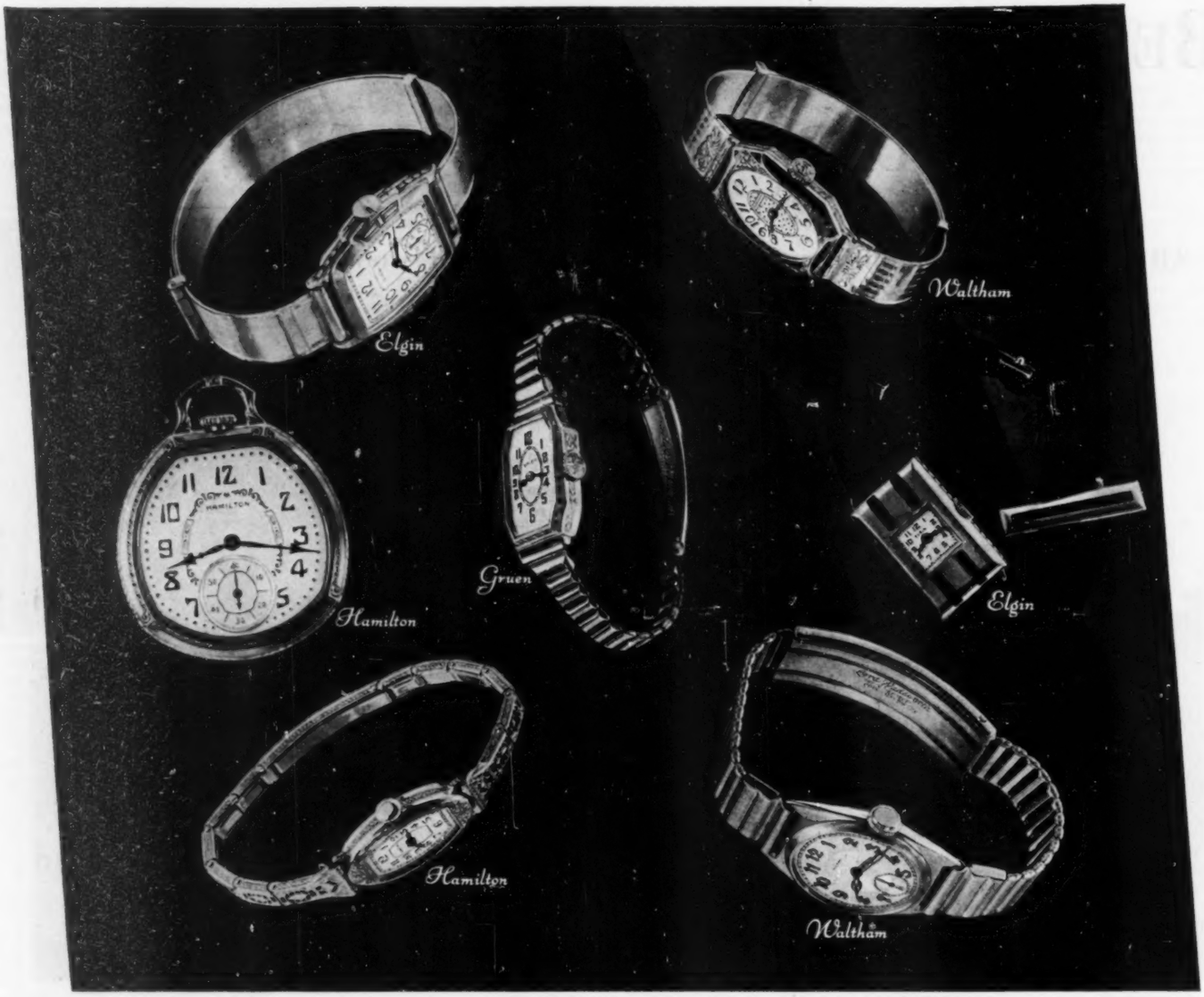
I am planning to build a .....

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....

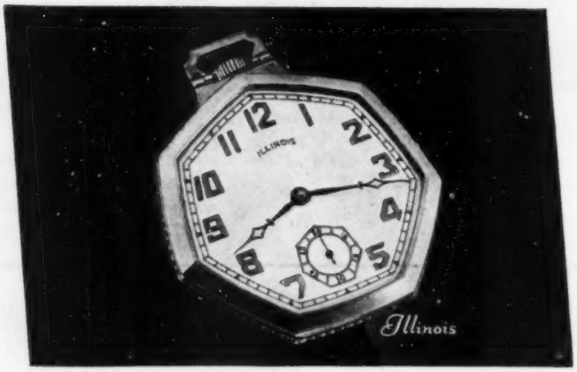
City ..... State .....



Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL

Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only. Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case.



On this page are illustrated fine watches with movements by well-known makers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other Wadsworth models will appear in succeeding advertisements

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY, Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio

Case makers for the leading watch movements

THIS GAME OF AUTHORS

(Continued from Page 66)

We observed Charles Major leisurely at work in the old Shelbyville office, resurrecting in primary colors a little of the pageantry of the old Tudor days. But now what do we have? A few miles away, a statesman examining for years every document throwing light on a great Supreme Court Justice and making him live for the women's clubs. Carl Sandburg hewing out of the dusty accumulated lumber of the past a lifelike and still heroic Lincoln. Will Beebe lying on his back in the forests of Guiana, diving in tropical seas and entrancing us with the maneuvers of armies of tiny ants or the evolutions of trigger fish. De Kruif pegging away in a seemingly hopeless obscurity and living to see the result of his eight years of labor, The Microbe Hunters, bound in bright covers and sought by thousands in the circulating libraries. Monsieur Hémon living with the primitive French in the North, buried in those woods and, before he is killed by that railway train, reaping rich royalties on that exquisite spiritual study, Maria Chapdelaine. H. N. Williamson watching the sand and the soil of Devon, studying lovingly each manifestation of animal and bird life, each aspect of the human, and weaving his years of findings into a tale of Nature and the human soul all so beautifully blended that it is taken to the hearts of thousands.

Just a Scratch

The American reading public has, with authors and publishers, found out that it likes truth, as with its mechanical ingenuity and inventiveness, its business efficiency, it should have discovered long ago. It could not fall for the glib and the spurious forever, though still it may, in a frivolous off-hour, dive for Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, and clever lightness still has and will always have its place. Even where we do not demand material or concrete facts, we have discovered in ourselves an unsuspected hunger for spiritual truth, though self-consciously we'd hate to call it that. Otherwise why should we buy a book—Giants of the Earth—written first in Norwegian—by a Norwegian professor in a far-off Minnesota town, and living on a meager fresh-water-college salary while he worked? But he wrote down truth. So did Galsworthy in The Forsyte Saga, Sedgwick in The Old Countess and The Little French Girl, Sheila Kaye-Smith in Joanna Godden, Ibanez in The Cabin, Wharton in Ethan Frome and The House of Mirth. Each depicted a region, a people, *métier* or class with fidelity or truth.

Possibly some of us who are writers have discovered, too, a very useful and eternal fact—that matter means as much as manner, not more, for the two are inextricably entwined as cause and effect—also that while you can never write down to people, not even to children, you can write, so to speak, face to face.

Good style is a by-product, the clearest and most forthright way of telling what you have to tell. One attains the best style when he is functioning perfectly, most closely fitting thought and word.

But to return to the bookstores and publishing offices, from which we have wandered too long—have they kept pace with the advance in taste? Certainly they have, in prosperity. The old daybook is gone, and most of the dust and the bins, except in the purely secondhand stores. The use of carbon paper is now understood, and the perforated statement—Return this stub; your check will serve as receipt. And in place of the old fixtures you find good oak, shaded lamps in nooks in restful interiors. And there are three bookstores where one grew before, and ten lending libraries. Even the tobacconists have shelves of Pollyanna close by their panetelas, books of wit and humor cheek by jowl with their humidors. And the novel that, when we began on the first page, sold for a dollar-eight, now brings two dollars, and sometimes a half dollar to boot; while the octavo that could have been crowded into a duodecimo sells at four, five and six.

Not that these prices are exorbitant, at least under the system that now prevails. The wages of linotypers and binders have soared with costs of living. The electrotype plate that at the beginning of the century cost a dollar or only three-quarters, now costs two or more, including composition. Where a few hundred dollars would have seen a novel modestly launched, it now takes from fourteen hundred to two thousand, with proper charges for plates, designs, binding stamps, wrappers, binding, advertising, royalty and overhead. And since the average novel, and many a one well-reviewed, sells not more than fifteen hundred copies, much fiction is published at a loss. It is the sweepstakes winner that pays for the also-rans. And out of ten thousand horses entered now each year, there cannot be many winners. Some stables go without a single one in a lean year. But prices will take care of themselves. Despite the gain in recent years in sales and types, the surface has hardly yet been scratched. There are countless millions who never read a book outside of school, and 97 per cent of our population never buy any books at all. How much of life they miss!

A Hard Choice

Recently the book world has been set agog by the newly tried jury system of selecting books. We mean the system of paying five men of experience to choose books for paying subscribers. And everybody has been set agog—so agog, in fact, that the scheme and the selections are the subjects of conversations on the golf links and at the afternoon bridge.

One of the bitterest arguments aroused is that of price or discount to these clubs, which is larger, because of edition printing, than that given to the dealers. But that is a trade, an internal, matter, for which these pages, no matter how we might feel for our old bookstore friends, cannot be properly used as an open forum.

The chance that some of these clubs got off on the wrong foot in using the troublesome word "best" is another matter. Too much decision for the public, and perhaps posterity, is thereby implied. Now, if only they had said "good books," conditions would have been different! They have chosen many excellent ones, despite what you or I may think of their mistakes. As for their list of recommended books, their second and third, and so on, choices, there is argument even on that point. Undeniably, most of them are fine, but you cannot please everybody. One of John Erskine's books was not selected as the leader of the month, but it was put on this recommended list. By a system of returns allowed by this particular jury, twenty thousand wrote in and asked to have substituted for the "best," John Erskine's much-discussed book. But this involved a lowering of royalties to which Mr. Erskine urbanely demurred. "I cannot see," he said, "any reason why I should pay to have my book called 'the second-best book of the month.'" But then that was a witticism, and these clubs have done some good service to books in getting them talked about and increasing the number of readers, even when their more unfortunate choices have diverted the limelight, as some publishers feel, from worthy books that otherwise might have made their way.

But if the judges are to be pitied, how about the public? Ten thousand books staring at them from the stalls and printed newspaper page! Batteries of blurbs, adjectives and superlatives engulfing them! And now fifteen juries selecting for them! To say nothing of the thousand and one diversions and duties that have a claim on the average reader's time. It is the foolish expenditure of this, more than that of money, that they dread. The crux of the trouble lies right there. It is the same with the legitimate stage. One hates to go to all the trouble of dressing up and taking a train, perhaps—anyway, spending a whole evening at five dollars a seat, and finding oneself sold in the end. If one drops in to the films informally, at any old hour, and pays only forty or fifty cents, he does not feel cheated if the film turns out a flim-flam. And it takes from eight to ten hours to read a book. It is easier, unless you are sure, to turn on the dial or run out the car.

The best book of the month is chosen from the output of a month, the old ones come down out of a thousand years. And milestones don't, after all, come every few inches.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

WE ARE the little people who never have won to fame,
We who tamed the grass to wheat, gave the stars a name,
We who made the wolf our friend, sharing woe or weal,
Yoked the ox and backed the horse, shaped the wedge and wheel,
With our strong hands magical.

Who will make a song for us, with no murmurs languorous,
But the crash of stroke on stroke, like our axes on the oak,
Hammer clank on many a stone as we shaped them, one by one,
Building, as our masters bid, temple, tomb and pyramid,
By the rivers of the south?

Dust and blood and fire and smoke, where the dim forgotten folk
Saw their rooftrees fall in flame—knew all agony and shame—
Felt the lash and wore the chain—built their wattled huts again,
In despite of man or beast, god or devil, king or priest,
Made a home and reared a brood in the wasteland or the wood,
In the islands of the sea.

Long ago and long ago—but when you work today,
Draining the swamps for plowland, dredging the silt away,
Fluming the hills to ruin where the golden dust is sieved—
Still you find the little homes where the little people lived.

Gently bare the narrow wall that to them was all in all—
With this puny ax and spear one man faced a world of fear;
Here his hoarded food he kept; here the tired children slept,
Tasted life and found it sweet. . . . Put your shoes from off your feet,
For this place is holy ground.

When the Sidonian galleys beat out to open sea,
Steering by the Phœnician Star to unknown mystery,
We who bent the purple sails, plied the oars with pain—
Ho! The tales we told our sons when we came home again!

Hiram sent his navies forth, Tarshish way, to bring
Ivory, apes and peacocks to Solomon the King—
At midnight in the harbor, when the watchman's back was turned,
The little people slipped ashore with little things they earned.

David in the wilderness, Hector on the wall,
Hereward in the greenwood—and we were with them all.

Where the wanderer ventured, where the hero led,
The little people went with him and struck to guard his head.

Emperors and admirals, conquerors and kings,
Crashing up and down the world—still the story rings.
Beyond the farthest camp fire—beyond the last flag furled,
The little silent people went and built themselves a world.

Up across the World's Roof the untrod passes lay
Till the little people made a path and followed to Cathay.
Furderstrandi beaches and peaks of Hy-Brazil—
The little people found them first, and tell their children still.

The books we write are age-long roads, the songs we make are stone,
We build our dreams to dam and ditch where the bare brown deserts moan;
We build our dreams to dike and wall where the salt tides filter through—
A thousand years and a thousand years, and all our dreams come true!

Lo, we have dreamed down slavery, and we have dreamed down kings,
And still we dream of decency and the end of evil things;
O builders, put your ships away and bid your navies cease,
For rague and dim and shapelessly, the small folk dream of peace!

Sullen, stupid and sinful—stubborn, silent and slow,
We built and bridged and fed the world—and they paid us with a blow:
Now that tale of bricks is done; now to buy our toil
All that earth and sea can give they bring us for a spoil
Such as Cæsar never knew.

And for you, the later-born—you who pelt us with your scorn,
You who ape the tyrant still—lacking only strength and skill—
When you twist your mouths to sneer, for your hate—and for your fear—
We who work and dream and wait, give you laughter for your hate
And our pity for your scorn.

Arms that mocked at weariness—feet that trod on fear—
Stubborn neck and knotted hands—well that you are here
When the nations reel to ruin, when the golden lips are dumb,
When the world cries to God for help—and the little people come!

—*Eugene Manlove Rhodes.*

View of Boston 1788

The Smoke

marks

Paul Revere's Foundry

+

WHERE THE ENERGETIC PATRIOT, AIDED BY U. S. GOVERNMENT, LAID FOUNDATION FOR A GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY

Above print of Boston was engraved in 1788. The artist, bent on dramatizing Boston's industrial importance, etched in an eloquent cloud of smoke. This smoke, explains an old footnote, was from Paul Revere's foundry.

PAUL REVERE and SON,
BOSTON.
Cast Bells and Brass Cannon of all Sizes,
and all kinds of Composition Work. Manufacture Sheets,
Bolts, Spikes, Nails, &c. from Malleable Copper and
Cold Rolled.

Business Card of Paul Revere and Son

Popular history remembers only Revere, the midnight horseman, but already in 1788 he appears as a spotlighted Boston manufacturer. Six years later, he began that stirring expansion which broke European monopoly and established an American industry.

Sketch of Revere statue modelled by Cyrus E. Dallin

THE FIRST NAVY

1794-98 were the years in which United States established its Department of the Navy and built the frigates Constitution and United States. Revere was the only American who knew the "secret" of forging malleable copper, and to Revere went the order for copper spikes, bolts, brass fittings, bronze bells.

✣

GOVERNMENT LOAN OF $10,000

Early New England shipyard

But, Revere's cherished objective was an American copper rolling mill. In 1801, government gave him a loan of $10,000. At Canton, Mass., 15 miles from Faneuil Hall, Revere bought a water-power site, erected buildings, installed copper-rolling machinery and officially established the American copper and brass industry.

Now came his greater "ride". In 1803, the Constitution put into Boston shipyard, to be resheathed with copper rolled by Paul Revere. Her log reports: "The carpenters gave nine cheers, because they had in fourteen days completed recoppering the ship, with copper made in the States."

Paul Revere & Son,

At their BELL *and* CANNON FOUNDERY, *at the North Part of* BOSTON,

CAST *BELLS*, of all sizes; every kind of Brass ORDNANCE, and every kind of *Composition Work for* SHIPS, &c. *as the finest ever*: Manufacture COPPER into SHEETS, BOLTS, SPIKES, NAILS, RIVETS, DOVETAILS, &c. from *Malleable Copper*.

They always keep, by them, every kind of *Copper Fastening for Ships*. They have now on hand, a number of Church and Ship Bells, of different Sizes; a large quantity of Sheathing Copper, from 16 up to 30 ounces: Bolts, Spikes, Nails, &c of all Sizes, which they warrant equal to English manufacture.

Cash and the highest price given for old Copper and Brass. march 10

Old Revere advertisement

✣

BIG BUSINESS IN 1803

In 1803, U. S. Navy alone took $93,000 worth of Revere copper and brass. Already, Revere copper sheets roofed Boston State House and Old North Church. When New York's City Hall was built, the architect turned for its roofing to Revere.

Later, began the interesting association with Robert Fulton. Boilers of Revere copper were installed in steamboat Raritan.

✣

AFTER A CENTURY AND A QUARTER

New York City Hall

But even Revere's dream did not soar to the picture of today.

His original company, handed down to son, grandson, greatgrandson, was first merged into the Taunton-New Bedford Copper Company, and last year became the cornerstone of a nation-wide consolidation.

In this consolidation are the two largest copper mills of the country, Baltimore Copper Mills, founded 1814, and the new continuous rolling mill, completed in 1929 by the Rome Brass & Copper Company. With these pioneers of the East are joined Michigan Copper and Brass Company and Higgins Brass and Manufacturing Company, plants that grew with the lusty automobile industry of Detroit; and Dallas Brass and Copper Company, ultra-modern Chicago plant serving the industrial West.

Revere House, Boston, as restored

✣

REVERE IN 1929

These six divisions, operating 25% of the country's copper, brass and bronze rolling-mill facilities, perpetuate the name of Paul Revere in the industry and in the very business which he founded: REVERE COPPER AND BRASS INCORPORATED.

Revere Copper *and* Brass

INCORPORATED

Divisions: **Baltimore** *Copper Mills, Baltimore, Md.* . . **Dallas** *Brass & Copper Co., Chicago, Ill.* . . . **Higgins** *Brass & Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.* . . . **Michigan** *Copper & Brass Co., Detroit, Mich.* . . . **Rome** *Brass & Copper Co., Rome, N. Y.* . . . **Taunton-New Bedford** *Copper Co., Taunton, Mass.*

GENERAL OFFICES: ROME, N. Y.

ENGLISH PRISONS—WHAT THEY ARE LIKE

(Continued from Page 30)

system—and I think we can claim that it is, on the whole, successful—is due, apart altogether from considering the quality of the personnel, to the fact that it is a permanent service. The staff, from governor downward, remain in their appointments, subject, of course, to good conduct, whatever political party may be in power. One of the criticisms against the American system, which is heard perhaps more frequently in America than elsewhere, is that no warder of a state prison is sure of retaining his appointment under a new governor. Happily, in England the prison service, equally with the other great branches of public administration, has been entirely divorced from politics.

The Prison Philosopher

There was only one prison disturbance during my term of office that I can record for you, and its cause can be traced to the curious fact that the effect of prison reform is not always good when viewed from every standpoint. For instance, a portion of our efforts is directed toward segregating prisoners and dividing them up into different classes—the first offender being kept apart from the hardened offender, who can go either to Wormwood Scrubs if he is a short-term prisoner, to Maidstone if he is a long-term prisoner, or to Wakefield, in the north of England, if he comes from that end of the country. It is a curious thing that in Maidstone there are a considerable number of murderers whose sentences have been commuted for some reason or another to penal servitude for various terms extending up to twenty years. These men are nearly always first offenders; certainly nobody commits two murders—in fact, I think there is only one such case, that of a youth who was let off and subsequently committed a second murder, and he is now in prison. He was too young to be hanged, and his future is a matter of really grave anxiety. I have seen him and spoken to him; he is apparently perfectly normal and a very nice lad. But there is always a grave responsibility connected with the prerogative of mercy; if you let a man off about whose sanity there is the slightest doubt and he commits another crime, or, still worse, another murder, a very grave and unpleasant responsibility would rest upon the shoulders of the Secretary of State who had permitted his release.

I remember seeing an old gentleman walking along carrying a bucket one day while I was visiting Maidstone prison. Of course, you will understand that when the Home Secretary goes round a prison he does not necessarily go with the governor or officials. He speaks to any prisoner he likes, quite alone. He can have any cell door opened and go in and talk to the prisoners there. Once I remember finding fifty or sixty hardened criminals in a recreation shed; it was a wet afternoon and they were allowed to meet and talk to one another. I saw two rather nice-looking men standing over by some hot-water pipes. I asked the governor who they were, and found that both had murdered their wives.

He said, "Would you like to speak to them? I can call them over here."

I said, "No, thank you. I will go and talk to them myself."

I strolled over, as one might to any ordinary person to whom one was introduced, sat on the hot-water pipes with them and had a most interesting chat about life in prison. They spoke with complete frankness, and I did in that case—as I have in others—receive hints as to the possible innocence of some other prisoners, which I had investigated as I have had others. There has never been the slightest attempt at violence in these encounters with prisoners—except in one case—but I have had many interesting talks. I remember one delightful old gentleman, wearing a black silk skullcap, engaged in bookbinding. He had received sentences amounting to forty-two years—which meant that he had been in prison for some thirty-odd years—for forgery. Time after time when he was released, whatever efforts were made to keep him straight, he always forged, and back he went to prison.

After a little chat, I said, "Have you any complaints?"

"No," he answered, "none at all."

"Is the food all right?"

"It isn't Ritz-Carlton," was the reply, "but there's nothing to complain of."

I said that I was glad to find somebody with no complaints.

He looked at me with a twinkle, and he said, "Well, sir, if you are asking for complaints, I really have got one."

I said, "What is it?"

"You know," he answered seriously, "I have been in prison for so long that I imagine I am a bit of a philosopher. And there isn't a single book of German philosophy in any of the prisons I have been in. I want to read Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and several others of that kind."

I was so interested that I gave orders to the officials and the books were provided.

He was not the only philosopher in prison. I was going round a prison one afternoon and went into a hospital ward where some of the older men were who suffered from colds.

In the course of conversation, one old man said to me: "Eh, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, I knaows you. I voted for you in Manchester years ago."

"Well," I said, "what brings you here?"

"Well," was the reply, "I've no right to be 'ere at all. The police nabbed me before ever I got into the house"—meaning, of course, that he was attempting a burglary, but was caught in the act before he had secured any of the swag.

I sympathized with him, and said, "How many times have you had penal servitude?"

"About seven."

"But," I said, "supposing you have been wrongly convicted this once, how many times have you escaped conviction when you ought to have been convicted?" And there was a titter round the room.

"Well, guv'nor, I should think over seventy!"

So I said, "Don't you think we can cry quits on this occasion?"

"Ah, well," he said, "I'm not complaining."

Of course in the case of an old criminal like that, there is not much to be done for him. It is a form of sport to many burglars; if they win they get clean away with, it may be, five hundred pounds, or two thousand five hundred dollars, and they live in comfort and luxury for six months. If they are caught—well, the luck was against them and they take their punishment, and I am afraid plan out new methods of getting away while they are serving their sentence.

Tempered With Mercy

But to return to my old man at Maidstone—because I want to show you the human side of the Home Secretary's work—I asked him what he was there for.

He said, "I did someone in"—that is the euphemism for murder.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Sixteen years." Then he looked at me. "You are the Home Secretary, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why not let me go?" he said quietly. "I shan't be any more likely not to commit a second murder after twenty years than I am now."

"That is all very well," I replied, "but who is to look after you?"

"That's all right" was the quick reply. "I've got a wife and children whom I've kept in touch with all these years; they are waiting for me to come out."

I did not make him any promises, but I sent for the chaplain and told him to try to find out whether the story was true and let me have a human report on the man's case. I had it after a week or two, and found that the old man was perfectly right, and that his family were anxiously waiting for him. I remitted the remainder of his sentence and sent him home to his wife and children. That kind of action is one which could be put on the other side, as against the punitive work in which the Home Secretary is concerned. Several times I let men out to attend the funeral of a wife or child who had died while they were in prison; they were let out on parole, and never once did a convict fail to return within the time limit. I am quite sure that the convict is a better man for being treated as a human being.

Almost Over the Wall

But as I said, the improvements and reforms in prisons have one bad effect: They collect the bad men together as well as the good men; and the disturbance I have mentioned did take place at one of the prisons which had been cleared of all its first offenders, and, in consequence, the remainder were a very tough lot. Had the situation not been handled firmly and, at the same time, tactfully, it might have developed into serious consequences. The prisoners conceived that they had a grievance against the governor, and, incited no doubt to desperate courses by the more abandoned of their number, conspired to demonstrate their hostility at the conclusion of the Sunday-morning service. After the blessing had been spoken, of one accord they rose in their seats and with many voices abused the object of their dislike. The governor, who had previously been made aware of the probability of such an occurrence, and had, with the most commendable foresight, forbidden the prison officers, in that event, to resort to forceful measures, confronted the insurgent crowd and by the agency merely of a powerful personality reduced it within a few minutes to an uneasy silence. He rebuked the prisoners for having embarked on so unconstitutional a means of airing their grievances, reminded them of the method, then long established, of approaching the governor, and quietly ordered them to return to their cells. Abashed by a force which they could sense but could not understand, they resumed their habit of obedience. I have visited that prison, I have been in the chapel and I have seen some, at any rate, of the prisoners who took part, and I was more than glad, when I was offered the opportunity by a question in regard to the disturbance put to me in the House of Commons, to commend the action of the governor to the approbation of the House.

Escapes and attempts to escape, when they become known, are, not unnaturally, accorded considerable prominence in the more sensational of our newspapers, but their number is, in fact, negligible compared with the total prison population. For 1926 and 1927 the figures are 21 and 32 respectively, while the average daily population was 10,860 and 11,179. There was, however, one attempted escape which never got into the press, but which I shall always remember. It was really so ingenious that it ought, if success is the measure of reward for industry, to have succeeded. It was, moreover, so contrived that if the prisoner was detected in the attempt, there was a sporting chance that he might regain his cell with his identity undiscovered. One of the prisoners possessed himself of a key of his cell door—that story is in itself an epic which I shall not reveal, lest it serve as an inspiration to others—and at dusk released himself and a companion. The two shut behind them their cell doors, which closed with spring locks, in order that they might leave nothing patently amiss, retrieved a length of rope which they had managed to secrete in some place which to this day is undiscovered, and made their way across the courtyard into the shadow of the gate. One end of this rope was heaved over the top and drawn back under the gate, and while one of the prisoners held the return end, the other started to climb.

It so happened that one of the prison staff chose that moment to cross the courtyard toward the warders' recreation room and observed, in the shadow of the gate, a darker shadow where no shadow should be. With considerable presence of mind, he continued his leisurely stroll to the recreation room, from which, a few seconds later, he led the necessary force to prevent the escape. As soon as the prisoners saw that their attempt had failed, they abandoned the rope and fled back across the courtyard into the prison building, where, with the aid of the key, they let themselves again into their cells. Fortunately—and I say "fortunately" with a shade of regret—the door of one of the cells was just seen to close, and an immediate examination soon exposed the truth.

I have diverged so much that I have almost forgotten my friend the prisoner who was convicted at the beginning of this article. He goes first to a temporary prison, where he has for a week or two solitary confinement. The old sentence of solitary confinement has been done away with altogether; it is too cruel and adds nothing to the improvement in the condition of the prisoner. It is only in the temporary prison, which one might consider a kind of clearing house, that the man is, of necessity, kept in his cell, where he is examined medically, educationally and morally, by the chaplain, so that a decision can be arrived at as to the most suitable permanent prison for him to be sent to and the kind of work that he had better do. Let us suppose, for a moment, that he goes to Dartmoor. He will be met at the prison gates by some of the warders. He will be allotted a cell and will be seen by the governor—from the very first he will be treated as a human being. The whole service now knows that when once he is there, the conviction, the police court and the police are all behind him. He and the prison officers look forward to the day of his release; he, perhaps at the beginning, with the thought of more crime; they with the hope that they can turn him out fit to take his place in society and, in fact, make a man of him. That is the object of our prisons nowadays.

Real Work for Convicts

His food is ample, though plain, and perfectly good. He rises in the morning, cleans out his cell, has his breakfast, and then he is detailed for work. If he is an exceptionally strong man he goes to the quarries. If he is less strong he takes part in agricultural work. It may be that he comes from some farming district and is fond of horses; then he is given that work—and nothing is so humanizing for a prisoner as association with animals. I have seen men tremendously proud of the well-groomed condition of the horses under their care. It may be, on the other hand, that he has to work inside the prison, as he is lightly built. If he is used to any particular trade he is put to do something as nearly like that trade as possible; it may be a blacksmith's shop, a tin-maker's shop, a bookbinding establishment. Then there is the sewing of mail bags, the making of prisoners' clothing. The coats may not be very grand and the cloth not such as you and I would care to wear, but it is sound and serviceable, and the clothing, from the boots to the cap, is all made in one or other of our prisons. There are very few men left nowadays who have to pick oakum. If they have no aptitude for any other work or if they have been troublesome in refusing to do other work, then they may be told off to pick oakum—that is, unraveling bits of

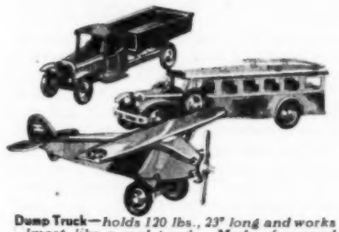
(Continued on Page 142)

Toys that resist wear for sale at our new RETAIL STORES

Joy-Toy Velocipede — *Real 1¼" balloon type tires; leather saddle and tool bag; French style bulb horn. Nickel plated rustproof bicycle spokes and hub; extra large rear wheels. Baked-on enamel finish. 2-3 year size* ..... **$10.48. 6-8 year* ..... **$14.45.

U. S. Mail Monoplane — *that builds and strengthens child's body. Operates with revolving propeller. Balloon type, roller bearing wheels with ⅛" rubber tires. Height 27½"; length overall 53½"; wing spread 30". For children 5 to 10 years* ..... **$15.79.*

De Luxe Wagon —*Sturdy one piece body that will not warp, 33 x 15" of heavy automobile steel. 10" double disc wheels riveted so they won't come apart. 1" balloon style rubber tires. Beautiful, massive appearance, large roll rim at top and double beaded sides and bottom* ..... **$6.39.*



Dump Truck—*holds 120 lbs., 23" long and works almost like a real truck. Made of pressed steel, with real dumping body* ..... **$1.00.*

Rubber Tire Bus—*25" long, double disc wheels, bumper, dummy headlights and dummy steering wheel* ..... **$2.19.*

All-steel Airplane — *the propeller whirls and makes a real motor noise while being drawn around. Made of 22 gauge steel, is 23½" long* ..... **$1.98.*

**Prices slightly higher in some states.*

We guarantee our merchandise to be satisfactory in every way; if it is not, your money will be refunded without question.

WE WENT TO AN AUTO PARTS MAKER

to get a coaster wagon that boys *won't break!*

"I WANT a coaster wagon that boys won't break, and I'm going to an auto parts maker to get it," our toy buyer announced last Fall.

So he went to a well known worker in pressed steel, who made tough durable automobile fenders, hoods and running boards.

Our buyer, an expert in the manufacture of toys, explained how the wagon should be made —"and build it out of the same material as your sturdiest auto parts," he instructed.

The wagon when completed withstood every test, including the holding of six men with a total weight of 1200 lbs.

Our toy buyer was delighted, and contracted at once for a tremendous number of the wagons. So Sears, Roebuck customers not only get the *best quality* wagons, but also a *much lower price*, because of large quantity buying.

Thousands of cases like this occur in the daily routine of Sears, Roebuck and Co. We employ many skilled merchandise specialists and qualified engineers, who are constantly searching for new raw materials . . . new methods of manufacture . . . and other ways of making Sears, Roebuck merchandise even *better* than it already is.

That's why, in actual use, Sears, Roebuck products give *more satisfactory service*, over a *longer period of time*, than similar products that oftentimes cost much more.

And it also explains why Sears, Roebuck and Co. in 43 years have become the World's Largest Store, with 12,000,000 customers that trade with them steadily.

These customers have learned to depend on Sears, Roebuck and Co. for *exceptional values* . . . for the *highest quality* merchandise at the *lowest possible cost.*

* * *

The items of merchandise shown on this page are only a few of the exceptional values offered you by Sears, Roebuck and Co. If you do not live near a Sears, Roebuck retail store, send direct to your nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order plant for their illustrated catalog, containing full descriptions of more than 46,000 products.

You will find this catalog a treasure house of fine merchandise . . . everything for the family and the home . . . at prices that enable you to *save* on everything you buy.

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Give Him
SOMETHING
TO LOOK
FORWARD TO!

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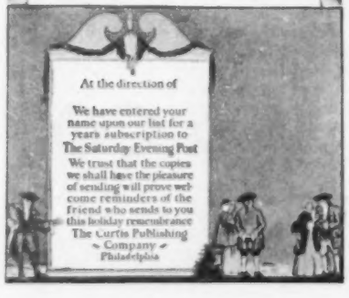
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The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 140)

old rope, the resulting fiber being used for stuffing mattresses. The treadmill has long since been abolished, and it is our endeavor to abolish all kinds of unremunerative work—work that a man knows is given to him merely for punitive purposes.

I have devoted a good deal of time and thought to the improvement of work in the prisons. I am not even yet satisfied that more cannot be got out of prisoners in respect of work. I think and hope methods will be devised—they were being considered during my term of office—to reward good work either by little privileges, such as jam for their tea—and remember that the way to a prisoner's heart lies so often through his stomach. Then there are the other privileges of the men who have served a certain number of years without appearing on the defaulters' sheet. They are allowed an hour or two of what is called "association" every evening—that is, they may sit and read in company with one another, and in certain cases they are allowed the greatest solace of all—tobacco.

When the Sentence is Ended

Our prisoner goes through all these stages. He may be quarrelsome, and quarrel with the warders or the other prisoners; then he will find his life not so easy. The man who means to improve will undoubtedly do so. In addition to the ordinary work, there are lectures and educational classes, largely taught by volunteers. In one prison I went to in a country place, I found that the teachers of the council schools fifteen miles away came over in relays day by day to teach, voluntarily, the men in the prison. Every cell contains, in addition to a Bible and one or two other books of a devotional character, three books from the prison library, which can be changed at the choice of the prisoner from time to time.

Does our system work, we are asked. And, after all, that is always the question which must determine improvement in every section of life. Do the improvements in hospitals work? Do the improvements in education work? Do the improvements in prisons work? The first two have not been under my control, and it is not for me to answer the questions; but I have no hesitation whatever in answering the third—that they do work, that the reform of the prison system has been a sound investment, that the number of prisoners has been reduced wholesale, by the probation system, by the giving of time for the payment of fines, and by the abolition of imprisonment for debt, so much so that we have, in the last ten years, been able to close no less than twenty-five prisons. If it is possible to stem the flow of recruitment to the ranks of the habitual criminals, the numbers of those requiring prison accommodation will, when the present generation of old jailbirds has died out, inevitably and substantially diminish.

But not only that; we are restoring the man to citizenship. His career in prison is watched carefully by prison visitors—and how can I say enough of the prison visitors? Men and women unknown to the world at large, figuring in no charitable reports, speaking on no public platforms. Going every afternoon to our prisons, they are given the keys of certain cells; day by day or two or three times a week they visit the prisoner without any warder being present. They make friends with him or her, they get to know the condition of his home life, they get to know what his aspirations are at the conclusion of his sentence, and, working in close touch with the Prisoners' Aid Society, it is they who have put the coping stone onto the work of the prison reformers.

In thousands of cases they have taken charge of a prisoner when, on some cold winter morning, perhaps, he finds himself outside the doors of the prison. It may be some old lag is waiting for him, ready to influence him to dip down again into a life of crime. But he will see there a friend also waiting for him, ready to take him off to a hostel where he will find a warm breakfast, perhaps some fresh clothes and, it may be, the payment of his fare home, or perhaps the redemption of his tools from some pawnbroker's; in any case, there will be an effort to start him in a decent, honorable life. Many are the men who have gone through prison and who are now occupying decent posts, whose past life is known only to themselves and, perhaps, to the senior employer in the firm for which they work. They have made good, they are entitled to leave behind them the stigma of prison life and to say, "We have paid our penalty; we have put away from ourselves the intention of crime; we can once more take our places in the ranks and hold our heads up with our fellow men."

There are a few points that arise in connection with this position which are worth while putting into words. It is necessary for the general body of citizens to play their part in the matter; they have a duty to the ex-prisoner to see that when he has paid the penalty he is not ruined for all time, and secondly, they have a duty to society as a whole to see that the man about whom we have been thinking does not remain a plague spot in the community, preying on his fellow men for a living and lending himself as a ready instrument to any forces of general disorder.

Many prisoners, though not all, can be made into good citizens. A minority are men of such determined selfishness that there is, humanly speaking, no prospect of a change in their mental outlook. But the great majority are merely weak, foolish, vicious or impulsive. For many of these latter there is hope. Character and physique can be strengthened by prison training, and latent generous impulses can be aroused.

In such cases a real start on discharge after a period of prison training may prove, and in numbers of cases does prove, all that is required to withdraw a recruit from the ranks of crime and enroll him in the great army of steady citizens. But the lack of this fresh start may, and often does, cancel all the efforts which have been made to train the offender in prison. In such a case the man, after a period of drifting and irresolution, is led by want to commit a fresh offense. Happily the general body of citizens is coming to realize their responsibility in this matter, and the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies, which are largely supported from voluntary funds and manned by volunteers, have been instrumental in giving a fresh start to thousands. It might also be pointed out that prisoners' aid work, on its lowest basis, is economical. Between 50,000 and 60,000 persons leave prison each year after serving their sentences. The daily average population is between 11,000 and 12,000. To keep a person for a year in prison costs altogether nearly £100. Once a man has become accustomed to a life of crime, he is likely to spend a good many of his years in prison and to cost the country a thousand pounds or two merely to keep him, without counting all that it costs to get him arrested, tried and sentenced on each occasion, and the probable cost to the guardians for maintaining his relatives.

Two Grateful Youths

Special reference might, perhaps, be made to women prisoners. In 1901 some 40,000 or 50,000 women passed through the prisons, but it was not the quantity only that was appalling but the quality. Taking the figures for 1900, it appeared that 72 per cent had been previously convicted, 42 per cent five times and more, and 15 per cent—that is some 7000 women—twenty times or more. Since 1900 the annual number of women coming into prison has fallen from a figure of between 40,000 and 50,000 to a figure between 7000 and 8000.

That great improvement is no doubt due to many causes—partly to social and economic changes, partly to changes in the law—but it can also be attributed in part to the devoted work of the women prison visitors, who have done their best to turn the minds of the prisoners into new directions and to help to secure for them, on discharge, chances to lead new lives.

Shall I confess that the prison visitors are not always successful? Two quite young lads in prison were visited by a very charming lady, rich and well dressed. After a time they were discharged, but soon after, they came back to the prison and asked to see the governor's wife, who fortunately was a woman of forethought. They came quite pleasantly and humbly into her presence and said that Mrs. So-and-So had been so good to them when they were in prison that they would like to see her and thank her. Could they have her address?

The lady of forethought smiled a little and said, "It isn't usual to give addresses. What do you want it for?"

"Oh," they replied, "we thought we would like to thank her."

And then she suddenly said to them, "You young rascals, tell me the truth. What do you really want that lady's address for?"

And seeing that they were cornered, the younger of the youths said: "Well, ma'am, she really had such beautiful pearls!"

Needless to say, the address was not given, and up to the present the lady's house has not been burgled.

The Problem of Women Prisoners

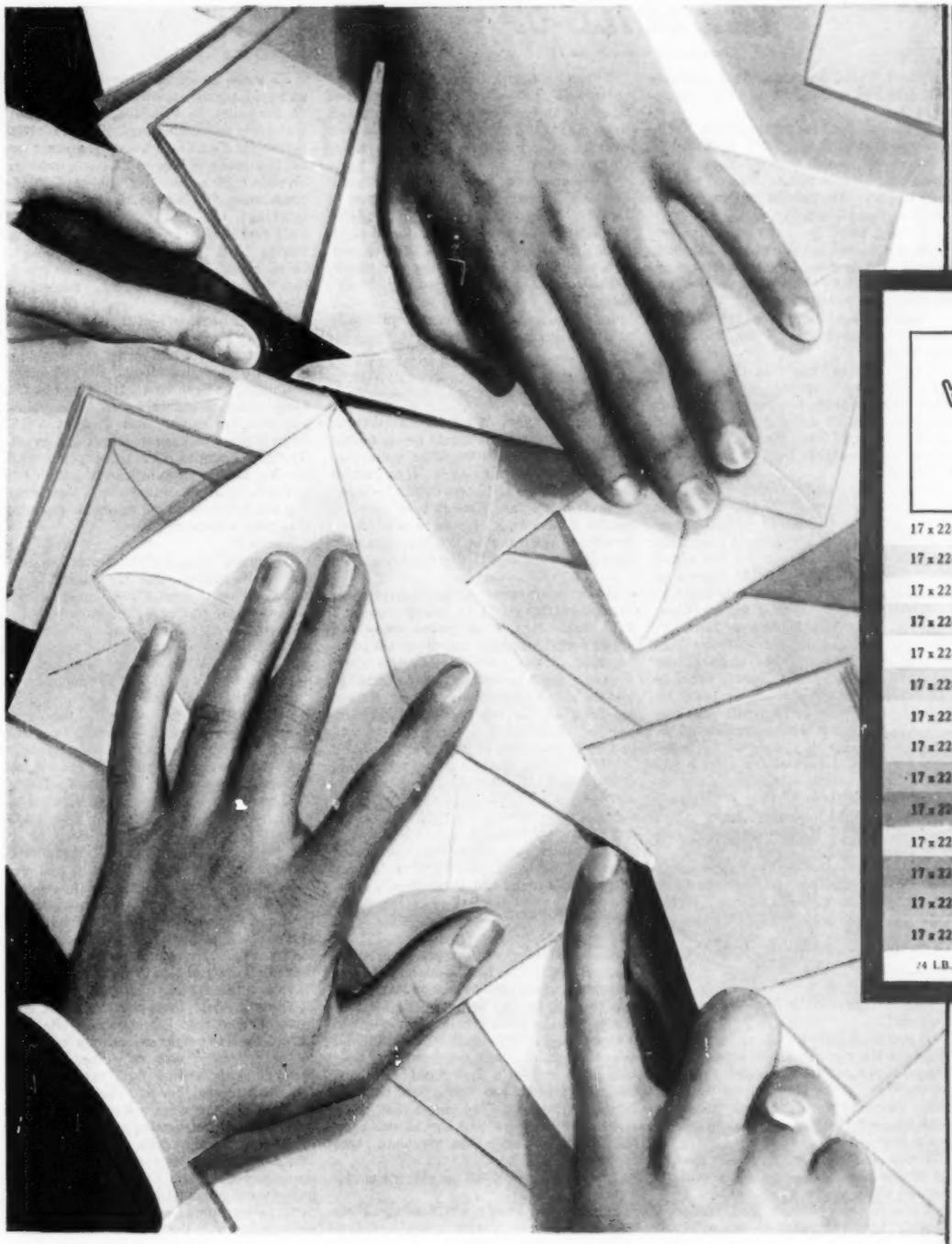
Now that the problem of women prisoners has been reduced to comparatively small and manageable proportions, it would seem desirable that further consideration should be given to the question whether the numbers can, and ought to be, still further reduced. It is a noticeable fact that almost half of the women sent to prison are sent for very short sentences of a week or a fortnight, and almost half of the sentences are imposed for offenses connected with drunkenness.

In 1927, out of 7636 women sent to prison, 3260 were committed for offenses connected with drunkenness, and of these 7636 women, very nearly 3000 had been previously convicted more than twenty times.

From these figures it appears that the main element in the problem of women prisoners is the woman who comes back again and again for offenses connected with drunkenness. There has been a slight but satisfactory decline of recent years in the number of women imprisoned for drunkenness. The figures have steadily fallen from 4000 in 1922 to 3260 in 1927, and when these figures are compared with the prewar figure, in 1913, of 15,000 women imprisoned for drunkenness, there is cause for congratulation. But can anything be done to hasten the improvement? A decline from 4000 to 3200 in six years is not very rapid.

This raises questions beyond the scope of this article. The desirability of and the effects of inebriate reformatories, penal settlements, long periods of detention—these are all questions which have to be solved. Our legislators and our humanitarian workers must put their brains to work and find a remedy for the constantly recurring convictions, particularly of women. It is a loss to the community, and I hope before long—now that I have more leisure—to be able to make some investigations into the way in which you in America are dealing with this problem. As always, there are two points to be considered—the interests of the individual and the interests of the state. I will not go further into it now than to say that the whole point is: How can these two interests be reconciled?

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Lord Brentford. The third will appear in an early issue.



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Name_____

Position_____

THE BUILD-UP

(Continued from Page 13)

Bluntly: "I'd sooner trust you than him."

"It'll hurt Steve's feelings, Kerry."

"Which is more important—his or mine?"

"Aw, fer cripe's sake," said Tom, "I better take you back an' give you some warm milk. When a guy gets to worryin' about his own seconds he needs a nurse. Come on."

Returning to the cabin, they were met by a newspaperman who carried a sheet of flimsy fluttering in the breeze.

"Here's the latest from the Red Menace," the reporter greeted them sardonically. "He ate two pounds of raw beefsteak for breakfast and drank a chicken-blood cocktail. His manager announced that Kosloff has bet fifty thousand dollars on himself to win. The boss wants a statement from you, Kerry."

Manager Brook spoke up hastily: "Just say for us that we don't take no notice of Kosloff's cheap publicity tricks. As for the bet, you better tell your boss to get the bookie's name before you print anything about it."

The reporter eyed Kerry Sheridan expectantly.

"Tom does my talking," the fighter said.

But when the interviewer had hurried on, Sheridan clutched Manager Brook's arm.

"Do you think that bet is on the level?"

Tom cussed lengthily and fluently, winding up with the remark: "—— and furthermore, Kosloff ain't got fifty thousand, even if he was dumb enough to bet it."

Sheridan had about decided that his suspicions were due to fighting-edge nerves when, an hour later, Tom Brook was summoned to the long-distance telephone.

"Who is it?" he heard Tom demand.

"Mr. Tierney in Chicago," the negro rubber said.

That brought Sheridan to Tom's elbow. He heard Tom say reassuringly, "There's nothing to it, Jack. The boy never felt better. . . . Sure, it's a cinch. Won't go five rounds. Nick's just playing one of his fool hunches." Tom tried to laugh it off. "Nick the Greek has been scattering some dough on the Russian in Chi. Can you tie that?"

The boy rubbed a three days' growth of bristles on his chin nervously.

"How much is the Greek betting?"

"Not important dough; you can bet on that. Pool-hall fifties. Tierney's like all these bookies. He's almost as fidgety as you are, Kerry."

Tom's laughter didn't help much. If Jack Tierney was worried, then Nick the Greek had put out considerable money on Kosloff. And Nick the Greek was the shrewdest plunger in the game. Nick the Greek sometimes played hunches, but he usually played tips—good tips.

Was Rip Harkness betting against him too? A hundred grand judiciously dribbled in parcels of fives and tens through fifteen or twenty big cities at four to one? It wouldn't show in the odds. It was just the kind of stunt Rip would like to pull. Rip never got much of a kick out of trimming suckers. It was too easy. Rip liked to trim wise guys.

"Listen, Tom," Kerry Sheridan said; "I don't like the looks of this. Is there any way I can find out whether Rip has bet any dough on the fight?"

"Don't be crazy. Think Rip would take a chance on letting it get out that he had bet on one of his own fights? Come on, now, Kerry. Snap out of it!"

The boxer's jaw set hard and his eyes were cold.

He said, finally: "Go and get Steve. I want to talk to both of you."

Tom stopped smiling. He looked hurt. He blinked and started to say something, then gulped it down. In a few minutes he was back with Steve Grace, a swarthy, blue-jowled handler of pugilists.

"Steve," said Sheridan, "has anybody talked to you about a fix on this scrap tonight?"

"Hell, no," said Steve promptly. "Who give you that idea, Kerry?"

Before he could answer, Tom Brook spoke up: "Kerry thinks you and me will slip him some fuzz powder tonight, Steve."

Steve grinned unbelievingly.

"I never said that," the boy corrected. "You guys have always played fair with me and I got no reason to call you crooked. I'm just warning you to be on the lookout for funny biz tonight. See?"

"Maybe you'd better change seconds, Kerry," answered Tom Brook, reddening with anger.

Steve didn't say anything.

He dismissed them with a growled: "I know Rip Harkness too well to take any chances. I didn't mean nothing personal against you and Steve, Tom. I'm depending on you to see that I get an even break. That's all."

But that wasn't all. For the first time in his ring career he found himself distrustful of the men who would be in his corner. Didn't Steve look kind of funny? And did Tom get honestly sore or was it just a stall to throw him off? He had to depend on Tom though. Tom was the only one who knew how to pace him in a fight. It was Tom who told him when to bear down and when to cover up and rest. It was Tom who knew, better than he himself, how much steam he had left. During fights he had seen only two faces clearly—that of his opponent and Tom's. Tom with his twinkling blue eyes and tobacco-stained mouth. Through the roar of the crowd he heard only two voices—that of the referee and Tom's. Tom saying: "Look out for his left, boy—look out for his left! Keep away—keep away! Steady, boy! Now! Yee-hoo, Kerry!" It was their own private little war cry.

At lunch he was sorry he had doubted Tom. Steve might sell out, but not Tom.

He said, "You ain't sore at me, are you, Tom? I'm just edgy like I always am fight days."

Tom brightened. His right paw came across the table.

"It's all right, boy."

"Okay, Tom. We'll lick 'em tonight, won't we?"

"If you don't have him down by the fifth I'll go out there and lick him myself!"

But after lunch and a short time before the take-off for the flight to the city, Kerry Sheridan received two messages which plunged him again into a torture of uncertainty.

He was conferring with the representative of the news syndicate which was to carry his story of the fight—written by a ghost—when the syndicate man produced a sheet of telegraph copy.

"They've got your friend Rip on the run," the syndicate man said, chuckling. "He's just released a statement for the afternoon papers denying that the Cossack will be a set-up for you. Rip says here that Kosloff is terribly underrated as a fighter and may spring a surprise."

Kerry Sheridan joined in the general laughter that followed. But he was thinking: "Is that the play? Have they been holding Kosloff under wraps? Has he improved a lot since I saw him fight Sharkey? Is that what Rip means? Or is Rip just spreading a lot of last-minute apple sauce to fill the five-dollar seats?"

The possibility that The Big Sock From the Steppes might turn loose some unknown fighting genius was heavy on his mind as his party formed to go down to the seaplane. There was joshing, laughter, clicking of cameras. "So long, Kerry. See you tonight after the second round!" "Sock him one for me, big boy!" "Send him back to Roosia with a shamrock in his hand!"

A press telegrapher thrust a telegram into his hand.

"From your girl, Kerry," he said.

He had the yellow envelope clutched tightly in his hand as he boarded the launch to go out to the plane. A radio announcer was speaking confidentially to the whole United States:

"—— and, folks, Kerry just got a message from his fiancée, Miss Ruth Dahlgren of Denver. I didn't get to read it, but judging by the smile on Kerry's face, it's all right, folks. Kerry is waving his hand at us now. You might think he was going to a picnic, folks. Just a big light-hearted boy. That's Kerry!"

In the seaplane he looked surreptitiously at the telegram. It read:

SINCE YOU'RE DETERMINED TO FIGHT I HOPE IT WILL BE AN HONEST ONE AND THAT YOU'LL WIN STOP LOVE STOP RUTH

An honest fight? What did Ruthie think he was? Of course it would be an honest fight. Well, that is, it would be, unless Rip Harkness had put a fix on it. If he had his way, it would be an honest fight. He'd sail in and knock this Kosloff ham into the middle of next week. Would he win? Sure, he would. Well, that is, if it was an honest fight he'd win. But if Rip Harkness ——

He sat in his corner while the announcer bawled out his name to ninety thousand fight fans. He got up perfunctorily and raised both bandaged hands in acknowledgment of the cheering. In the white shower of light he couldn't see beyond the middle of the fifty-dollar section. Except for the roar like the beating of lazy undecided breakers on a rocky beach, and except for the sense of some vast hot band of life encircling him, he got no impression of the crowd. He shrugged them off as he sat down again. Shrugged them off as he thought:

"They want a knock-out. They always want a knock-out. They want me to slug with this big ham. Boxing, I could play with him all night and never show a welt. They don't want that. They want me to chop him down. I'll do it too. I gotta get him while the getting's good."

He stared insolently across the ring at Serge Kosloff, The Red Menace. He felt curiosity and excitement, but no fear. That was the guy he had to lick. Big hunk of cheese. Looks like a gorilla. Got eyes like a cow though. Red trunks, black hair all over his stomach, chest and shoulders. Gee, he'd scare you on a dark night. But not now. Not when you had a kick in both fists and felt great. The bigger they come the slower they are and the harder they fall. He must watch that overhand right though.

Tom Brook yelled in his ear, "Referee wants you!"

There it was—the old tightening in his throat. They'd be putting on the mitts in a minute. He sauntered to the center of the ring. They got to work on the mitts. The referee started the usual jabber about, "In case of a knockdown, go to your neutral corner. The count doesn't start until you are there. And no rabbit punches, hitting ——" He didn't bother to listen. He was eying the Russian. The big slob was wider than Sam—his chief sparring partner—but no taller. He'd have his distances about right.

"You boys shake hands."

Grinning derisively, he slapped the Russian's right paw. The Russian had big brown eyes. Just like a cow. He was nervous. Drooling out of the corners of his mouth. The Russian was scowling, trying to look fierce. The Big Sock From the Steppes. What a laugh!

Somebody gave him a shove toward his corner. Tom grabbed him and said: "Remember, he telegraphs that punch of his by dropping his right shoulder. And don't waste your strength trying to get his kidneys in the clinches. Take your time—take your time! You got all night!"

He stood facing the crowd, a tall ivory-and-gold young athlete. Hands clenched on the ropes, he kicked at the resin box. Hundreds yelled greetings. He didn't hear them. He didn't hear the radio announcers as they spoke of him to listening millions; he didn't hear the telegraph keys in the press boxes clicking out his story. He was thinking:

"I feel swell. I guess I was a boob to worry. Nothing's happened. It's going to be all right. But I gotta get him quick. Not later than the second. Something might happen."

It didn't occur to him that he owed it to the ninety thousand to give them a run for their money. He had lordly contempt for fighters who stalled along. He had lordly contempt for fight fans. He stared at the noisy night momentarily as Tom pulled him into his corner, and thought: "I'll make it short and sweet—short and sweet. By rights I oughta K. O. this big bum with the first punch. Maybe they wouldn't fall so quick for Rip's next set-up. Next time Rip had better send me against a guy who can make a scrap of it."

The bell!

He sprang up and glided across the dazzling white silence. The Russian lumbered out, bearlike, to meet him. The Russian's big paws were cocked. He feinted with his left and threw a hard right at the Russian's jaw. It landed with a jolt that burned all the way up to his shoulder. The Russian fell back, blinking. A left to the body, a right to the head, another right. Blam! He pulled his head over just in time and took a heavy right on his shoulder. He circled. This guy could hit! He went in with the one-two and bounced his left off the side of the Russian's head. He heard Tom's voice saying through the slam-slam-slam: "Take your time! Steady, boy! Get set—get set—steady!"

How good was this guy Kosloff? He backed and let him rush, ducked his left, knew the right was a feint, took the second left on a glance as he pivoted, danced away; then came in, caught Kosloff off balance, and sock! The Russian sat down, looking foolish. The referee motioned him back. The Russian scrambled to his feet; angered, he rushed like a bull. This guy could take it, all right. Still, there was that black jaw again, behind that left shoulder. He left himself open to a right as he shot a left hook to the jaw. The Russian shifted and the blow glanced, tearing flesh with it; the Russian dropped his left shoulder and—wham! But he wasn't there; the blow whistled past and, getting sore, he bored in to try out the big ham's wind—a right, a left, another right to the belly. The Russian clinched. . . . "Hey!" The referee pulled the Russian back. . . . Did this guy think he was wrestling? . . . He went in again to warm up the Russian's belly—one-two, one-two, and ——

The bell.

In his corner: "He's tougher than I thought, Tom. Gimme a rub, here—shoulder—got a kinked muscle."

Tom said, "Quit slugging with him. Wear him down some more. You got nine rounds. Get in close and work on his guts more."

The bell.

Short and sweet. That was him. Sock! He caught Kosloff with a long right to the head. . . . Quit that rushing, big boy. I'm poison when you come at me that way. . . . There! That's better. . . . Ha! He felt that one, right down to his toes. Gotta be careful though. My hands. Bust my knuckles on the big slob's head. . . . Here he comes! Two uppercuts. What had he hit? Left eye, upper lip. . . . Taste good, big boy? . . . Come on. Blam—aw-aw. Gotta get away; shook me up. I saw that one coming. Why didn't I duck? . . . Here goes. I'll put him down this time—a right, a left, another

(Continued on Page 146)

Why bring the dust-pan *to the* Dining-Table?

THERE are still a few men—alert in other ways—who, nevertheless, may be said to carry some real estate about with them wherever they go—a bit of the garden to the office, and to the dining-table they bring enough dust to fill the dust-pan.

For there's actually a half-pound of dust in a suit that has been worn a long time without cleaning!

That is why most successful men have their suits dry cleaned so often. These men wouldn't wear a dust-dinged suit. Indeed, even a spot on their clothes would be a blemish on their reputation for smartness.

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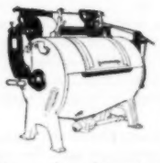
Yet these machines—marvelous though they are—represent but a small part of the work of "American" engineers.

For "American" inventiveness is always on the front line wherever the battle for cleanliness is being fought.



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When you don't quite trust your taste in ties—when you know he has a book, a pair of slippers and *piles* of handkerchiefs—remember gloves! They're acceptable to *any* male. Particularly Fownes Gloves.

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There is a rich variety of Fownes Gloves in other leathers, from $3 to $15. Particularly popular is the side-cut Sesqui style. At your favorite shops. Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

IT'S A
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THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

(Continued from Page 144)

left. . . . Hell, I missed time. . . . You can't run away from me, big boy. . . . See? I told you. . . . Sock, sock, sock! . . . Why doesn't he fall? . . . The clinch. . . ."Hey!" . . . Damn that referee. . . . Quit hugging me—get away. . . . Ha! On the ropes—that's got him. . . . No, he's pulling up.

The bell.

In his corner: "Why don't he fall, Tom? Why don't he fall? I got him with all I had, twicet. What's holding him up?"

Tom's voice, "He's nearly gone. His eyes are rolling. How're your arms?"

"Pretty tired, Tom. But I'll ——"

The bell.

I gotta get him this time or rest a coupla rounds. Here he comes. Blam, blam, blam. He's wabbling. . . . Quit it! . . . Hey, referee! Make him quit hangin' on. . . . Come to me, big boy. No? Okay, here goes—left, left, right, left; on the ropes again. I'm going in to finish the bum—sock, sock, sock, sock. . . . This guy sure can take it. . . . Aw-aw, he's coming back. . . . I gotta rest. I gotta rest. . . . Around to that corner. . . . Aw-aw, jolted me that time; hurts like hell. . . . I got enough of this; you're going down this time! . . . A left, a right, the one-two, quick! . . . He's down. . . . Where's that neutral corner?

"One, two, three, four ——"

The bell!

In his corner: "What round is it, Tom? Seven more? I can't wait. I'll get him next time sure. I had him down. . . . Give me some water—burning up. . . . Wipe that sweat outa my eyes, Steve; swab 'em out!"

Tom said, "Don't try to get him this time. He was stalling on the count. You got a hard one coming in to the ropes. Take it easy next round, you hear?"

The bell.

He went out feeling pretty good. The Russian looked bad. He sure did—one eye closed, lip split open. The Russian was pawing the air; he stood flat-footed waiting for Kosloff to come, but Kosloff didn't. Well, it was up to him. He danced in, sparring—love taps to get the Russian sore. . . . Hey, what was this? He tried a right, missed; he tried a left, missed. . . . Where was Kosloff? What had happened? There he was, big, black, sprawling in front of him? Something was wrong. He shouldn't have missed those punches. He tried again. . . . Aw-aw, slam, slam—he himself took two that time. . . . What was the matter with him? . . . There's that right of his. . . . He felt the blow land; it jerked his head back. . . . Why hadn't he ducked? He meant to duck. . . . Everything looked funny. His eyes—he wasn't seeing right. He bored in close. . . . One-two, one-two—he landed those. They sank deep into the Russian's belly—the clinch. He hung on, shook his head, tried to get that fog out of his eyes.

The bell.

In his corner: "Tom! My eyes! Wash 'em out—sweat, blood, something."

Tom said: "Steve cleaned 'em out last time. . . . You're a little punch drunk. . . . Here's the ammonia—a deep snifter. . . . Clinch and fight close to him till your head clears."

The bell.

Something was wrong with his eyes. The Russian loomed before him like a gorilla swinging a windmill of fists. He bored in taking hard rights and lefts; they drove him back. He tried again. He threw two hard rights and a left hook, then a straight left; he missed them all. Thud, thud, thud; a bonging in his ears—sounded as if he had water in them. He clinched, hung on, felt the referee's hands prying him loose. The Russian grunted; his breath was hot; he began to take a beating. He was scarcely conscious of the rounds; time slipped into an eternity of clinches, of faltering retreats.

On the radio it sounded this way:

"They're coming out for the ninth round. Kerry looks pretty well messed up, folks, but the Cossack don't look much better. Kerry seems out on his feet; it don't look like he can stand the gaff much longer. The Russian landed a hard right, and another, and another. Kerry fell into a clinch. Kosloff's seconds are yelling at him to go in and finish the job, but Kosloff is too tired. Both boys are very tired. They're sparring now."

One sporting writer explained it as follows: "Kerry was going great guns until the middle of the fourth round. Then he took a terrific right on the forehead. The punch seemed to have affected the optical nerves. During the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds, Kerry was swinging wildly and missing punches repeatedly. The Cossack tried to make the most of his opportunity, but the terrific lacing he had taken earlier in the fight rendered him powerless to put over a finishing punch. Kerry recovered somewhat in the ninth and tenth, and fought Kosloff on an even footing. But he was too tired to overcome the long lead the Russian piled up in the middle rounds. The decision of the judges awarding the fight to Kosloff on points was merited."

Another lyric sports writer had this to report:

"Sergei Kosloff, the Blasting Siege Gun of the Soviet, became the Red Menace of fistiana in very truth tonight, when, in the most cataclysmal upset in the history of the ring he battered the mighty Kerry Sheridan into impotent pulp. Only Sheridan's great fighting heart and indomitable will prevented the Cossack Bone Crusher from winning by a knock-out. Rising to great heights after a bad start in the early rounds ——"

While these explanations were traveling to a startled world via telegraph and radio, Kerry Sheridan was getting an explanation of his own from Manager Tom Brook. They were alone together behind the locked door of the arena dressing room.

"Did you sell me out, Tom? Did you, Tom?" he implored through puffed and bleeding lips. "I won't sock you, Tom. I just want to know how you did it, so I'll know it wasn't my fault."

Manager Brook, tears in his eyes, pushed the battered fighter down on the cot.

"By all that's holy, I didn't do it, boy," he said. "It was Steve. Remember, just before the fourth round? He was swabbing your eyes? He had something that dilated the pupils. I didn't tumble to it at all. I thought you was punch drunk. I didn't tumble to it until Steve beat it right after the tenth-round bell."

Sheridan pulled himself to a sitting posture, his fists clenched.

"Where is he now?"

"You'll never be able to give him what he deserves. He'll make it his business to see you first."

There was a rapping on the door.

"Who is it?"

"A reporter. We want a statement from Kerry."

The fighter stood up.

"I'll give 'em a statement, all right," he said. "I'll let 'em know how Rip Harkness fixed this fight!"

Tom Brook's hand was over his mouth before the thick, husky words were fully uttered.

"You can't do it, Kerry boy," he said in an earnest whisper. "They'd put it down as a loser's squawk. You couldn't prove it. They'd howl you down as a bum sport."

The boy sank weakly to the cot. Tom was right. Nobody would believe it.

Manager Brook stepped outside to dictate a statement to the press.

He said in part: "Kosloff fought a fine clean fight. I was never hit so hard as he hit me in the fourth round. After that punch I couldn't seem to get going. But I certainly would like to meet him again. I'm confident that the result will be different next time."

Two hours later, in Kerry Sheridan's hotel room, the arrival of one Denny Crosland was announced.

"Don't send that guy up here," said Kerry. "I'm feeling good enough now to kill him."

But, again, Tom Brook's counsel prevailed.

"We'll talk to the lousy rat," he said. "Rip sent him over with a proposition. You can bet on it. Act like you don't suspect a thing and we'll hear what Rip has up his sleeve."

Although Mr. Crosland had fortified himself with considerable whisky, he entered the presence of Kerry Sheridan and his manager warily.

"Just wanted to know how you was feeling," he said, "and to say how sorry I am you didn't win."

"That's all right, Denny."

Disarmed by Kerry's mildness, Denny continued: "I'm awful sorry I talked so wild this morning, Kerry. I didn't mean a word of it. Everybody knows you're a square-shooter. 'May the best man win' is my motto; yes, sir. And say, have you heard from Rip yet?"

"No. I guess I will though."

"Sure you will," said Mr. Crosland heartily. "Rip is sorry the fight ended the way it did, because he's strong for you. But cheer up, Kerry. I say 'Cheer up.' Un'erstand? Every cloud has a silver lining. I saw Rip just a while ago. 'S'matter of fact, he's down in the lobby now. I think Rip wants to sign you up for a return fight with Kosloff."

"That so?"

"Sure. And what a clean-up that will be! The fans don't like this Russian. Josh between me an' you, y'un'erstand, they don't like him. He's a Bullsheeveeky, ain't he? Sure he is. Keep the champeenship in Amurricka—that's my motto. The way the fight turned out tonight, it'sh all fer the best. It gives you a swell build-up for a return fight. Un'erstan'? You're the White Hope. Sure y' are, Kerry. The next time you fight K-Kash—what's hish name?—the next time you fight 'im, the fans'll tear down the park! The gate'll be three million dollarsh, at leastsh. I say at leastsh."

"Swell," said the White Hope; "the old build-up, hey? The old Rip Harkness build-up! Rip's a smart guy. He sure is. Why don't he come up? I'd like to talk over a contract with Rip before he changes his mind."

"Good idea. I'll go get him."

Rip Harkness—suave, flinty-eyed, debonair—appeared in due course. He was immaculate in evening dress. He had a mauve orchid bud in his buttonhole.

"'Lo, Kerry. 'Lo, Tom," he greeted, seeming to smile, but not quite smiling. "Denny has been telling me the fine, sportsmanlike way you're taking defeat. That's the spirit, kid! You fought a game fight tonight. I'm proud of you. America is proud of you!"

"Yeah?" said Kerry Sheridan pleasantly.

His right fist clenched and he moved with lightning swiftness.

It was the best knock-out punch Kerry Sheridan had ever delivered. It ought to be on record.

"Kerry!"

Manager Brook stooped over the unconscious figure of Rip Harkness, who in press dispatches that night was being hailed as "the world's most daring impresario of the prize ring." Manager Brook looked up.

Kerry Sheridan had started for the door.

"Hey, where you going?"

The bruised and battered figure straightened.

"To Denver," said Kerry Sheridan calmly. "I'm getting married next week."

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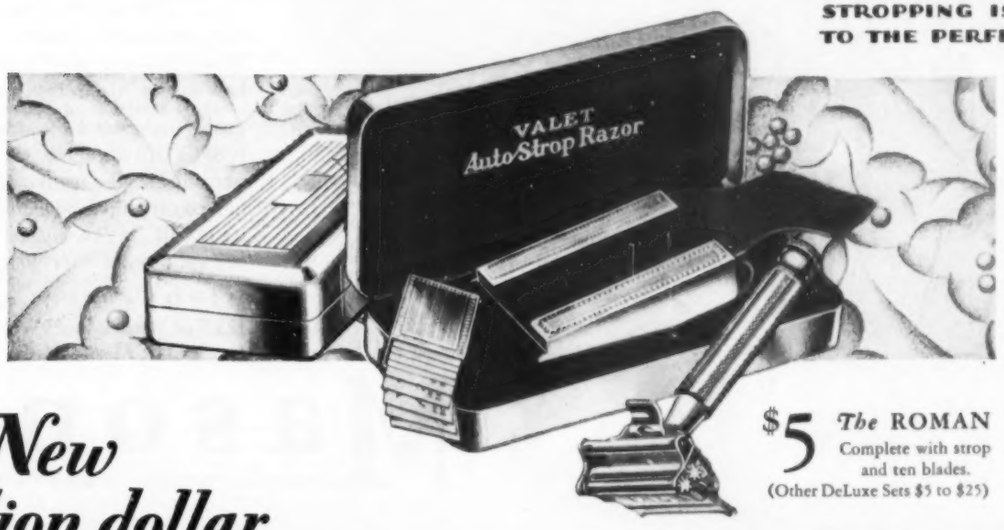

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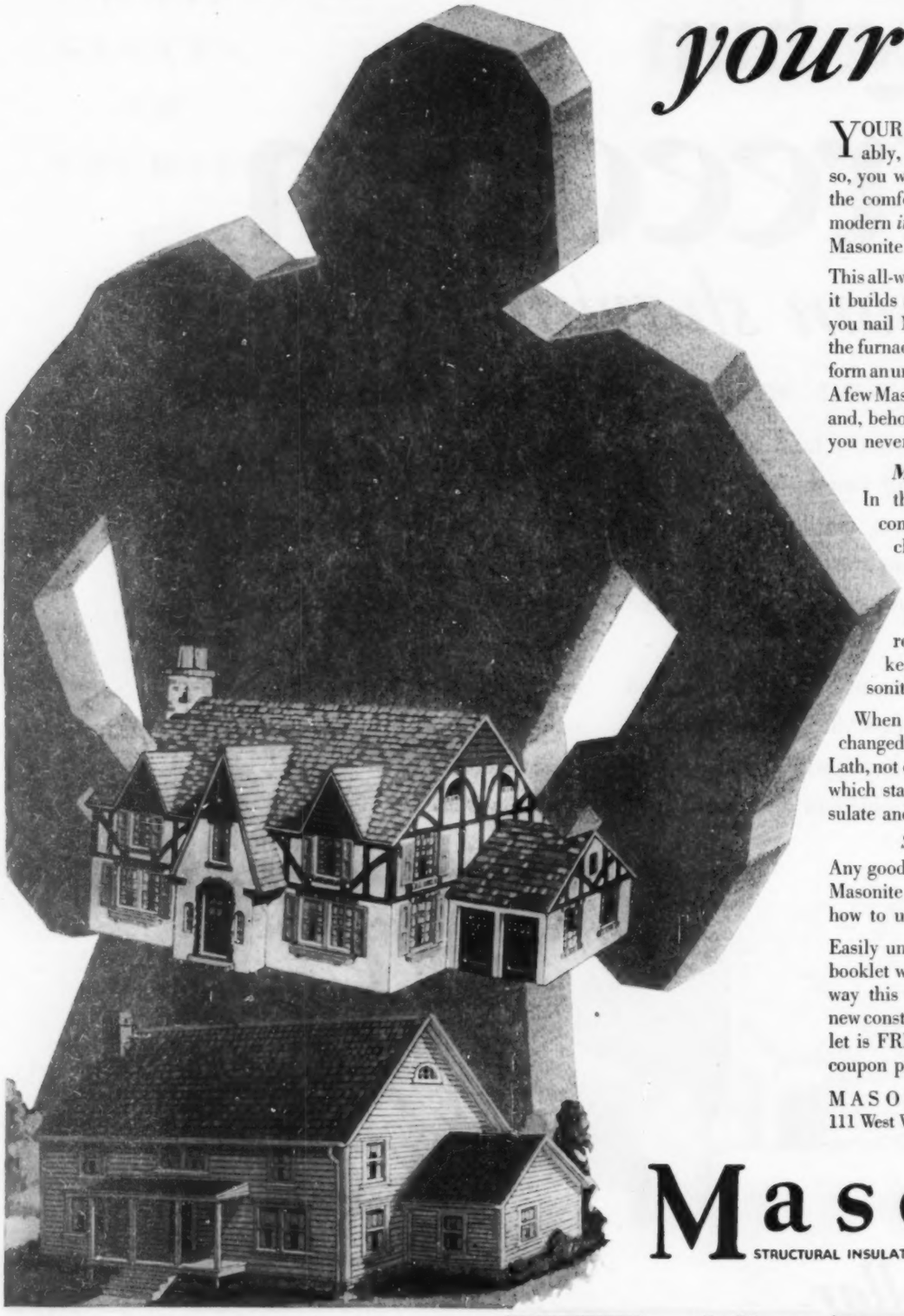

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THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER

(Continued from Page 5)

"I don't know when I shall ever wear it," she said; "unless this American, when he arrives, should ask me to dine."

"He will undoubtedly ask you," said Miss Eden. "Whether it will be wise for you to accept or not ——"

Stephanie laughed and chucked her governess under the chin. "Edie," she said, "there isn't anything anyone could ask me to do that I wouldn't accept."

The first thing Stephanie could remember was her mother dressed for a court ball in Vienna in all the family emeralds and pearls—the pearls had gone long ago, and the emeralds were now going—the beautiful Princess of Daritzia, much more regal and regularly beautiful than Stephanie would ever be. The child had been only six when the war began. Miss Eden, recently released from another princely schoolroom, had come to her then, and had never left her; not through all the disintegration that had followed the war; not even now, when, as Stephanie could not help suspecting, her father often acted on the belief that the last of the Daritzia jewels could be better spent than in paying the salary of a weather-beaten old Englishwoman. Once she had asked Miss Eden outright, and been severely snubbed: "What a curious question for you to ask, my dear. Of course your father is scrupulous about my salary."

And still Stephanie had her doubts. She had inherited conflicting qualities from her two parents—a little mysticism from a Russian strain, something gay and worldly from her Viennese ancestors, and something deeply practical and sane from her Italian mother. Until very recently, she had not been unhappy. She loved her native mountains, and under the guidance of the old head forester, now dead, she had become an expert mountain climber. Miss Eden kept her mind actively at work, and she had taught herself music, so that she played very nicely by ear, and the song hits of Broadway, only two or three years late, could often be heard echoing through the castle of Daritzia.

But for the last year or so the girl had been less contented. In the first place, she had always assumed without contradiction that when she was eighteen she would go to live wherever her father was, and now she was almost twenty-one and there had been no suggestion of such a plan. Then she had ceased to blind herself to some of her father's less charming qualities—his selfishness, his irresponsibility. People who are much alone become clear-sighted, they turn the pages of life very slowly and read every word. Stephanie's present had become no less agreeable, but she could not deny that the future was black. At her father's death the Daritzia estates passed to a distant cousin. What would be left for her—a grudging home with her aunt in Spain, a refuge with a well-to-do half brother of Miss Eden's near Liverpool; or to stay on here in her own mountains and quietly relapse into the peasant class? There were many such cases known to her in recent years. Poverty and self-denial were not terrible to her, but the idea of losing caste, here, in the country that had given her family all its power and position—this terrified her so that she hardly dared think of it.

She made up many romances as to how she might be saved: She would wander as a piano player through all the cabarets of Europe and arrive finally in Paris. "Who is the blond-headed pianist?" She would turn her head. "My God! My daughter Stephanie, Princess of Daritzia!" Or there would be another war, and all the monarchies of Europe would be restored, and the first action of a certain good-looking young crown prince —— Or else, suddenly one day a handsome stranger would appear in the valley, having heard that there was a beautiful and unfortunate princess imprisoned there—a great noble, probably an English earl—for Miss Eden, like all her countrymen, had been able to throw an extraordinary glamour over the history and aristocracy of her own land—the son, perhaps, of the English ambassador whom her father, in old times, had considered the handsomest man he had ever seen.

It was not these dreams that alarmed Miss Eden; it was their combination with the warm, practical, southern blood of her mother that might so easily lead the girl to act upon them.

Through the winter and the spring the renovation of the castle went on without event. Fat brown little Herr Potzi grew neither thin nor pale, for that was not his habit of body, but he put as much devotion, passion and energy into the work as if his own future and finances depended on it, instead of the prince's.

As the day for the arrival of the tenant drew near, everything was in order except one—the central heating plant was not functioning; at least not in the great drawing-room. Everywhere else it worked perfectly. A valve was turned and almost at once a pleasant glow began to make itself felt in the bedrooms, the servants' rooms, the dining room, the corridors—everywhere except in the great drawing-room; a room so vast that its one fireplace had never made much impression on it and there had been for a hundred years a huge porcelain stove in the opposite corner. But with the installation of the heating system this had been taken out and sold to a museum in America at an astounding price, and now, at the last moment, Herr Potzi discovered, to his horror, that the radiators in this room—the most important of all—remained absolutely cold or emitted a faint tepid air from their upper sections. Potzi was in despair. He remembered there was a clause in the lease which stipulated that a modern heating system should be installed adequate to raise the rooms to a designated temperature; without this, the lease might be canceled and a demand made for the return of the rent—the rent already spent.

He began harrying and abusing Merkl, the local plumber, and at the same time dispatching long letters and even telegrams to the United States Central Heating Corporation at Turin.

Merkl, whose grandfather had put in the first stationary bathtub in the castle—a huge tin affair with brass taps—had three answers to make: First, that you could not expect any heating system to be as good as stoves; second, that he would have made even this one work, if he had not been interfered with by that man from Turin who came and made drawings, as if he, Merkl, had not come of a long line of plumbers; and, third, that all American inventions were cheap and undependable, and this was the worst of all.

Herr Potzi's instinctive sympathies were with Merkl, whom he had known as a little tow-headed boy carrying his father's tools; but Potzi was a just man, and he could not help thinking that a great company successfully heating so much of Europe must be supplying a better type of equipment than Merkl admitted. Besides, Potzi had been impressed with the slow, solid, German engineer who had been sent to make the plan and had left those rolls of impressive blue prints.

He telegraphed again to Turin, but it was not until two days before the expected arrival of the American tenant that he got any reply. Then he received a telegram that said "our Mr. Petres" was even then on his way to Daritzia, and that it was essential that the local plumber be there to meet him.

Hope sprang in Herr Potzi's breast, although Mr. Petres was not the solid German who had made the first plan; he wished the company could have sent the same man.

Early the next morning, "our Mr. Petres" got off the train, after many changes at the most inconvenient hours of the night, at a small railroad station in a green meadow beside a swiftly running river. He would have called it a brook in America, but he knew that in Europe it would be put down on all the maps as a river. He was met by the pony cart; only this time Herr Potzi was driving, not the princess.

At the first sight of "our Mr. Petres," Potzi's heart sank; he looked so young and slim, standing there in a dark flannel suit that might do very well for summer in Turin, but which seemed thin and poor for these high valleys. Then, almost automatically, Potzi began to bully; not noticing that "our Mr. Petres" had a forward-thrust chin and a strangely calm blue eye, under a thatch of black hair.

As the pony started on its slow journey home, Herr Potzi put his case strongly: The equipment was inadequate, worse than useless; everything must be corrected or else entirely removed; a suit for the full amount of the rent might very well be brought; a company that could not give better service should be publicly branded.

The anxiety of a month broke out in his flowing eloquence.

Mr. Petres was sympathetic. "*E vero—e vero*," he kept saying. Speaking correct, but rather careful Italian, he began with great gentleness to extract from the swirling waters of Herr Potzi's rhetoric the small nuggets of actual fact. By the time the pony had crept up the beechwood avenue and stopped suddenly before the side door of the castle, Mr. Petres had contrived to soothe Herr Potzi; had made him feel that responsibility was lifted from his shoulders, that the heating system would either work or all moneys would be refunded, that the whole situation was not a black welter of despair and dishonesty, but an interesting little difficulty, quite in the line of everyday experience. And for a young man under thirty speaking a language not his own, this was something of an accomplishment.

In fact, Herr Potzi now began to suspect that "our Mr. Petres" was not just a graceful black-haired boy who smoked a good many cigarettes as he talked, but a carefully trained American executive, with that passionate belief in the value of American business methods which makes American business romantic to those who so believe.

In his capacity of executive, "our Mr. Petres" had been under no delusion; he had known from the beginning that his chief problem would be with Merkl. Herr Potzi, fiery and confused, was yet eager that the system should work, but Merkl, sulky and silent, cared only that he himself should not be put in the wrong.

The investigation was a slow process. Petres asked first for the blue prints, and as there was a long delay on Merkl's part in producing these, he made a careful inspection of the boiler and radiators. Then, on the production of the blue prints, it was evident, after a little examination, that one of them was missing—the sheet that dealt with the drawing-room. Merkl declared that it had never been there, that he had never seen it, that he had done the best he could without. Petres wasted no time in argument, although Potzi, driven mad by Merkl's obstinacy, was almost ready to shake him into confessing that he had lost it. Petres first sent a telegram to Turin, in the hope that there might be a duplicate on file there, and then asked to have the drawing-room floor taken up.

This had taken time. It was now late in the afternoon, and Merkl declared with truth that his legal working day was over. He had not liked the trend of events for some time, and a sneaking suspicion that something his wife had once wrapped his lunch in was the missing sheet gave him an uneasy feeling in Petres' presence. He agreed to let his journeymen take up the floor for Petres, and then they both haughtily withdrew.

Herr Potzi was more upset than ever. Take up the drawing-room floor when the room was all mounted—curtains and rugs and silver bibelots on the table, and priceless miniatures in the vitrines? He trotted off to consult Miss Eden.

Miss Eden pointed her nose. "Oh," she said, "so this is American efficiency, is it? Everything has to be done twice."

She and Stephanie were sitting in their little schoolroom. Stephanie, like a princess in a fairy tale, was embroidering a chair cover, and Miss Eden was reading aloud an expurgated edition of The Morte D'Arthur. At the idea of foreign workmen being in the prince's drawing-room, they both decided that they would transfer themselves there and guard the prince's treasures.

And so, when Petres came back in overalls—very dirty ones borrowed from Merkl's helper—he saw this picture: A golden head bent over a piece of tapestry, and a small alert little figure in gray tweeds with a black velvet collar and a pair of spectacles. Neither of them looked at him, and he went to work.

It was just as he had expected. Merkl had laid out the piping in defiance of the law of gravity. "Good old law of gravity," he thought. "If these fellows would only recognize that it always gets you in the end." He was about to gather up his tools, when he became aware that the book Miss Eden was reading was Malory's classic—it had always been one of his favorites—and he delayed a moment, lying flat on his face, squinting down under the flooring, and listened. Miss Eden read:

> And as they rode by the way, Sir Gawaine said, "Sir Knight, I marvel that so valiant a knight as ye bee have no love of ladies or gentlewomen." "Sir," said Sir Marhaus, "they name me wrongfully that give me that name, but well I wot it is the damsels of the turret that so name me, and other such as they be. Now shall I tell you what cause I hate them so. For they bee witches and enchantresses the most part of them ——"

"Oh, there's the mail!" cried Stephanie, interrupting. "I think there must be a letter from my father"—and she ran out.

But, as usual, there was no letter from the prince or from anyone else; only the local newspaper, printed with very black ink on very thin paper. Stephanie came back reading it as she walked, and it was mere luck that she did not trip over the blue-denim legs extended on the floor. She had found an exciting bit of news. Count von Arli, their former neighbor in the valley, had engaged himself to an American widow of colossal fortune.

"Imagine it, Edie!" cried the girl. "Oh, if my father would only do something like that!"

"Marry an American?" exclaimed Miss Edie in careful Anglo-Saxon French. Usually she and Stephanie spoke English together, but now, for fear the American plumber should overhear them, they spoke in French. "Oh, I don't think the prince would ever do anything like that."

"Don't you think it would be possible to marry an American?" said Stephanie earnestly, and at this the figure on the floor raised his head, turtlelike, and took a good look at the speaker.

"It's been done," answered Miss Eden with a slight sniff. "They are extremely imitative—adaptable, I believe is their word. They learn to copy good models and almost forget their unfortunate accent."

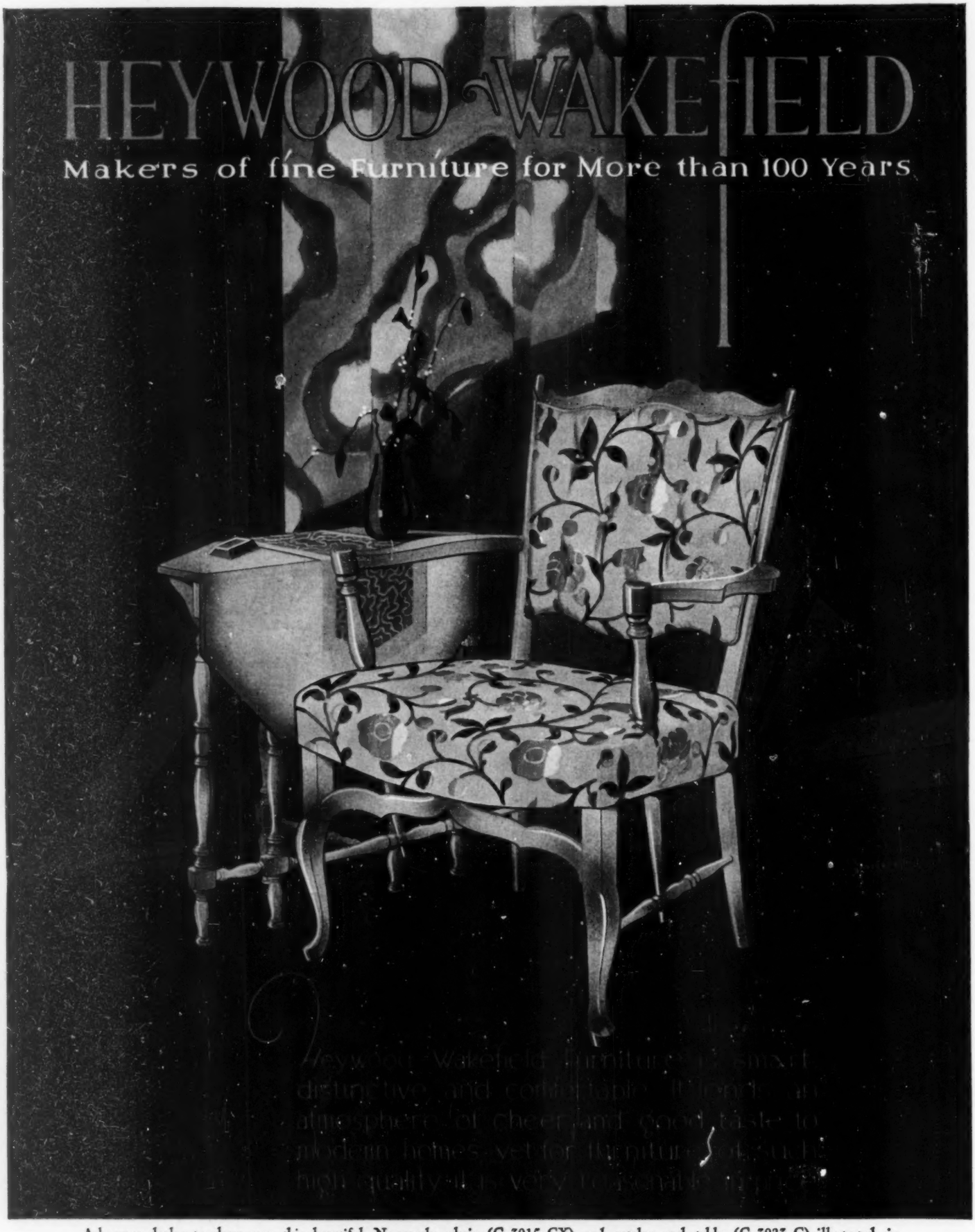
"I have an idea they are kind—generous and kind," said the princess.

"What do you know of them, my dear?"

"I know a great deal," replied Stephanie, rather hastily assembling her knowledge. "I know that they are very rich and have buildings a hundred feet high, and that North and South America quarreled once over their slaves, and I suppose they built the Panama Canal in order ——"

A bit of dust must have fallen into the throat of the plumber at this point, for he gave a series of short coughs, which the two women did not notice at all, as Miss Eden pointed out a slight, and to her mind entirely natural, historical mistake: "Not North and South America, dear, but the Northern and Southern States."

(Continued on Page 151)



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(Continued from Page 149)

"Then who was Bolivar?" said the princess. "But no matter," she added, and it is to be hoped that the shades of the Great Liberator forgave her. "The point is: Would my father do such a thing, if he could?"

"You mean," asked the governess, "he would be too proud to stoop ——"

Stephanie shook her head. "No, Edie; I mean he would be too selfish, too easy-going. You know it must take a good deal of courage and self-sacrifice to marry for entirely mercenary reasons. It takes a certain sort of character. No one ever admits it, but it's true. People pretend they don't do it from noble reasons, but really they don't do it because they haven't enough will power. I could do it, but I doubt if my father could."

"I hope you never will," replied Miss Eden. She was often shocked by something clear and executive in her pupil—something which she, with a touch of Victorian sentiment in her make-up, called hard.

"I certainly shall," said Stephanie; "at least I shall if I ever have the chance, which does not seem very likely."

"You would regret it, I can tell you."

"Probably. But do you think I shouldn't regret not doing it?" said the girl, with real feeling trembling in her voice. "I should be desperately unhappy. I shudder at the mere idea, but it would be an active, violent, lively sort of unhappiness. I might even kill him, Edie. I wonder if a jury here would hang me if I did. But look at the other possibility—the certainty, indeed. You know, as well as I do, that when my father dies there won't be a penny left; perhaps even before he dies."

"Your aunt would be obliged to offer you a home."

"But I don't like my aunt, even under the best circumstances, and she hates me. I can imagine what it would be like to be a pensioner there. No, I should stay here like the Countess of Iskia, and try and farm like a peasant, and take up with the forester, who, they say, beats her."

"My dear ——"

"Edie, I want to be immensely, gloriously rich. I want to snub my Aunt Elizabeth and make this castle comfortable for my father to live in, and help all these people who have always looked to us for help. I want to have an apartment in Paris in the spring, and a yacht at Cowes. I want to go to balls like my mother, all in jewels, and be admired and have everyone say, as I come into the room: *'Oh, voilà la belle princesse de Daritzia.'* And as she said these words she rose to give a spirited sketch of her entrance into a ballroom, and fell over the extended legs of "our Mr. Petres."

"*Veuillez—entshuldigen*—I mean," she said, finally remembering that the creature was probably English-speaking, "I'm sorry. I hope I did not hurt you."

Petres, biting back the words: "*Rien de quoi, mademoiselle,*" for French was almost as his native tongue to him, said in his best New York accent, but without taking his head from the shelter of the radiator: "No harm done, miss. I guess my legs are too long anyhow."

The princess laughed so gayly at this, that Miss Eden, who was getting just a little deaf, asked sharply: "What did he say to you?"

"*Il disait que ses jambes étaient trop longues. Il avait peut-être raison,*" replied the girl.

The interruption had seemed trivial to Miss Eden and had not altered her train of thought: "Of course," she went on as if nothing had happened, "if your family had not lost its fortune, if the war had not come ——"

"Isn't it queer? I might have been a queen or an archduchess. But it isn't poverty I mind; it's being so bored, Edie—having nothing to do or to look forward to. It might be rather fun to be poor like Trilby, and go out ——"

"My dear, I hope you will never be like Trilby," said Miss Eden. She always knew she should not have allowed the girl to read that book, but it was a favorite of her own.

The examination of the drawing-room had long ago been completed, but Oswald Petres could not tear himself away from a conversation which seemed to him, on the whole, the most interesting he had ever heard. It was not until he heard Miss Eden commenting on the length of time he was taking that he rose reluctantly, gathered his tools together, and left the room. Neither of the women even glanced in his direction.

He finished his examination, and early in the afternoon sent off his report by telegraph to Turin. He added a suggestion that if he were not needed in the head office, he thought it advisable for him to stay and see the thing through—a week at most. Then he had another long struggle with Merkl over the question of whether water could or could not be made to run uphill, and about eight o'clock received an answer from Turin, directing him to stay. Under Herr Potzi's guidance he found himself a lodging in the town, and spent a pleasant evening, drinking a mild local beer and listening to the band.

He had come from Turin with nothing but the clothes he wore and things for the night, expecting to go back the next day. So, having nothing to do until Merkl had undone some of his mistakes, Petres got up early the next morning, bought himself a pair of heavy hobnailed boots, gray stockings always rolled below the knee, green cloth shorts, a green coat with silver buttons, and an alpenstock. He intended to climb a mountain or so, for though he had had no mountain climbing experiences in Europe, he had spent several holidays as a boy, in Wyoming and Montana, and knew his head was steady on a height.

Sitting among bare rocks and snows, looking out over peaks and clouds, he smoked a pipe and thought about Stephanie. Princesses were not an entire novelty in his life. As a child he had lived several years in Paris, where his father was a minor official in an American bank. He remembered there had been a princess about then, American-born—an elderly lady in a faded sable cape that always smelt of camphor.

When he was ten his father had gone back to America, and Oswald had gone to school and a technical college there. He had begun his business life in another heating company, but had been with the United States Central Heating Corporation for several years. A few months before, they had sent him to the Turin office. Since he arrived he had been working very hard, partly because when he wasn't working he was hideously lonely. His Italian was not quite up to social contacts. Besides, he missed his rather tempestuous family—his mother and father and three brothers. And now suddenly into his empty horizon this girl had flashed, with her funny, eager little face and her incredible hair.

"If I were sixteen," he thought, "I should say I had fallen in love with her. And," he added more candidly, "being twenty-nine, I'm not sure I haven't. Lord, what would the family think if I should bring home a princess?"

He thought of his father, now the president of a bank in Baltimore, working harder than any of his clerks, but always allowing himself time off to go to the races; of his mother, high-spirited and good-tempered, who took in all daughters-in-law with a sort of anaconda embrace. His elder brother had married his trained nurse, his second a spoilt little heiress. It made no difference to his mother; she did not ask what their qualities or tastes were; she simply absorbed them as part of the larky, rollicking, affectionate hierarchy that was the Petres family. Doubtless, she would do the same with a princess. And this, it must be confessed, was all the consideration that he gave to the problem of a certain difference in rank.

He lost his way coming down the mountain and found himself descending a rapid stream that ended in a dark gorge, a place of waterfalls and pools. Near the bottom of this he found that wooden galleries and bridges had been built to facilitate access to the more spectacular waterfalls; but it must have been done in the prosperous days of the castle, for now the wood was rotting and boards here and there were broken, so that the whole structure formed more of a danger than a convenience. Still, it was a comforting assurance that he was approaching civilization again.

Then, as the largest waterfall swirled into a big black pool, he saw a golden head below him. Stephanie had on hobnail boots like his, a green cloth skirt made by the tailor who had made his shorts, but there the likeness in costume stopped. She had on a faint blue flannel shirt, open at her throat, and she wore no hat. She sat bending over the pool, and dabbling the alpenstock she held in the dark water.

Oswald Petres swept off his hat. "*Bon jour, Altesse,*" he said.

She raised her head, startled at this address, and saw a man dressed, according to her ideas, as a gentleman should be dressed for mountain sport.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" she answered. She was racking her brains to think if she had ever seen this slim, black-haired stranger before.

"I have just been up the Grumalian Mountain," he said, "and what a beautiful lump of a mountain that is." Her face softened, for she loved her native country.

This time he spoke English—not in the accent of East Side New York, as he had done when under the radiator, but in the speech of educated America—a speech difficult for Europe to identify. The English, hearing it, are apt to exclaim: "Oh, but I should never have taken you for an American"—naïvely supposing that anyone would be pleased with such a compliment.

Stephanie was completely baffled by it, for she had been brought up by Miss Eden to believe that all Americans shrieked through their noses and burred their final *r*'s.

"It's very hard climbing—the Grumalian," she said politely; "especially that last face of rock on the western side."

"You've done it?"

"I do it often."

"Alone?"

She nodded. His heart fainted with admiration; it had been all he wanted in the way of dizzy dangers.

"I don't know any other woman who would dare to do such a thing."

She smiled. "You don't know any other woman who has so little else to do."

"Bored?"

She evidently felt that this was moving a little too fast. "I think," she said, "that it is time for you to tell me who you are."

He disagreed with her. "Suppose," he said, "that I told you that I was a great English nobleman come to carry you off to a Norman castle on the North Sea."

She stared at him. Could it have come at last?

"Or a Russian prince, escaped, exiled, penniless, but ——"

"You might be Russian—yes, that might be. You are not so unlike my father's cousin, Prince Serge of Oscara."

She believed so easily that he said hastily, "How would it do for me to be just an American plumber?"

At this she laughed pleasantly. "I know you are not an American," she answered, "and I am sure you are not a plumber."

"How can you be so sure! You have not had much experience of either."

"I know something of America," she said with dignity, and he felt tempted to answer that if it were just that North and South America had quarreled over slavery, but he refrained, and she went on: "I admit I don't know much about the world or the people who are running the world nowadays, but I do know my own sort of people. I know you are a gentleman. I could not be mistaken about that."

"How do you know?"

She found it not easy to say, but made a brave effort. "You are so sure of yourself," she said. "You're not thinking what I will think of you, and you speak to me as an equal. I know that nothing I did to snub you would ever make you feel inferior."

(Continued on Page 153)

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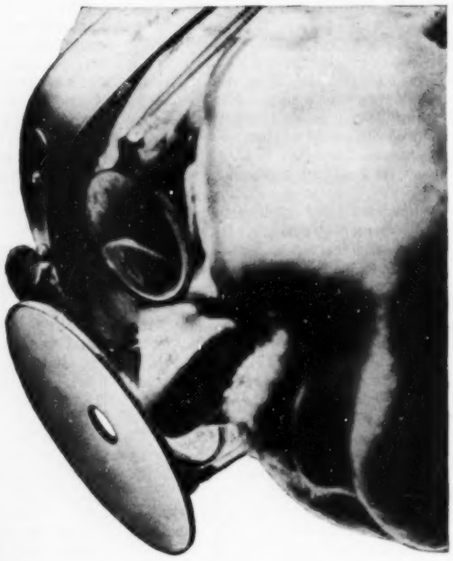

women particularly are susceptible

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In the yellow package everywhere.

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LUDEN'S

(Continued from Page 151)

He looked at her, thinking how much democracy and the higher aristocracy had in common. "I dare say you could make me feel morally inferior to you," he said.

"But never socially," she answered, and added suddenly, "I must go home." She had begun the declaration bravely, but her voice failed toward the end.

"Oh, no," he said.

She laughed. "There; that's what I mean. A peasant would say: 'I beg of the honored lady not to leave.'"

"I didn't lay any claim to being a peasant," said Oswald; amused to think she knew of no intermediate rank.

"And I would not have believed you if you had. Good-by." She obviously lingered.

"Will you take me up one of your other mountains tomorrow?" he asked.

She looked up at him and smiled. She looked away and became inordinately grave. She dug holes in the rock with the point of her alpenstock. Entranced, he watched the spectacle of a pure spirit yielding to temptation.

"I know I ought not," she almost whispered.

"Why not? Give me one good reason."

"You don't need it. You know very well that if your sister ——"

"The Lady Grace Emeline Victoria Alexandra?"

"Exactly. You would tell her that if the man was of her own rank in life he would find a way to make her acquaintance correctly. And if he were not ——"

"Well, what then?"

"It would not be dignified to meet him clandestinely."

"On the contrary, I should tell her that until she learned to judge a man as a man, and not as a member of a class, she was in danger of knowing nothing about human nature."

"How can you judge anyone not in your own rank? What standards have you? Oh, a man may have, but not a woman."

"You make me see why it is that aristocracies are going to the wall."

She laughed. "You argue too much," she said. "I was going to do it anyhow. I know the most beautiful place in the world to take you."

He answered that anywhere she took him would be the most beautiful place in the world. They made an engagement for two o'clock the next day in the ravine, and parted at the edge of the whirling black pool. He raised her hand to his lips, rejoicing that what was to him a caress was to her a merely formal salutation.

Once she looked back and gave him a queer little smile. She had looked back to assure herself he had not vanished into thin air. At last—at last he had come. Who could he be? Some relation of the Arlis? But their castle was shut up. Some Viennese on a walking tour? He might be Irish, with those gray-blue eyes and that black hair—one of those great old Irish houses risen from barbarism. Miss Eden had told her about them. A great Irish peer—that would account for his accent, which she thought was not quite that of an English nobleman.

She went home on the wings of a wild elation that was somehow not love; that was excited, curious, not tender.

She found Miss Eden in the little schoolroom with her feet on the last porcelain stove left in the castle—for, obviously, the expensive new system was not to be set going when there was no expensive tenant to warm. Miss Eden was reading the English newspapers, which had just come, and she did not even comment on the fact that the princess was a little later than usual.

"Where have you been, my dear?" she said, glancing her eye over the court calendar.

"Oh, just up to that dell in the Frauenberg I like so much"—so easily can the habitually truthful deceive.

Finding her companion occupied, Stephanie slipped to the bookcase and abstracted an English peerage of an ancient date and spent a long time fruitlessly fluttering the pages.

Before she went to bed, she asked, "Edie, do you know any English lady with this combination of names—Grace Emeline Victoria Alexandra?"

No, Miss Eden didn't; though, as she said, they were good, sound English names, every one of them. "Why do you want to know?"

Stephanie seemed suddenly to grow vague: "Isn't she the one who is going to be married—whose picture was in the Illustrated?" she said, and began talking of something else.

That night she hardly slept. She was plotting how to get away for the afternoon, considering the adventure of her own daring, and the enigma of the stranger's personality. It was like living a mystery story, in which the excitement of the plot obscured the charm of the hero. She kept thinking: "Before the day is over I shall know who he is."

She had no trouble in getting away, for immediately after luncheon, Miss Eden sank into a comfortable doze, and the girl fled away to the ravine unobserved. But even that day she was not to know who he was, for, by one of those strange reversions to infantile fantasy that come to people in the first gay excitement of falling in love, they found themselves in the midst of a long game—of his being a king's son, and she a beggar maid held in captivity by a dragon, or an ice king, or an old witch, for Miss Eden figured thus for a few moments in the drama.

After two hours of climbing, they sank down in the deep, soft, arsenic green of the undergrowth. They were in a little depression in a high ridge between two mountains; alpine roses grew thick about them in every variety of pink. Between the boles of the tall trees there were glimpses of snow fields and gray rocks. On their way they had started roebuck and espied chamois. The air was crystalline.

Oswald had brought tea, rather meagerly compressed into a box that could be strapped on his back, but as Stephanie had never heard of such luxury as this, she had no criticism to make. In fact, she enjoyed it so much that she ate a little more than her share.

"I see the dragon starves you as well as everything else," said Oswald, as the last piece of *Euchen* disappeared between her red lips.

She shook her head guiltily. "I'm afraid I'm rather greedy, and my mountains always make me hungry." She laid a mild trap for him. "English girls—they do not eat?"

"Heartily, as far as I've observed," he returned. And they instantly began to compose a fairy feast as it would be served in the king, his father's, great hall, with the major-domo in black with gold chains, and the hothouse fruit in gold platters, and the orchids in tall gold vases.

PHOTO, FROM LELAND J. BURRIS

He had not the faintest intention of deceiving her. In fact, it never crossed his mind that deception was possible. He assumed that anyone who spoke with him five minutes would know he was an American, and that the princess had always known that there was only one American he could be—the man sent up by the Turin office to attend to the heating system. In fact, it seemed to him that their whole game of his being a king's son was based on their common knowledge that that was just exactly what he wasn't. But worse than this, he would never have guessed that, even if she had failed to understand, it would make any difference to her. He had found that Europe nowadays very generally shared his own conviction that it was a fine thing to be an American.

Again they parted in the ravine. He had an excellent plan for the next day. He found that she had never been farther than the pony or her own feet could carry her, except when, as a child, she went to and fro in the train. He found he could hire a motor and take her the tour of thirty or forty miles in the afternoon.

She hesitated, but not very sincerely. "I think I am getting very wicked," she said, but she said it as if this were an aspect that could be dealt with at some future time.

He did not mention a cloud on his own horizon—namely, that he would be obliged to do some work the following day, and might not be able to get away quite as early as three o'clock.

All the next morning he drove Merkl and Merkl's helper; and Herr Potzi, watching the process, admired and exulted. There was a young man who knew how to get work done, who considered the responsibilities of his superiors as if they were his own.

It was nearly three and Oswald was giving his last instructions; he was speaking slowly in Italian, and Herr Potzi was translating, with equal impressiveness, into German. Oswald, towering over both Potzi and Merkl, was looking at the door, when suddenly it opened and Stephanie entered, looking for Potzi in order to give him a message she had just received in a letter from her father. Oswald, not much occupied with his instructions, for he had given them all once before, had a mind free to smile at her, to go on with the game; at least as far as eyes meeting eyes could do it.

But the girl looked at him an instant, unsmiling, and turning, ran out of the room. A plumber! Her peer, her prince, her romance, a common workman. She remembered a story she had read once in Spanish of a girl who, like herself, permitted a stranger to converse with her in a railway carriage, supposing him to be an English nobleman of racing proclivities because he spoke so much of his horses in a box car—his ten horses that he must see to at every station—and he had turned out to be a clown traveling with a circus. A clown! He and his sister Lady Grace Emeline! He had deceived her, mocked her—or no, she had made herself ridiculous. Her only comfort was that nobody knew; not even Miss Eden.

He came striding out after her, having found his explanation of her sudden horror.

"You mustn't think," he said, "that I'm going to be long. I'll get away in time for us to start as we said."

She shook her head; she did not even look at him. "I can't go. I can't ever go anywhere with you again," she said.

He was standing, staring after her, as little Anna, her childhood playmate, came running down the corridor, crying: "Oh, gracious lady, the American gentleman has arrived, so handsome and bright colored, and in a magnificent motor car, with bags and servants!"

And still "our Mr. Petres," growing taller and straighter and angrier, stood and stared.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A TALE OF THE OLD MAIN LINE

(Continued from Page 21)

He didn't see Maddox enter; Tony said some terribly vulgar things in regard to Luella Maddox. Bob Maddox couldn't help but hear. Between the two switchmen trying to get out the door and Maddox trying to murder his fireman, business was brisk in that restaurant for several moments. A mob of good Samaritans pulled Maddox off of Tony. The engineer calmed down, the fireman took on the semblance of life, and the whole affair seemed to blow over.

"Maybe that'll teach you how to speak of your betters," said Maddox coldly.

Tony mumbled and hung his head.

As has been said, this happened the afternoon of March third. The storm had just started. Yet, after Maddox left the restaurant, he worked on his engine until train time—worked out in the open in the driving rain.

Tony didn't show up, and wouldn't go out on his run until he was threatened with dismissal. He didn't want to go to Carlysle and have Maddox face him with Luella.

No. 5—the Cannonball—was due at Townley at 6:58 P.M. She was late that night—better than two hours late. It was after nine when her whistle screamed through the brawling storm and the gleam of her headlight played dimly on the timbers of the viaduct. She ground to a stop. Oily flares flickered, leaped high to smatter the drab coaches a bloody hue. Voices called to other voices through the rain, a lantern bobbed, the engine chuffed away. The Luella Maddox, gleaming under the soggy, driving blanket of rain, coupled in under the steady hand of Maddox.

"I don't want to go," said Tony Polk to the call boy. "There's no tellin' what Maddox might do."

"He's not crazy enough to hurt that engine," answered young John Griswold, the call boy.

"What a night!" mumbled Tony, shivering.

From the cab, Maddox shouted at the fireman, cursed him.

"See?" said Tony miserably to the call boy. "Whatcha want?" he demanded, climbing bravely up the gangway.

"A fire, you loafer," said Maddox.

"I'll give you a fire," retorted Tony, "but you'd better save your compliments."

"You'd better save your breath for work," said Maddox, cursing.

Tony was not without a certain amount of courage, but though he mumbled under his breath, he built up his fire and kept the back talk in his throat.

"We're goin' in on time," said Maddox grimly, "and if you don't give me the steam to do it with, you'll wish you'd never been born."

Tony should have jumped—dropped his scoop and jumped. He missed his chance, and he never got another. A lantern bobbed, Maddox widened out, and they slammed westward.

The devil marched his cohorts out of hell that night, and their playground was the stretch between Townley and Carlysle. The wind was an avalanche, the rain a second flood. There was a tugging, soggy suction through the cab, and the glare from the fire door clotted deck and gangway and bunker with bloody stretches. Tony had ten pounds of lead in his belly. Maddox had said he was going through on time!

The fireman glanced at his watch, reading it in the red maw of the fire box. Five hours and thirty minutes was the schedule; to come in on the money better than two hours must be sliced from the running time! One hundred and ninety-six miles to Carlysle, with roller-coaster sags and curves where even heart oak couldn't hold the rails in line. With washouts as common as fleas on a gutter mutt. It was madness! Suicide!

"Suicide!" thought Tony. Ghastly thought.

He pitched his scoop in the bunker, slid across the buckling deck of the Luella to plaster his face against the narrow front window. The rain was a writhing curtain flung in long streamers from stack and dome and sand box; the sound of the flailing waters half drowned the rhythm of exhaust. They were rocketing through an interminable cascade, packed in inky blackness above and from the sides. Fifty feet in advance of the long-nosed pilot the beams of the headlight were gulped from sight; only when the crackle of lightning split the universe could Tony pick out landmarks and trace the shimmering, beckoning rails. Dimly through the murk Tony could make out the side of the headlight, could glimpse the lighted face of the unfaithful wife of the engineer. Lightning short-circuited the heavens; he saw her plainly, clearly in the goblin flare. His guilt was the rack of a torture chamber, the sweat oozed from his pores.

He felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, whirled to face Maddox.

"Get back to work!" snarled the engineer.

Careening, pitching, bucking through the black night went the Luella Maddox, hanging to the slippery rail somehow, wrenching around the bends, smashing through the sags. Eighty, ninety, one hundred miles an hour on the down grades; the cab floor a jackstraw in a typhoon, the fireman white-faced, Maddox sneering, jeering down from his seat on the right-hand side. Tony looked ahead again, saw the bright face of the woman leading them on that wild, insane ride, and he looked no more until the end.

Over the hills to the river, westbound for the river—the meanest stretch of rail ever spiked. Tony shoveled, clung to a grab iron, shoveled, clung like a leech again, prayed for the luck to hold. She flattened out the bumps, she straightened out the curves.

"I want steam!" Maddox standing over him on the pitching cab floor, snarling in his ear, the Luella blaring, bouncing, the storm screaming, brawling, as they cannonballed down the steel highway at eighty miles an hour.

Twice, climbing hills, Tony saw the water drop from sight in the gauge glass, knew that only a thin film lay between them and destruction. And twice he tried desperately to prime his inspirator, and twice Maddox sneered at him, cursed him: "Scared, you lousy scum? Keep her hot! D'ya hear me? Keep her hot!" And the engineer would wait until they'd climbed the grade, wait until Tony would know an explosion was only a matter of minutes, before he'd throw cold water into the boiler with his crosshead pump.

They came down on Mill Creek with the exhaust a blended ripple through the storm, Tony saw the lights flash by the gangway, knew the section men were out on emergency work. Washout! He waited numbly for the crash, clinging to his favorite grab iron. She flipped up drunkenly, dropped like an elevator, tore Tony loose from his hold and flung him against the back boiler head! They thundered across the bridge, trying to swap ends!

Maddox nearly went through his window, but he climbed down, wooden-faced, picked up Tony's scoop, handed it to him, and then deliberately kicked the fireman into the bunker.

"I want steam!" said Maddox.

Tony resumed his shoveling. They made the river, outrunning the storm. No rain now, but the mists from the Smoky wrapped about the woman on the headlight, embraced her, enveloped the cab, streamed behind like ribbons in the wind. Down the twin steel lanes, hugging the river bank, a comet through the night.

"She'll make it!" Maddox was jabbering. "She'll make it! We're coming in on time! I knew she'd do it!" He danced crazily, crowing, flapping his arms. Tony was paralyzed. Maddox glared at him insanely. "When we get in, you'll eat what you said at Townley!" he screamed.

Tony backed away, but Maddox cuffed him. The fireman fell near his seat box and Maddox shouted at him, cursing, and then went back to his side. Tony crawled toward the bunker.

From Long Street north up the Smoky the rising vapor hung like a bank of cumulus along the right of way. Level as the water in a tumbler ran the rails; the lady of the headlight split the fog as a flaming arrow rips through cheesecloth. Tony filled her up with coal, kicked the fire door shut, climbed wearily up on his seat and prayed for the luck to hold.

Ancient records, mellowed and yellowed by the years, established the fact that the Luella Maddox was doing close to ninety miles an hour as she came down on Long Street, with three coaches on her tail. Tony said ninety. Maddox said he didn't know and didn't care. The conductor, just before he joined the angels, said at least ninety.

The fog must have thinned about two hundred yards from the crossing, for Tony saw and screamed to the engineer. Maddox had time to blow the whistle of his engine for the last time.

They were on top the horse and buggy within one hazy second; two humans went to their Creator in the click of a rail joint. The horse, by some trick of fate, fell as the pilot struck—and was swept beneath the front end. Some twenty yards below the crossing was a switch, and the body of the horse and the wreckage of the pilot broke the bridle rod of this switch, and the Luella Maddox, whistle screaming, left the rail.

The banks are high along the Smoky near Long Street, and the water flows deep. Tony jumped and lost his legs, but Maddox stayed with his engine, hand on the throttle, gaze riveted on the picture on the side of the headlight.

She came over the bank in a long arch, struck an old stone pier with her left side and ruptured boiler and fire box. As the waters closed about her she exploded. To which fact Maddox owed his life, even though he cared nothing about living. The blast of steam blew the fire door off and shot the engineer to the surface with half a cab window around his neck, no shoes on his feet, no clothing on his body except his garters and his cap. A stupefied fisherman, nearly swamped by the geyser of water, picked Maddox up.

There was little left of the pair in the buggy, but the woman was easy to identify. She was Luella Maddox. The other was identified as a local man, none too savory of reputation. There is little left of this story, too, beyond the following facts:

In April, 1903, Maddox returned to the cab. He had purchased the lot near Long Street and had erected the marble headstone. When passing it he always whistled, always made the fireman ring the bell. He whistles for Long Street to this day—not the standard crossing whistle, but a series of long blasts.

Perhaps Bob Maddox tells the woman he named his engine for, each time he whistles, that he doesn't believe she was untrue—or if she was, he doesn't care—that he suffers daily because of her death, and that he still loves her. Most of all, that he still loves her.

For that's the way he whistles.

IV

JOHNNY GRISWOLD finished reading the above manuscript. He leaned back and closed his eyes for a moment. Finally he spoke.

"Kid," he said, "there was a part of this thing," he waved the manuscript, "that started to come close. You got warm, see, but you petered out. You missed it." He seemed to be trying to stare a hole through the roof of the caboose.

"I was a call boy at Townley then," he resumed. "I remember, plain as day, Maddox workin' round his engine, shinin' her up, makin' her the classiest mill that ever turned a wheel. Kid, he was so proud of that engine that there ain't no way to tell how he felt about it."

He paused again, staring at the creaking roof.

"That bulletin you found—about her failing out on the road. That like to broke his heart. I know you've been thinkin' all along about his wife. Why, kid, you could pretty near leave her out of this yarn and it wouldn't hurt it none. Maddox had known for about a year what she'd been up to, and he'd quit her. It wasn't common knowledge, but he wasn't even livin' with her at the time of the wreck."

"That doesn't make sense, skipper," I said. "He nearly murdered Tony in that restaurant for what he said about her."

"There's the catch," said Johnny, smiling grimly. "Tony was talkin' about Luella Maddox, all right. Tony said some lousy things too. I was standin' behind Maddox, I'd followed him in the door. Tony said something about puttin' her in pooled service. 'She's gettin' old,' said Tony, 'and she's not so spry. It's got so lately that anybody can run around her in a horse an' buggy.'"

The light began to dawn.

"Maddox thought he meant the engine," said Johnny. "She'd failed, they were talkin' about poolin' all the power. He was thinkin' about his engine all the time."

We were silent awhile. The shadows from the coal-oil lamp behind us bounced dizzily, there was the sleepy roar of the moving train.

"Hey, skipper!" bawled the rear brakeman from the cupola. "They've got a hand-up for you."

"I'll get it," I told Johnny, grabbing the chance to shake the cobwebs out of my mind.

I caught the order off the hoop, handed the green slip to Johnny. He read it, stepped over to the brakeman, shouted for a moment, handed him the order. He came back and sat down.

"What do you think Maddox has got under that tombstone?" he demanded suddenly.

"I don't know," I answered, startled.

"He's got a locomotive bell and a whistle," answered Johnny grimly.

I nearly jumped out of my skin.

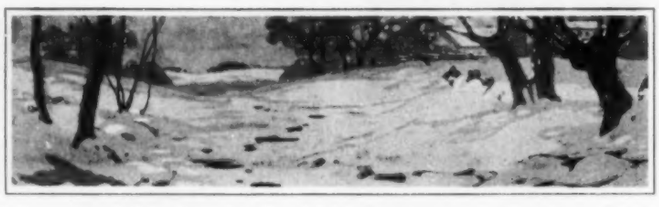
"How close did you look at that slab?" demanded the skipper.

"Pretty close."

"You didn't look close enough," was the cold answer, "or you'd have known all this before now. Lemme have your pencil a minute."

This is what Johnny lettered on the back of a time card:

THE
LUELLA MADDOX
MARCH 3, 1903



EMPIRE BOLTS · NUTS · RIVETS

PROMISES! Faith in their performance is the background of all business! The foundation of credit! The builder of reputations!

• • • •

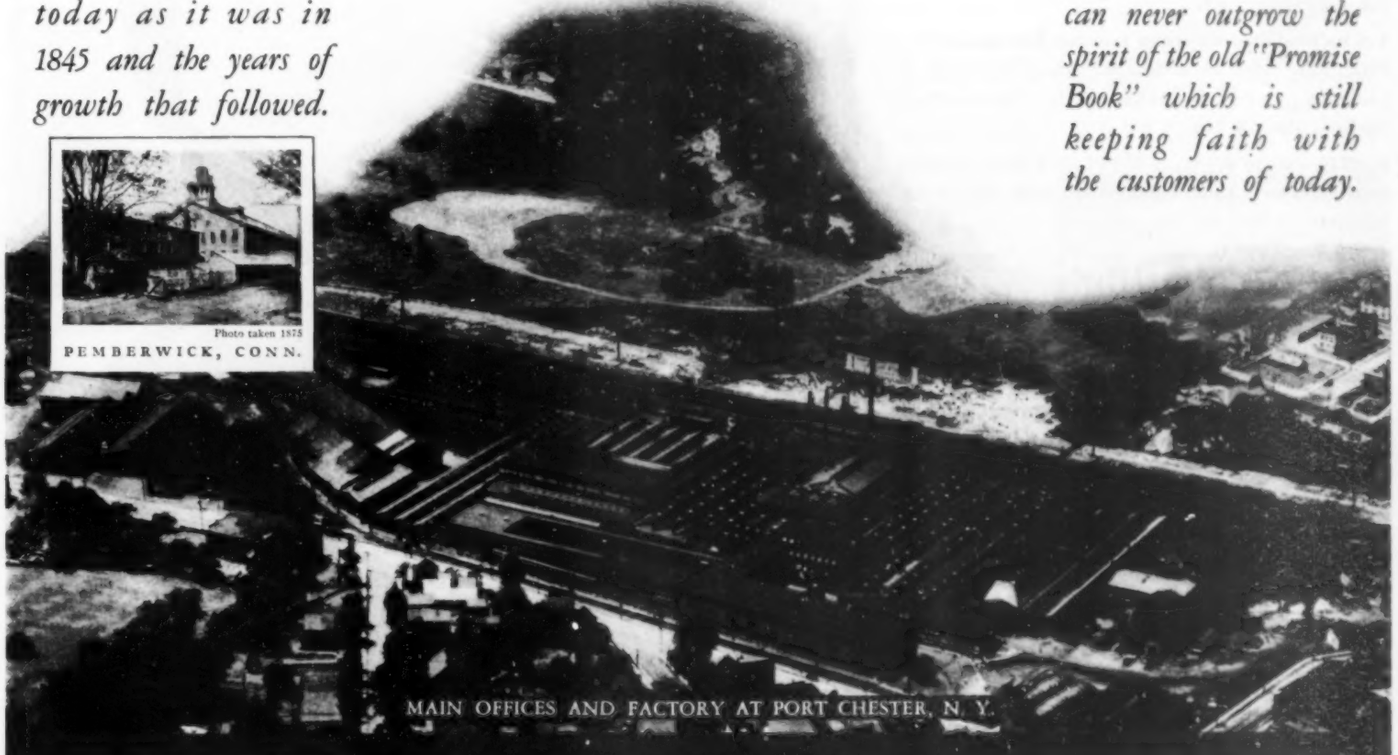
In the great bolt and nut plants of Russell, Burdsall and Ward, the promise is regarded as a solemn obligation. It is kept as inviolate today as it was in 1845 and the years of growth that followed.

84 Years of Keeping Faith

In the old "Bolt Works" at Pemberwick, Connecticut, promises made to customers were written down in the "Promise Book," a book whose obligations were religiously adhered to.

Today, the three great modern factories at Port Chester, N. Y., Rock Falls, Ill., and Coraopolis, Pa., have far outgrown the little old plant at Pemberwick, but they can never outgrow the spirit of the old "Promise Book" which is still keeping faith with the customers of today.

Photo taken 1875
PEMBERWICK, CONN.



MAIN OFFICES AND FACTORY AT PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

PLANT AT ROCK FALLS, ILL.

RUSSELL, BURDSALL & WARD
BOLT AND NUT COMPANY
PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

ROCK FALLS, ILL. CORAOPOLIS, PA.
CHICAGO · DETROIT · PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO · LOS ANGELES · PORTLAND · SEATTLE

PLANT AT CORAOPOLIS, PA.

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas

JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

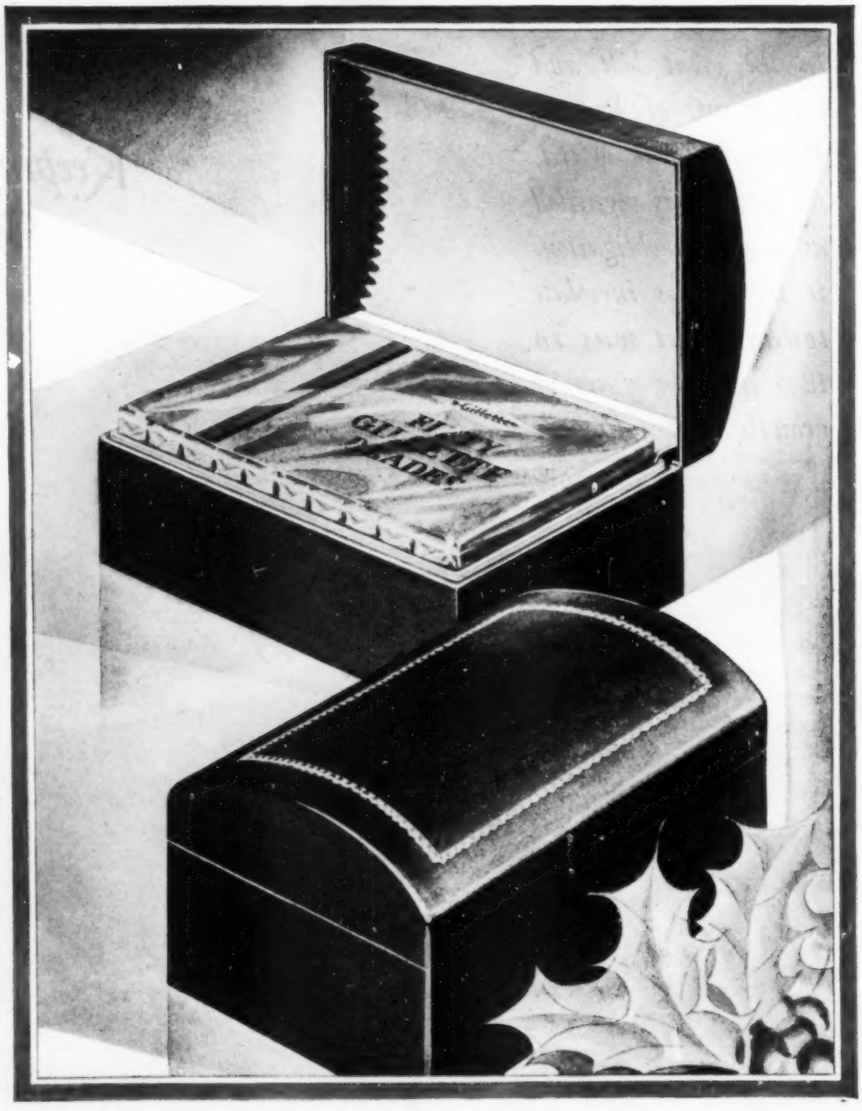
It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a strong metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.



GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette

Gillette

Five Dollars

GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE WITH THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES

THE BEAUTIFUL RED WAGON

(Continued from Page 9)

"Mechanical ice box," said Joe, who had climbed into the driver's seat. "That's just ginger ale in there now, but you could use it for other things. You'll find some glasses in the little cupboard on the side."

"No, thanks," said Mr. Henderson. "Not just now. Let's see how she runs."

"I suppose," said the president, "you have a shower bath and a toilet too?"

"No," said Joe, "but we have a very fine hot-water heating system for wintertime. And there is a miniature folding gas stove so you can make coffee, or tea and toast. The gas is compressed in a cylinder underneath."

"This isn't a tractor," said the president. "It isn't even an automobile. It's a yacht."

"Let's see how she runs," said Mr. Henderson.

Joe stepped on the starter, and the big motor began to purr softly through the efficient muffler. The big door of the building was opened by the mechanics of the final-repair department, who had been standing around admiringly. Joe drove out and circled the test field a couple of times.

"Notice how silently she runs," he said. "I worked a lot of rubber pads and bumpers into the tracks and roller frames. But if you want some noise I can give it to you." He spun a couple of knobs on the dash, and at once the whole car was flooded with music. "That's WGN up at Chicago. Eight-tube set under the cowl here. Loop aerial in the top."

Joe made another circle of the field, and then drove up on the loading platform, where a special end-door box car was waiting to take the machine to Connecticut.

"How do you like this bus?" asked Joe as his two passengers alighted.

Mr. Henderson held out his hand. "Congratulations, Joe," he said. "It's a work of art."

"How much did you say this thing cost?" asked the president.

"A little over sixteen thousand," said Mr. Henderson, "and we're selling it for twenty thousand."

"Has this woman paid for it yet?"

"Of course not. She'll pay on delivery. She gave us a two-thousand-dollar deposit."

"Not enough. What are you going to do if she changes her mind?"

"She won't," said Mr. Henderson.

"Well, I hope you're right," said the president.

He and Mr. Henderson said good-by to Joe and started back to the office. Joe drove the machine into the box car and blocked it down. And later in the afternoon it started on its way to Canaan, Connecticut. Two days later Joe himself left to be on hand to unload and deliver it.

And the day after Joe left, Mr. Henderson had a long-distance call from New York. "Hello," said a voice, "is this you, Henderson?"

"It is."

"This is John Kinsey."

"All right, Kinsey."

"I called up to tell you you had better stop construction on that fancy job for Miss Mather."

"Stop construction? We can't. It's all done."

"Finished already? That's too bad."

"It's finished, and it was shipped to Connecticut three days ago."

"Gee, that certainly is too bad."

"What do you mean? What's too bad? What's the matter?"

"Miss Mather has just sent us word that she won't take the machine."

"She won't take it?"

"No."

"But she signed the order, Kinsey. She can't change her mind now."

"She can't, eh? Well, she has."

"Why? What's the reason? What's the idea?"

"Well, it's a long story. She got into another fight with George Sherwood."

"George Sherwood?"

"Yes."

"I thought I told you to keep George away from that dame. Good Lord, Kinsey, after she threw him out of the house once, you might have known enough to keep him out of her way."

"I did. I tried to. This was all an accident."

"What do you mean, accident?"

"Well, you see I had George up at Springfield, Massachusetts, running our exhibit at the Eastern States Exposition. I thought that was safe enough—or rather, I didn't think anything about it, because Springfield is at least fifty or maybe a hundred miles from Canaan, where Miss Mather lives. It's in an entirely different state."

"Yes, yes. But what happened?"

"Well, it seems George was sitting in our tent on the exposition grounds, with a couple of Earthworm tractors behind him, and the big Earthworm sign overhead. And all of a sudden who should come rolling in but old Agatha herself, in a tremendous imported car with an English chauffeur."

"What was she after?"

"Apparently she had just driven over to see the exposition, but when she spotted the Earthworm exhibit she came right in. She told George that her contract provided that we were to teach her chauffeur how to drive a tractor."

"That's right."

"I know. And she said she wanted him to have a driving lesson right then, so he would be prepared when her own machine was delivered. George says it wasn't a very good place for a driving lesson, but he didn't want to argue with the old lady."

"Didn't want to have her get sore and spoil another pair of pants on him, eh?"

"Probably. Anyway, he started in to give this English chauffeur a lesson on a ten-ton model. And George claims he was awful dumb."

"Who was—George or the chauffeur?"

"I imagine it was both of them. But George claims it was all the chauffeur's fault. He says he showed him exactly how to handle everything, and then let him drive. And the first thing this guy did was run into a pop stand."

"Into a what?"

"A pop stand. A soda-water stand. It seems there was a little stand right beside the tractor exhibition field where they sold soft drinks and ice cream."

"Oh, I see. Did he hurt it any?"

"From what George said, I guess he just naturally annihilated it. There were busted bottles all over the landscape. The proprietor leaped out just in time. He was some sort of a Greek and right away he set up a big holler—wanted to get paid for the damage."

"Well, I can't say I blame him."

"No, but George didn't like the idea of paying for it himself. He said it was all the fault of the English chauffeur. It was a mistake for him to say that."

"It was true, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I guess so. But I'm afraid George stated it a little too emphatically. Apparently he must have explained to everybody in the vicinity that this Englishman was nothing but a fool—that he had no sense, never had any sense, and never would have any sense. You know how George is when he gets started."

"Yes, I know George."

"And then Miss Agatha Mather came trotting up. She's a fairly lively old lady, you know."

"Yes, I had guessed she might be."

"And she announced it was George's fault. She said he had agreed to teach the chauffeur how to drive, and he had bungled his job. So George told her the guy was a mental defective and nobody could teach him to drive. He thought that would hold her for a while."

"Did it?"

"No. She said that she would not do business with a firm whose employes insulted her. And if we couldn't teach her chauffeur to drive, as provided in the contract, the whole agreement was void and she wouldn't take our tractor. And before George could say anything more, she got back in her car, called the chauffeur, and had him drive her away; leaving George to argue with a couple of cops that the Greek soda-water man had called."

"Did anybody pay for the damage?"

"Yes, George finally squared it for three hundred dollars. And then he wrote me a long letter about the whole business, inclosing his expense account, with the three hundred duly entered."

"He would."

"Yes, but he was very apologetic, Henderson. He felt pretty low in his mind about it."

"He ought to. But maybe it's not so bad as you think, Kinsey. Probably, when the old lady got home and thought it over, she realized she had spoken too hastily."

"Not Agatha. She sent her lawyer around this morning to demand that we refund her two-thousand-dollar deposit. He had a long spiel to the effect that our failure to instruct her chauffeur rendered the contract null and void. Those were his exact words—null and void."

"He's crazy. Of course we'll instruct her chauffeur. If he can drive a car, he can drive a tractor. Suppose George did fail to teach the guy. Suppose he did tell her it couldn't be done. Does that amount to anything? No. George is nothing but a salesman; he has no authority to speak for the company."

"I know. I told this lawyer all that, Mr. Henderson. But he said he had no discretion in the matter, and that if we didn't pay him within a week he would bring suit. So I told him that if he did, we would bring a counter suit for the eighteen thousand due us."

"What did he say to that?"

"He just laughed and walked out. He should worry; another suit would be just so much more work and much more pay for him."

"But the whole business is absurd, Kinsey. We don't want any lawsuits. But we can't afford to lose this sale. The president was bawling me out the other day for not getting a bigger deposit. I wish now I'd asked for cash in advance. We've spent more than sixteen thousand on the machine already, and if that crazy old hen doesn't take it I don't know what we'll do. I don't know anybody else I could unload it onto."

"Neither do I, Henderson."

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I've got to take a trip East pretty soon anyway. And I'll make it the end of this week. You sit tight till I get there, and then we'll both go up and have a talk with Miss Mather. If we talk to her fair and reasonable, she ought to come around all right. We'll have to try, anyway. I'll wire Joe Mullin. He's gone up there to make the delivery, and I'll tell him to wait till we get there."

"All right, Henderson; I'll look for you in a few days. And I sure hope we can fix things up."

"So do I, Kinsey. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Mr. Henderson turned from the telephone and wrote out a telegram to Mr. Joseph Mullin, Canaan, Connecticut: "Hold tractor at Canaan. I will be in New York Friday and in Canaan Saturday. Do not make delivery until I get there. Gilbert Henderson."

He called his stenographer and had the telegram sent. This was on Tuesday. On Thursday he left Earthworm City, and on Friday morning he walked into the company's New York office.

"Hello, Kinsey," he said. "Any more news from Agatha?"

"No," said Mr. Kinsey, "but there's a long-distance call for you. They want you to call the Canaan, Connecticut, operator."

Look for the funny fat man on the red box

for that Tickle

Bunte Cough Drops soothe the throat and relieve the annoying tickle. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

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"Well, well," said Mr. Henderson. "A message from Canaan. This may be interesting."

The office operator put through the call, and after a few minutes' delay, the connection was made.

"Hello," said a voice. "I want to talk to Mr. Gilbert Henderson."

"This is Henderson."

"Well, this is Joe Mullin. I'm up at Canaan, Connecticut."

"Yes."

"I'm out at Miss Mather's place, and I'm afraid I've done everything wrong. I'm afraid I've got myself into an awful mess."

"You have? Did you get my telegram?"

"Yes."

"Then what are you doing out at the Mather place?"

"I drove the tractor out here."

"Did you drive it out before you got my message?"

"No. Afterwards."

"Well, what was the idea? I thought that is just what I told you not to do. I thought I told you to keep that tractor at Canaan and not deliver it until I came."

"I know, Mr. Henderson. Your wire came day before yesterday, and I was planning to wait for you. But yesterday it seemed as though it would be better for me to take the tractor right out. So I did."

"Say, who do you think is the boss of this sales department—you or me?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to disobey orders, Mr. Henderson. But various things came up that made me think I ought to take the tractor out. I'm sorry now that I did, but at the time it seemed the only reasonable thing to do."

"Well, what happened? And exactly what sort of a new mess are we in now?"

"It all started yesterday morning. A man came into the hotel where I was staying and asked for the Earthworm-tractor man. Somebody had told him I had arrived in town with the tractor."

"Who was this man?"

"His name was John. I forget his last name. He said he was Miss Mather's chauffeur. When he came into the hotel he was wearing a chauffeur's uniform that was pretty well smeared up with mud. And he said that they had been having unusually heavy rains for this time of year, and the road out to Miss Mather's place had all dissolved into mud."

"Yes."

"And he had just got stuck with Miss Mather's car on the way to her country place, and had walked back to town. He said that the car was so heavy and the mud was so bad that he didn't think horses could pull it out. And of course another car would be no good at all."

"So he wanted you to haul him out with the tractor?"

"Yes, Mr. Henderson, that's exactly what he wanted. And he told me a long yarn about Miss Mather having a big fight with the company and deciding not to take the tractor after all. This was all news to me, but probably you have heard about it."

"Yes, Joe, I've heard all about it—worse luck. But this man you call John—was he the half-witted English chauffeur that wrecked the soda-water stand?"

"He's English all right, and he's the one that ran into the soda-water stand. But he's not half-witted. He claims he didn't understand what George Sherwood told him about the controls. And you can't blame a man for making a little mistake the first time he tries to drive a tractor."

"Well, maybe not."

"Oh, he's a bright man, Mr. Henderson. He's a swell mechanic. And he's a nice fellow; he told me a lot about Miss Mather. She's a fine old lady, but she's quick-tempered. And she likes to do all the talking herself; she just goes crazy if you start arguing with her or telling her where she gets off. So he advised me that if I wanted to get along with Miss Mather all I had to do was to keep my mouth shut except when spoken to."

"Very likely that was pretty good advice."

"It was very good advice, Mr. Henderson. John has a head on him. And he said that if I pulled the car out of the mud, I might make such a good impression that Miss Mather would change her mind and buy the tractor after all; provided I didn't spoil it all by shooting off my face too much. You see, Miss Mather, all this time, was sitting inside the car that was stuck in the mud up the road a ways."

"Oh, she was?"

"Yes, and John thought she was probably getting weary of sitting there in the mud and would naturally have a kindly feeling for anyone that pulled her out."

"That sounds reasonable. So what did you do?"

"Well, I hated to disobey your orders. But after I had spent so much time on this tractor, I hated to see it fail to sell. And I knew I couldn't get hold of you, because you would be on the train between Earthworm City and New York. So I just decided to go."

"And what happened?"

"We drove out there. On the way I showed John how to drive the machine, and he caught on right away. He's a bright guy. When we got to the car, Miss Mather started in talking at once and asked me if I thought I could pull it to the house for her. I said, 'Yes, Miss Mather.' Then she got to looking at the tractor and asked if she could ride in that. I said, 'Certainly, Miss Mather.' So she got in, and I hooked onto the car and we drove up to her house."

"And then did you ask her whether she would take it?"

"I didn't ask her anything, Mr. Henderson. And I didn't tell her anything except what she asked me about. I was using John's system."

"Yes, yes. I see. Well, what happened?"

"All the way along, she kept asking about the tractor. She was very much interested, and I told her all about it. I gave her a drink of ginger ale out of the refrigerator, and that tickled her a lot. You know she's quite a jovial old dame. I like her."

"But wait a minute. I thought you said you had got into a bad mess up there."

"I'm coming to that part, Mr. Henderson. After we got to her place, I had lunch with John in a cottage that he lives in near by. And in the afternoon Miss Mather had me take her for a drive around the estate in the tractor. She's a wonderful old lady. Nothing underhanded about her. She would never say anything mean about you behind your back. She would tell you right to your face."

"Yes, yes. But what about this mess you say you got into?"

"Well, I spent the night at John's house, and this morning Miss Mather sent for me and told me that she liked the tractor and wanted to keep it."

"She did! Say, Joe, that's fine!"

"That part is all right, but that isn't all she said."

"What else did she say?"

"She said the company had broken her contract, so she didn't have to buy the machine. But she would take it anyway, provided I would quit the company and work for her as tractor chauffeur."

"You must have made quite a hit with her."

"I just followed out John's system. And now you see what an awful hole it's got me into."

"She won't take the tractor unless you go with it?"

"No."

"And you don't want to work for her?"

"Of course not."

"I thought you said you liked her."

"I do, Mr. Henderson. She's a marvelous old lady. But I don't want to be a chauffeur for anybody. There's no future in a job like that. I want to stay with the company, where I might have a chance to amount to something."

"Couldn't you just work for her until she pays for the machine, and then come back to us?"

"She wants me to agree to stay a year at least."

"Maybe you could agree to stay a year, and then quit sooner."

"That wouldn't be any way to act, Mr. Henderson. If I agreed to stay a year, I'd have to stick around that long, unless I could persuade her to release me, and I doubt if she would. She's very strong-minded."

"Couldn't you reason with her a bit and get her to take the machine without you?"

"I tried that. I pretty near broke all of John's rules. I almost argued with her. I told her I was glad she liked the tractor, and I would hate to disappoint her, but I was really under obligation to stay with the company."

"And what did she say to that?"

"She said she was going to call up the company and ask them to fire me, so I would feel free to work for her. I don't know whether she has called yet or not. I'm talking over another line from John's house."

"She hasn't called me so far."

"Well, if she does call you, Mr. Henderson, don't make the mistake of firing me to do me a favor. Of course, if you are sore at me for disobeying orders and messing things up, and if you think I deserve to be thrown out, I suppose you'll do it."

"Don't worry about that, Joe. You've done as well with Miss Mather as any of the rest of us have. Probably better. We won't fire you this time. And I tell you what you had better do. You had better just sit tight till tomorrow. Mr. Kinsey and I are planning to come up there. We'll arrive tomorrow morning, and then we'll all get together and see if we can't talk Miss Mather into a reasonable frame of mind."

"Well, I certainly hope you can, Mr. Henderson. If I can arrange it, I'll drive in and meet you with the tractor at the Canaan station."

"Thanks. If you can't, we'll get out there somehow—if we have to walk all the way to the house. Good-by, Joe."

"Good-by."

Mr. Henderson had no sooner hung up the receiver than there came another call for him—this time from the president of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, at Earthworm City.

"Hello, Henderson," he said. "I've just been talking to Miss Agatha Mather."

"Oh, she called you up, did she?"

"Yes. She had a long tale about a soda-water stand that got run over, and one thing and another. And she claims she is under no obligation to buy that fancy seven-passenger sedan contraption."

"She's crazy. She doesn't know what she's talking about."

"Well, I didn't understand all her argument, but I gathered that the only way we can get her to take the machine peacefully is for you to fire young Mullin, so she can hire him."

"I can't fire him."

"You're his boss, aren't you?"

"Well, I suppose I can fire him, but I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because he's a good man, and he has always treated me square, and he expects me to treat him square. And he doesn't want to work for Miss Mather. He wants to work for us. I won't throw him out just because this fool woman asks me to."

"Suppose I ask you to."

"Well, you're the head of the company. You can fire him yourself if you want to. But if you do, I'll quit myself. As long as I'm running this sales and service department, I've got to do it in what seems to me a decent way. If I was to fire that kid, it would be a low-down, dirty trick. And I won't do it. I'll be hanged if I will!"

"All right—all right, Henderson. Keep your shirt on. You can handle this your own way. But you better be sure you get some results. You certainly pulled a boner when you put sixteen thousand into a special order on a deposit of only two thousand. So it's up to you to straighten it out somehow."

"Don't worry about that. Kinsey and I are going up there tomorrow, and we're going to fix everything."

"Well, I hope you can. Good-by."

"Good-by."

As Mr. Henderson turned away from the telephone, he smiled a rather sour smile. "This tractor business is a great business," he said. "I almost thought I had worked myself out of my own job. And I may lose it yet, if Agatha won't listen to reason."

He called one of the stenographers and had her get reservations on the night train to Canaan. Then he started in and worked most of the rest of the day with Mr. Kinsey on various miscellaneous problems of the business.

Late in the afternoon there came another call from Canaan: "Is this you, Mr. Henderson?"

"Yes."

"This is Joe Mullin, and everything is all right. Miss Mather is taking the tractor and I am staying to work for her."

"Well, it's too bad you couldn't have decided a little sooner. I've just been having a swell fight with the old man about you. I certainly got myself in wrong—and now you go and change your mind. What's the idea?"

"I'll let you know later, Mr. Henderson. I have no time now. Miss Mather is right here, and she's waiting for me to take her for a ride. Good-by."

"Well, good-by, Joe."

Mr. Henderson hung up the receiver.

"What's the news?" asked Mr. Kinsey.

"Agatha takes the tractor. Joe stays and works for her. So you can have your stenographer cancel those reservations. And everything is all right. But it puzzles me to know what came over young Mullin. He was so positive he didn't want that chauffeur job."

Mr. Henderson remained puzzled for several days. He stayed over in New York until the following Tuesday, on which date Miss Mather's check for eighteen thousand dollars plus freight charges came through and was duly deposited in the bank. On Wednesday Mr. Henderson left New York, and on Thursday he entered his office in Earthworm City. He found Joe Mullin there waiting for him.

"What!" he said. "You here, Joe? I thought you had a job as chauffeur."

"That's right."

"Have you quit?"

"No, I didn't quit. I just worked a little system that John suggested."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, after I had talked to you the first time on the telephone, I got to discussing things with John. He's a bright guy. And he said it was perfectly safe for me to hire out to Miss Mather for as long a time as she wanted. Because if I handled her right she would be reasonable and let me off whenever I wanted. So I hired out, and after she had paid for the machine I got her to let me off. Everything is perfectly all right, because John can drive the tractor."

"How did you persuade her to let you go?"

"It was very simple. I just followed John's suggestion, and reversed his other system. I began to get talkative."

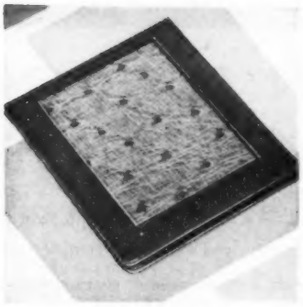
"You talked a whole lot?"

"I didn't have to. Two remarks did it all. First, I told her that she wasn't half bad, but that if she would talk less and listen more, she would be better off. And while she was drawing in her breath to answer that, I suggested that she ought to get her face lifted—it would improve her looks a lot, I said."

"And what did she say to that?"

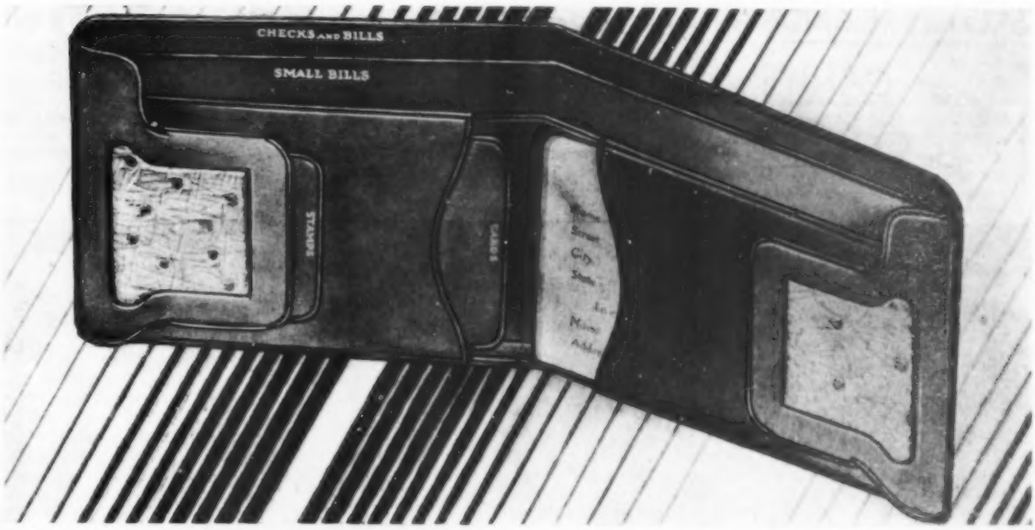
"I'd hate to repeat her exact words, Mr. Henderson. But she rose to the occasion nobly, and made it plain that it would be all right with her if I went back to the tractor company. So here I am, and I want my old job again."

Mr. Henderson looked at Joe a long time. Finally he said, "We haven't taken your name off the pay roll yet, Joe, so we'll just let it stay. We'll consider that you have been working for the company straight through. And I guess you have."



WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED NEW MONEY IS WEARING

TAILORED TO FIT—*and styled in keeping with its contents . . . a sleek, slim, handsome new billfold that meets the spirit of the new currency more than half-way.*



NO longer may crisp green and yellow notes abide in bulky mid-Victorian raiment. And least of all the *new* currency. Even though smaller, it surely has proven far more fastidious in its choice of container!

And so, male carriers of the perennial billfold acclaim the smart, modern Bill-Tainer now showing in leading retail shops.

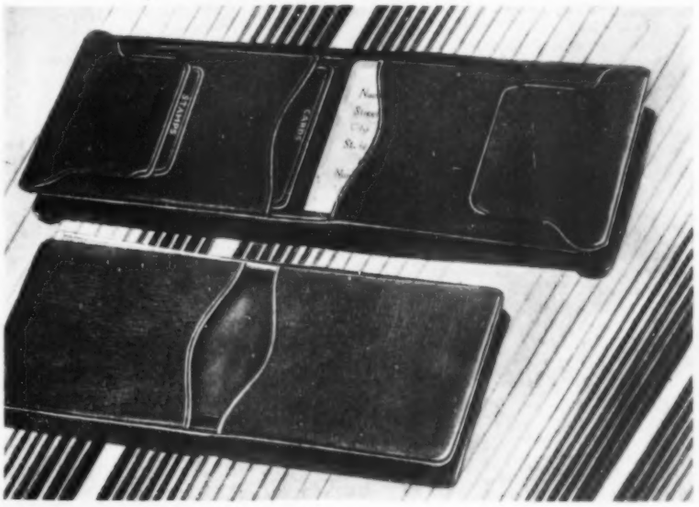
In its cleverly divided interior, checks, cards, stamps, and memos are mobilized in military order. And licenses are kept bright and clean in an ingenious sliding window, instantly readable on both sides.

Yet the Bill-Tainer always remains sleek and slim as a watch of the mode—and warranted not to rip, tear, buckle or bulge—because it's *folded* throughout, not sewn. Replaced free if it gives way at any point.

The accompanying illustrations picture only a few of the many smart finishes in which the Bill-Tainer is made. In the complete assortment there are many other fine leathers, exquisitely fashioned in contrasting combinations and dignified solid effects satisfying to the most conservative.

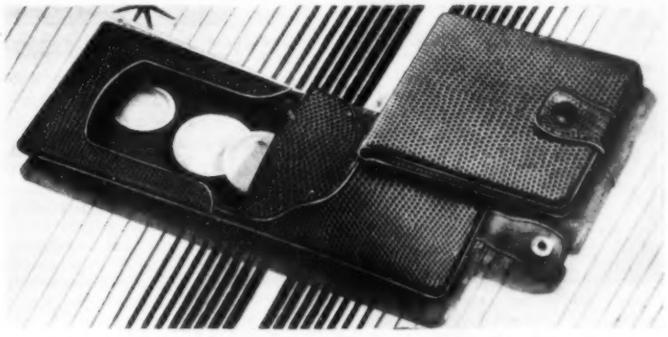
Women, too, hail the Bill-Tainer with relief. Not only because of the dainty, feminine model, but for the obvious gift possibilities the man's model presents. At last here is a gift that need answer for no perjury when men say, "Just what I wanted."

If your regular dealer does not yet carry Bill-Tainers, write to Buxton, Inc., 116 Main Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.



CAPACITY WITHOUT CLUMSINESS . . . *flat-folding compactness even when well filled with bills of new and old sizes; checks, cards, license, stamps . . . And no stitches to rip or tear. The new Buxton Bill-Tainer, modern as tomorrow. Above is shown the handsome Ostrich Inlay model, priced at $10. Other distinctive leathers from $3.50 up.*

AT LEFT—*the man's Bill-Tainer in smaller size. Single full-length compartment for the new bills—otherwise just as complete. Stitchless. Slim and compact. Priced $3.00 and up.*



IMMEDIATELY ABOVE *is the newest of all Bill-Tainers . . . the* smallest *practical billfold possible to make. Folded, it is only 3¼ inches long . . . slips neatly into a handbag or a man's vest pocket. Stitchless—ripless—and can't buckle or bulge. In several handsome leathers—$2.00 and up.*

New "Tri-Tainer" model for bills, coins and cards

Last word in combined accommodation for bills, coins and cards, is the "Tri-Tainer" model of the Bill-Tainer shown at left. Small, flexible, easily handled. Clasp holds it securely closed. Several handsome leathers. Priced at $2.50 and up.

THE FAMOUS BUXTON KEY-TAINER *now carries the keys of millions. Only the owners of Key-Tainers are protected by the Buxton Free Key Return Service, through which thousands have quickly recovered their lost keys.*

BUXTON BILL-TAINERS

Not a stitch to rip or tear

NUT-SWEET, MOUNTAIN FLAVOR... FULL-BODIED, OLD-TIME RICHNESS...

THE CHEESE FROM SWITZERLAND CAN'T BE COPIED

ONE generous bite of Switzerland Cheese will convince you that fine flavor is more than a matter of holes. The style of the true cheese from Switzerland is copied often—but the flavor never. Flavor is the secret of Switzerland's mountain pastures, where cattle graze on fragrant herbs and grasses and drink from rushing, glacier-fed streams. It depends, too, on patient, pastoral methods which have been passed down through generations of Swiss cheese-makers. In Switzerland, cheese-making is an art. To duplicate it outside the homeland is impossible. ✡ In the American market today, it's an easy matter to make sure of buying the genuine. You have only to look for the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" stamped in red on the rind. You will be rewarded by nut-sweet savor and fine-textured tenderness. ✡ Each different way you eat it means some new discovery of its deliciousness. In sandwiches, cold or toasted. With salads and cold-cuts. Diced fine in soups. Folded into omelets. Served with apples, pears or grapes. ✡ The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from a cream to a butter yellow, depending upon the season of the year in which it is made. The size of the eyes may also vary. But the rare, true flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere.

Now it's easy to make sure of getting Switzerland Cheese. The rind is stamped with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." No other cheese can be thus marked.

May we send you a copy of the beautiful booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"—showing many unusual and attractive dishes? It's free for the asking.

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SWITZERLAND CHEESE

AN ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED BY THE SWITZERLAND CHEESE ASSOCIATION OF BERNE, SWITZERLAND

THE SHYSTER

(Continued from Page 34)

theft. We first pondered and then investigated that odd indictment and finally we reached the conclusion that the firm did not wish to expose its books and accounts. Conspiracy could be proved rather easily; the actual theft would call for more detailed statements with regard to the firm's transactions. We were not absolutely certain of these deductions, because powerful pressure was being brought to bear upon all interested parties to let the defendant off lightly. Conspiracy was a misdemeanor punishable by a year in jail. Any jail sentence would permanently remove our client from politics and the pay roll of the afflicted contracting firm; therefore the misdemeanor charge was adequate. Why send him up for a long penitentiary term? The loss of twelve thousand dollars was not a serious matter to the firm. They could tack that onto the next padded account and demand that the man who first wished our client upon them approve it as a matter of poetic justice. Mercy and expediency as well as safety-first could have dictated the misdemeanor indictment rather than the felony indictment.

I decided to apply my own test to uncover the motive, and during the trial of the case contested every point so bitterly that the prosecutor called twenty-four witnesses to the stand instead of the five he had originally summoned. When he got through he had proved not only the conspiracy but the actual consummation of it in the theft of the twelve thousand dollars. I doubt that one criminal case out of a thousand has ever been so thoroughly proved against a defendant. But the prosecutor and executives of the contracting firm were adroit in the use of the books; either that or the books could stand examination. At any rate I didn't succeed in routing their witnesses on cross-examination. My client was found guilty and sentenced to a year in jail.

That sent me back to the law books for my next move—and I found it. In New York state it is still possible to raise the point of "merger of offenses." It is an ancient proposition that comes down from the English common law and in most of our states it would be no good nowadays, but in New York State it still serves. I raised the point that the prosecution had in the course of proving conspiracy proved grand larceny—if they had proved anything. Of course, I also took the position that nothing had been proved, this being the natural course for counsel for a guilty defendant. But under the law I was entitled to demand that my client be tried for the actual theft rather than the conspiracy to steal, in view of the fact that a felony rather than a misdemeanor had been proved. Such a challenge coming from counsel for the defendant makes a very good impression on the public, and as matters stood at that time it placed the trial judge in an embarrassing position, because there was much talk of outrageous graft and protection of the grafters in high places. If he overruled me it might impress many persons that his purpose was to prevent full exposure of the facts. He himself expected to be a candidate before many months elapsed. He took the matter under advisement and no doubt pondered earnestly over the fact that the theft actually had been proved. I never did find out why the indictment had been for conspiracy and therefore I concede that he also may have been ignorant. If my client could be proved guilty of the felony he had beyond question committed why should the state let him off with a year in jail?

Something of this sort must have gone through the judge's mind. At any rate he granted my motion to set aside the verdict, leaving the way open for an indictment charging grand larceny. But my purpose in all of this had been to gain time. The case could not be tried again until after the local elections, and my client's political friends were campaigning on a reform ticket to "throw the grafters out." They were elected. And the case against my client died on the docket. Other grafters were tried, but he was not. The contracting firm also died. Its friends were no longer in office. But the fact that I had kept a man out of jail on the ground that he was convicted of a mere misdemeanor when guilty of a felony impressed many persons as black magic and some of them later became our clients.

I never had been much of a lawyer until I joined this firm, but now I really studied. I couldn't study except with a specific case before me, because I cared nothing for the law as a profession. I was in no sense a professional man. Fees alone inspired me. Money was what I wanted.

Exploits of this kind made me a terror to the trial judges. And that rôle, by the way, is far more valuable than having political influence that might frighten them. They resent such a threat with all the manhood in them. But facing a lawyer who knows the law better than they do makes them buckle and crumple—usually without much bitterness. Man is a fighting animal and the sporting blood in him refuses to hate the better fighter who vanquishes him. An attorney, addressing the court on a point of law, has a choice of two attitudes, and instinctively adopts the one that expresses his personality. He can be humble or truculent. If he is humble, he says, in effect: "If the court please, I judge that the law on this point is thus-and-thus and now with all humility I ask for a ruling in order that I may know how to proceed." My attitude was always truculently confident. It said in effect: "You are a quite ordinary person sitting up there on the bench and you have not studied this case as I have. I know what the law says on this point and I am now informing you. In order to justify your sitting up there you will hold with me. If you don't, this case will be reversed on appeal and that will count against your record as a judge. I'm just as eager to have the decision in this case upheld as you are, and I know my business. What I am telling you is the law, therefore rule accordingly. If you don't, I'll blister you in my brief to the appellate court." And I never failed to redeem the threat of blistering.

Confronted with a pleader of this type the judge has an easy way to retreat gracefully. If he makes an error in ruling against the prosecutor he is in no danger of being blistered in a brief nor criticized adversely by the higher courts; the prosecutor has no appeal. To me it was amusing to watch the sudden changes of manner in certain judges, depending upon which lawyers were before them. With some they were calm, confident, or even overbearing; with others they were as nervous as frightened cats. I kept them nervous.

The winning, or rather the destruction, of the case against Casey's thieving lame duck brought politicians to us on their knees, with the result that even so clever and shrewd a man as Katzenjammer lost his bearings and began to agree with Casey that we could increase our profits by developing our political affiliations.

It is worth noting at this juncture that we did not know what our profits were. We kept no books. When a check of considerable size came in we showed it to each other as a matter of pride, rather than justice, and it was divided. Small checks were cashed and spent by the first one who found them. Unless a check set a new high mark for the firm, it was scarcely considered worthy of mention. We were doing well; petty matters didn't interest us. Sometimes our stenographer accumulated a handful of checks for sums under $500 and had to call them to our attention every day for a week before any member of the firm would take the trouble to carry them to the bank. That kind of procedure suited Casey and Katzenjammer perfectly, but it always troubled me. I would have cashed those checks the moment they were called to my attention except for the fact that I wanted a fair division.

Eventually I took this matter up with my partners and we agreed to give the stenographer power to endorse and deposit these checks to the credit of the firm with the understanding between ourselves that they were to serve as reserve capital. The sort of clients we had were always in need of money and almost always able to pay about 100 per cent interest for the time they needed it. This time might be one day, one week, or one month, but never a year. The loan covered a transaction and time was an incident. There were other men in this field of finance whose loans were sought because they had political influence, and the man who borrowed from them was willing to pay a rate of interest ranging up to 100 per cent because he could say: "I am operating on So-and-So's money." If he was doing that, it meant that he had protection. In a different way, but not so very different, we could do the same thing. When we loaned money to a crook he could say in effect: "I couldn't have got this money if my racket were dangerous. I have legal advice. The probabilities in favor of my winning are at least one hundred to one." And you may be sure that they were one hundred to one, or we wouldn't have let him have the money.

As our prestige grew, several murder cases came in. But I protested against these because they attracted too much attention to our firm. Katzenjammer agreed with me after the third trial, although he insisted upon that one because the fee was $25,000. But the easiest and quickest money came from representing crooks. Stealing is profitable; murder, as a rule, is not. Moreover, you get only one case from a murderer, while a successful thief pays what finally amounts to a large annual retainer. Indeed he is lucky if he doesn't discover eventually that he has been working for his lawyers rather than himself.

Our last murder case proved to be entirely too interesting. Newspaper reporters trailed after us and managed somehow, without directly actionable statements, to let the public know just about what kind of law firm this was. We never recovered from the subtle exposure.

Our client was a crazy man, no doubt about that. He had even been in an asylum; eventually, however, he had obtained a discharge and promptly celebrated the occasion by kidnaping a little boy, eight years of age, and demanding ransom for his return. The ransom not being delivered at the time and place specified, he murdered the child and was about to escape into Mexico when arrested. His parents were wealthy and agreed to pay a minimum fee of $25,000 if his life were saved. Neither they nor I entertained hope of winning his freedom, but the minimum fee, as Katzenjammer pointed out, was worth trying for. On trial of the case, the proof showed clearly: First, that he was crazy; second, that he had plotted the kidnaping with such meticulous care that no reasonable human could doubt his knowledge that he was committing a crime; third, that he committed the murder in cold blood because the child's parents did not deliver the ransom to the place specified at the time he had indicated. No doubt about any of these points. All of the alienists testified that he had been crazy beyond dispute for five years preceding. If I understand the law on this point I understand it to say that a man is legally insane when he cannot determine right from wrong. For example, if he suddenly decides that he is Julius Cæsar, protecting himself from the murderous assault of Brutus and stabs his mother, sister, brother or father, he is insane within the meaning of the law. He had no motive, except that provided by his insane delusions. But this man had a criminal motive that a sane person could comprehend. He had demanded ransom, and he had carefully planned the kidnaping. But the American public seems to remain naively unaware of the legal definition of insanity. They have been befuddled by the fact that the psychiatrist finds it difficult to mark the line between ordinary sanity and insanity. I was aware of that fact and took advantage of it.

The trial ended on Christmas Eve. I numbered among my acquaintances an evangelist who had previously been a lawyer, originally admitted to the bar in New York State. I summoned him by telegraph and asked him to make a speech in this case. He knew almost nothing about it but that made no difference. He had the organ-toned voice that drowns reason in emotion. As a matter of fact he, himself, was a sentimentalist almost devoid of reason. I let him close the argument with a speech lasting one hour—and he could just as easily have spoken for three. He was a geyser. There was no use of our arguing legal points in this case, for we really had none. We simply wound that fellow up and let him tell the jury for one hour that this was Christmas Eve, that mother and father and home awaited this unfortunate defendant who had once been a beautiful little baby. Tomorrow would be Christmas, a day of glad reunion throughout the Christian world. Would they send this lovely little boy back to his dear mamma to make her Christmas the gladdest day of her life? Or would they make it the saddest?

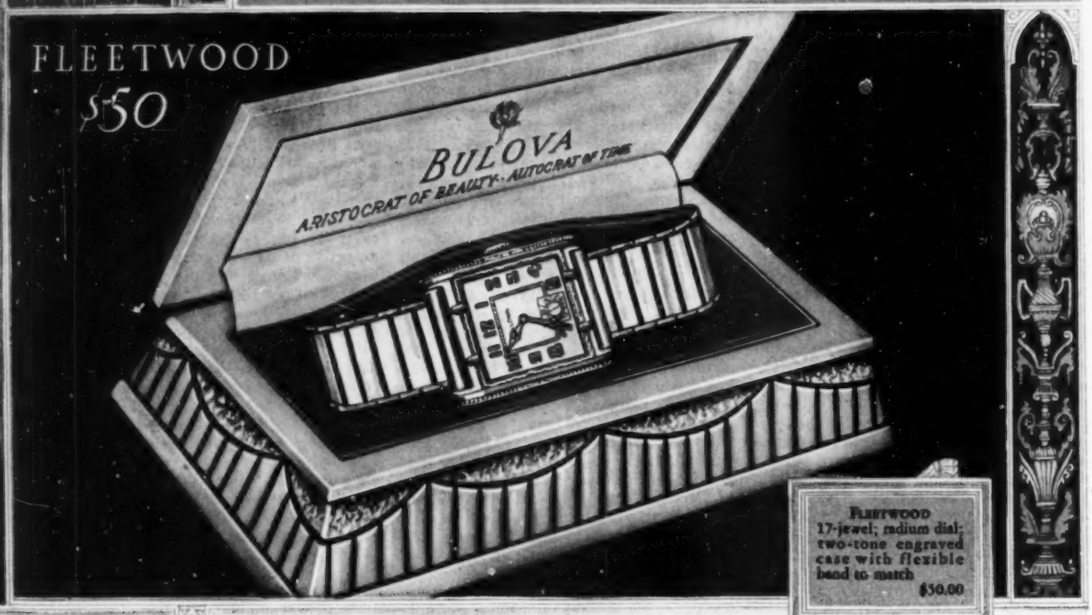
Well, they made it the gladdest. Blinded with tears, they decided that he was guilty but insane. Some day I think we will understand more about the effect of such a voice. It is, I believe, largely mechanical. Some notes on the harp or organ seem to be sad and others cheerful, no matter whether they occur as part of a melody or are simply struck at random. We may never insulate our emotions against these upsetting tones, but we could require that an address to the jury have some bearing upon the case. Orations on the essential tragedy of human life rarely throw light upon the pending issues, no matter how delightful they may be as a purge of pent-up emotions.

Having recounted so many of my own exploits, I must tell of one of Casey's brightest strokes. Another of his lame-duck political friends, who held a minor position in the cashier's department of a large contracting firm, began to play the stock market with the firm's money. At first he made considerable profits, but instead of taking them and replacing the borrowed capital, which he could easily have done and thereafter invested only his winnings, he found success a temptation to borrow more. This had been going on for a year before he discovered that he was under suspicion and the books were about to be checked. I never have been able to understand how such operations can be so easily covered up for long periods of time, but apparently it is quite possible. Knowing that he was about to be found out, he went to Casey for advice. His problem, as he explained it, was that it would now be harder to restore the money without detection than it had been to steal it in the first place. That I can understand in a measure.

He had nearly all of the stolen money, but the market had sagged and he wanted very much to hold on as long as possible. Two weeks, he thought, would restore about ten thousand dollars to the market value of his holdings. He didn't see how he could possibly escape detection once the books were checked; moreover, he believed the firm would prosecute him to the limit. His brokerage accounts were carried under aliases, therefore the firm wouldn't be able to find and impound his stocks at once. If he held on for a little while he hoped to be able to make full restitution and that might prevent prosecution. It would also, if his market advice proved correct, leave him with a few thousands of dollars' profit. He

(Continued on Page 164)

BULOVA



FLEETWOOD
17-jewel; radium dial; two-tone engraved case with flexible band to match
$50.00

RANGER: 15-jewel; woven mesh band . $24.75

ENVOY: 15-jewel; woven mesh band . $24.75

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PRESENT, on Christmas morning, the gift that bespeaks the very spirit of Yuletide greetings—a Bulova Watch! For there is no gift so precious, so endearing as a dependable timepiece—none that lives so long in daily, useful service... The Bulova you choose as your gift, regardless of the price you pay, will be true to its trust: to tell time *on* time throughout the years—as faithful, as enduring, as the friendship that inspired its giving.

This Christmas, your jeweler is showing a selection of Bulova watches more varied, more beautiful than ever before... priced from $25 to $2500... and each, above all, a dependable timepiece!

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BEATRICE: 15-jewel; 14 kt; 10 diamonds; 8 emeralds or sapphires*; flexible bracelet . . $150.00

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ADELA: 15-jewel movement; 2 diamonds; 4 sapphires or emeralds* $39.50

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PATRICIA: 15-jewel movement; neat, popular shape, exquisitely engraved $24.75

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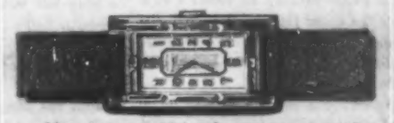
CORINTHIA: 15-jewel movement; neatly engraved; flexible bracelet $29.75

MADELINE: 15-jewel movement; smartly engraved; flexible bracelet $29.75

ARLINE: 15-jewel movement; delicately engraved; flexible bracelet to match . . $29.75

MISS LIBERTY: 15-jewel; 6 sapphires or emeralds* flexible bracelet $37.50

COLETTE: 15-jewel movement; enamel inlay; flexible bracelet to match $37.50



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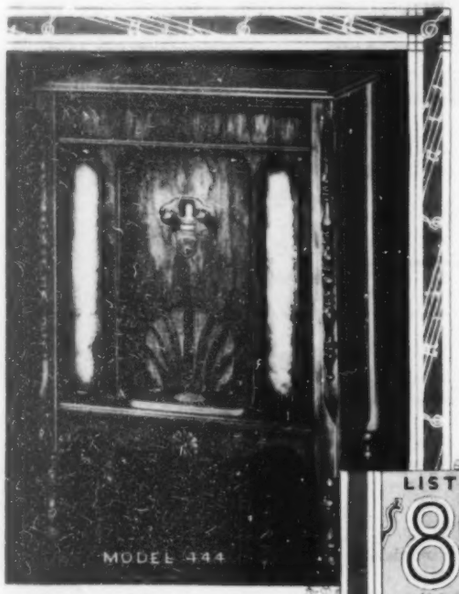
* *Simulated*

HONORA
15-jewel; 14 kt. gold; two diamonds; 4 sapphires or emeralds*; flexible bracelet
$65.00

AT THE BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

THE EXCELLENCE OF THIS GIFT GOES FAR BEYOND ITS SENSIBLE PRICE



An ultra-modern screen grid set, with rich five-ply walnut cabinet and two-tone maple overlay. Modern and attractive in every detail, and equipped with the famous Quam Dynamic Speaker.

LIST PRICE $89.50 (LESS TUBES) MODERN SCREEN GRID RADIO

To hear and know the Sentinel is to recognize at once its superior performance, its beauty and dependability. To select it as a gift reveals the good taste of the giver, for its common-sense price sets a new standard in radio value—a value which reflects sensible buying.

Only expert radio engineers, working in a plant of most modern facilities, could produce this ultra-modern radio. Every important part is made under one roof, under closest supervision...and so "You're Safe with a Sentinel"—the set of quality, of beauty, a gift of rare distinction.

The Price is Right

Sentinel Radio is priced sensibly low, filling a long-felt want for quality product at a popular figure. Just compare these models with any radio—at any price—you'll quickly recognize the astonishing values we are offering.

Like the armed sentinel of old, who was ever ready to serve with precision and power, so the Sentinel Radio today can be depended upon for the finest performance. Better dealers everywhere will tell you how to get quick delivery. If you want a Sentinel in time for Christmas—act today!

Model 666-C
A modern radio-phonograph combination, complete in every detail, and offered at a price you would ordinarily pay for a radio alone... List Price $149.50 (less tubes)

Famous Quam Dynamic Speaker

Sentinel offers your choice of three attractive models—all equipped with the famous Quam Dynamic Speaker, assuring fullest volume and wonderful tone. So simple to operate—one dial tunes in stations that are near or far away. Instant, clear, perfect reception! Every home may now know the joy of finer radio!

LIST PRICE $99.50 (LESS TUBES) Modern Screen Grid Plus

Prices slightly higher Colorado and West

Model 666
A splendid 9-tube set, using 4 screen grid tubes plus the new 227 tubes and two 245 tubes in push-pull... handsome five-ply walnut cabinet with two-tone maple overlay... and equipped with the famous Quam Dynamic Speaker.

SENTINEL MFG. COMPANY 9708 Cottage Grove Avenue (Division of United Air Cleaner Co.) Chicago, Illinois

Sentinel
THE ULTRA MODERN RADIO

(Continued from Page 161)

was for taking a chance and holding on. Casey knew a good deal about accounting and, after interrogating him carefully, reached the conclusion that he could not possibly avoid conviction if brought to trial. Holding on would be dangerous; better sell out and skip while he could. Still the fellow refused.

"All right, then," Casey said, "there's only one safe bet for you and that is to go back to your office tomorrow and steal everything you can get your hands on. How much can you get away with in one day?"

He thought he could get fifty thousand dollars. His total thefts up to that time amounted to about forty thousand dollars. But if he took the fifty thousand he would be discovered and arrested at once.

"That's all right," Casey assured him. "You get the money. And bring it to me. Then don't wait to be arrested. Telephone the firm what you've done. And tell them to see me."

He did that. Shortly after two o'clock the contracting firm's lawyers were in our office.

"My client," Casey told them, "has made a clean breast. I know exactly how much he has stolen and I am trying to recover all that he hasn't lost. I think I can get about sixty-five thousand dollars and I want to restore it to you. So does he. He is an unfortunate fellow addicted to gambling and finally he went crazy and grabbed everything he could get. But he's sorry and wants to do the best he can. If you will accept sixty-five thousand dollars and drop the matter it can be arranged. If you don't, he's going to the penitentiary, and he might as well have the profits of his crime. Suit yourselves."

They conferred with their clients. Sixty-five thousand dollars would save the firm. Loss of it meant bankruptcy. Therefore there was not much room for argument. The agreement was drawn up. And Casey saved his man. Not only saved him but a considerable part of his pilferings. The lawyers nearly boiled over when they learned that Casey had the stolen fifty thousand in his possession, but there was nothing they could do about it then.

However, this was pretty rough work, and dangerous. We were becoming more and more reckless in our gluttony, but we failed to realize it because we never attempted to bribe jurors, as some of our competitors did, and never involved ourselves in the intimidation of witnesses to force silence or their disappearance. The latter method of defense was becoming fairly common, and still is.

Katzenjammer permitted himself to be involved more and more with certain politicians who profited enormously from bankruptcy cases. The details of these transactions would be too intricate to explain, but I assume that nearly everyone knows how little the creditors usually receive from the liquidation of a bankrupt business. One would judge from the laws governing such matters that it was not intended that the creditors should receive much protection, anyway. At every turn there are generous provisions for fees, and when a receiver has the will to multiply these the law certainly grants him ample opportunity to do so. Again and again I warned Katzenjammer that the explosion must certainly come some day, but he thought otherwise.

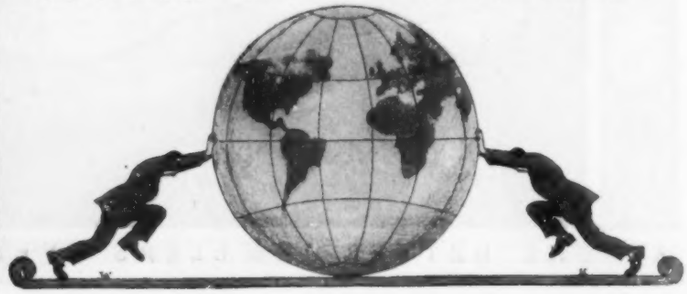
When the explosion finally came it caught Katzenjammer in a bad position. He had been the clearing house for a considerable portion of the loot. The method had been to appoint him attorney to serve the receiver, or anyone else connected with the proceedings who happened to be entitled to an attorney, and then trump up reasons for paying him large fees. Often the persons he was supposed to serve as attorney were themselves attorneys. Scarcely any of these fees were earned and sometimes the very proceedings to which they related were fictitious. That was why he liked this form of graft. It came in from nowhere for nothing, and he simply took his cut while going about his other business uninterrupted. But when confronted by the facts he couldn't stand interrogation without admitting that he barely knew the names of companies and individuals that the records showed he had served through long and arduous battles. Moreover, the records would also show, in many of these instances, that he had served them very unsuccessfully.

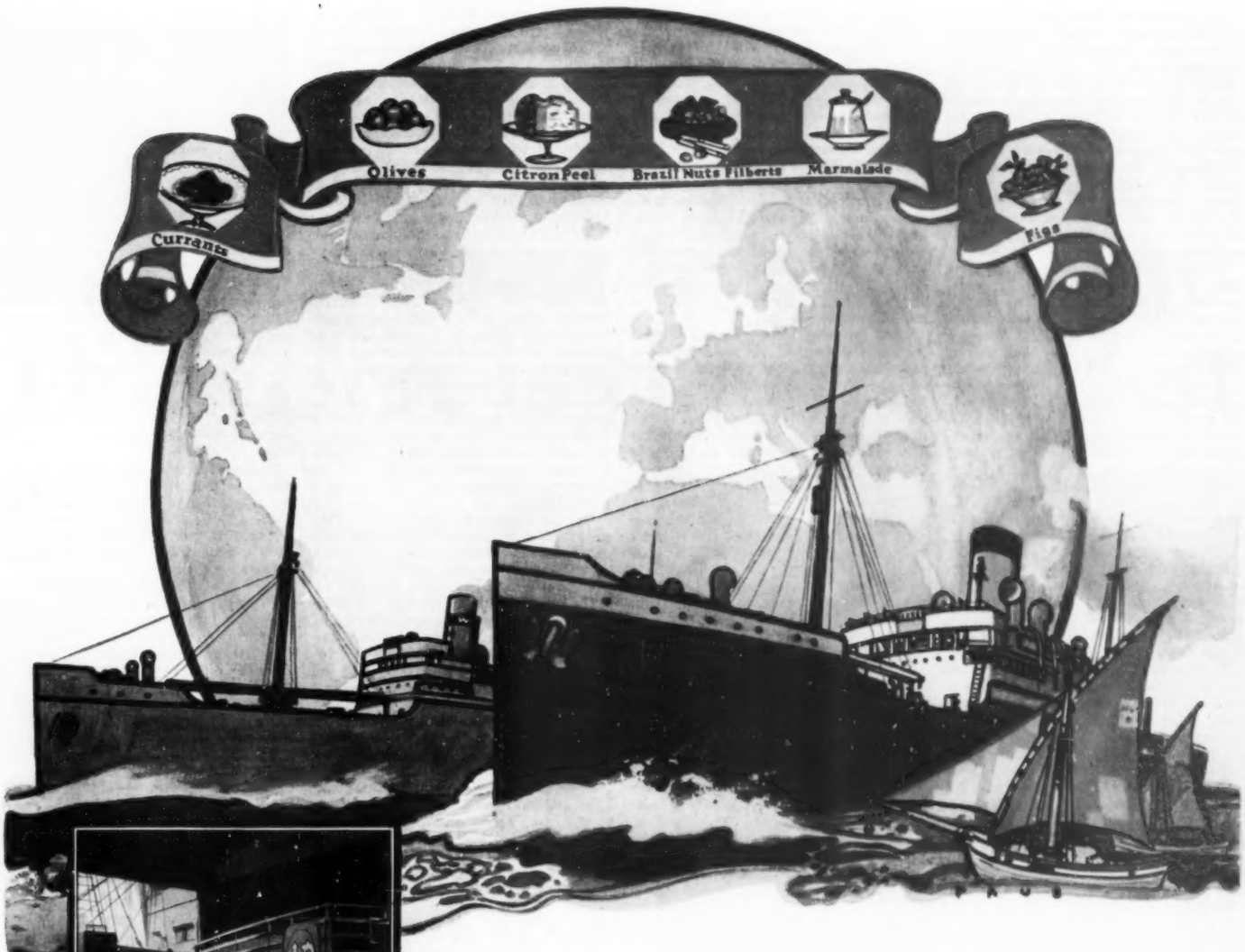
It was natural that the investigators should turn to him, first, because every admission he made would disclose and involve his accomplices. Their thefts had become so much like plain highway robbery that legal defenses were out of the question. Katzenjammer had to go at once and under cover to Europe. Even there he was not safe, except by moving constantly, still under cover, and finally disappearing. The expense incident to all of this maneuvering was enormous. His rôle now became identical with that of some of our unfortunate clients. No one would believe that his purse had a bottom; he floated to safety on a stream of gold; and with no more coming in. Before three months had elapsed Casey and I were financing him and his heart-broken family, and not expecting to get back any of the money. To make matters worse his absence was a sore loss to our firm, for in spite of the fact that he chose not to be, he was really a great lawyer. Blinded by the lure of easy money he simply would not work; nevertheless, just to have him present in a conference so spurred my wits that I went deeper into my cases. And the same was true of his effect upon Casey.

We had scarcely adjusted ourselves to this loss when Goggle Eye bungled one of his made-to-order damage suits—fortunately in another state—with the result that both he and his lawyer found themselves behind the bars. Ignorant of the fact that our situation was already desperate, Goggle Eye began to bombard Casey with telegrams first demanding and then imploring him to come to the rescue. Casey didn't dare to go, but was afraid to refuse; indeed, he was afraid even to answer. Thus while the sensational story of Goggle Eye's operations crackled across front pages, these terrible telegrams poured in, day after day, until finally rumors circulated and Casey was called for interrogation.

If the exposure of Goggle Eye had occurred in our own state I doubt that Casey could have saved himself, but the old rascal had kindly staged his final blow-up a thousand miles away. Casey wriggled and squirmed and pleaded dumb, unsuspecting innocence that would have shamed a child in kindergarten; he brought political influence to bear and he made apologies, promises, and entangling alliances profitable to others

(Continued on Page 166)





Christmas foods... loaded at wharves... speeded to A&P Food Stores.

Value-wise shoppers turn to A&P Food Stores for their Christmas table needs.

For You... *from* A&P's *Buyers in Foreign Ports* *come the* Christmas Foods...

THE ships are in! . . . big freighters from Europe, Asia, South America, the Orient . . . laden to the gunwales with good things for your Yuletide feast.

How you'll enjoy the rare luxuries A&P brings you from overseas! . . . toothsome dates . . . plump figs teeming with flavor . . . meaty nuts of many varieties . . . Spain's choicest olives . . . tasty citron . . . marmalade, tart and delicious . . . scores of other imported dainties.

A&P's own buyers comb foreign marts for these tempting delicacies. But don't forget that in America, too, A&P's specialists select the cream of the Nation's foods in anticipation of your holiday needs.

And what a delight to choose your Christmas delicacies from the wide assortments at an A&P Food Store! What a satisfaction to be sure that whatever you buy is of high quality and as fresh as it can be brought to you!

Such a world-wide organization an exclusive feature of A&P? Of course! But . . . exclusiveness without a price penalty. In fact, *value-giving* is a tradition with A&P. Why not let an A&P Food Store provide your holiday table needs . . . your everyday foods, too?

A&P ESTABLISHED 1859

"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

(Continued from Page 164)

and burdensome to himself. Again the expense mounted beyond belief. Just to cite one example, we sent a political friend of Casey's on a secret mission to the scene of Goggle Eye's disaster. He agreed to make the trip for five hundred dollars and expenses. Eight days later when he returned poor Casey confronted an expense account, not itemized, for eight hundred and fifty dollars. The messenger had been successful, however, and there was no escaping the bill, for he could undo his work with a ten-word telegram. Moreover, we might need him again.

This was the quality of friendship upon which we had to depend. And there was a certain brutal justice in it too, for this was the kind of friendship we had always given others. Horrible thought! We were capable of something better than that in human relations. Between ourselves we had managed to be fair, generous and warm-hearted. But the rest of the world had simply been a nut to be cracked, an oyster to be swallowed. What we had extended was now coming back to us—and in remarkably even measure. No better and no worse. Casey's small savings melted like the snow of a belated storm in May. And those who stripped him expected with all confidence to have his lifelong appreciation as well as his last dollar.

Finally he got off, but the ordeal broke his spirit. There was no more intrepidity in him. The slightest risk now chilled him to the marrow—and we had no cases that did not involve at least some risk. We hadn't been in the market for the other sort. Up to the time of Katzenjammer's crash there had always been a few cases that any law firm might have handled, but now the character of our clients changed definitely and sharply.

To be more specific on this point, there had been a time when clients came to us pleading desperately for help but with no ideas of their own on the subject of strategy. Now they came in to tell us bluntly what they were going to do and what they expected us to do—sinister persons with coldly sinister plans. I looked at their hard eyes, peeping warily from the covert of narrowed lids, and knew that we were coming nearer and nearer to the end of our adventures. I would have turned down nearly all of these applicants, but that was not possible now. We needed the money; too many of the less dangerous clients were going elsewhere.

Casey was unable to carry his half of the burden of work. I no longer wanted him as a partner, and yet prudence argued even more strongly than sympathy against abandoning him. He wouldn't have blackmailed me, but if he fell in the ditch no one could tell what the results might eventually be. Already he sought forgetfulness in drink. The time might come when drink and talk would go together. He knew too much for me to risk that.

More and more plainly I could see that the firm was wrecked, yet it was better to hang on. I hoped that time would bring smoother waters for my retreat, but I realized that if I remained too long on the edge of so much damaging publicity the spotlight might shift some day—just a tiny little shift would be enough—and I should find myself in the center of it. The time had come to end this farce. But how to end it? Under the pounding of adversity Casey's fortune and Katzenjammer's had lasted not even six months. How could I hope that mine would fare better? I resolved to collect our loans as rapidly as possible and make no more, although for some time now they had been an important source of our revenue. This change of policy brought new difficulties. The moment I ceased to make loans, all reason for payment of those outstanding disappeared. Collection could not be forced. The only reason for repayment had been expectation of future accommodations, and legal protection in case of trouble. We were no longer the gay legal pirates we had been, and if we were retiring from the lending business our borrowers had best conserve their capital. In short, I found collections worse than slow.

On top of this came bad news from the ranches in which I had invested. The season was dry; cattle ought to be shipped; new wells should be sunk; ranches elsewhere leased for a year. Absentee ownership of properties of this kind had long been a sink hole for much of my money. I knew the business so well, and nearly everything I wanted done would have been for me so easy to do, that I could never realize the probability of my orders being bungled by others. However, my managers, younger brothers, and agents all thought of me as a man of great wealth. They viewed the enterprises under their care as a rich man's hobbies. And while they wasted, or at least failed to economize, I was scraping together my last available liquid assets to meet the emergency.

During this trying time I read in my newspaper one morning that a certain borrower-client of ours had been assassinated while sitting in his automobile in front of his home talking to a friend. The event interested me only casually; to be more specific it interested me exactly five thousand dollars' worth. That was the amount he had borrowed, and now it would never be repaid. The newspaper said that the police suspected gang warfare. On the following day an arrest was made, and the newspapers reported that this had been a gorilla killing.

Gorillas do their murders for hire. They are attached to gamblers and various sorts of crooks who must accept one another's word of honor for brief periods. When a promise is broken the gorilla goes into action. I read this disclosure with casual interest. But on the third day it developed that the gorilla in question had been employed for a long period of time by Katzenjammer. And along with this came the news that the murdered man had owed us five thousand dollars. How they found that out I don't know. These loans were never recorded anywhere. Before the day ended I had been summoned before the grand jury and everybody in our world knew it.

I had never seen the gorilla in question; I had never known that Katzenjammer employed him. I had asked the borrower for my money and he had answered with vague promises, the meaning of which I well understood. But that was no time for me to resort to gorillas. I had trouble enough. Cynical men who knew me only too well listened to these explanations, smiled, and said nothing. Nevertheless they were fair enough to proceed with the investigation and finally they found out who really had hired that gorilla and why. But that came too late to save our tottering firm. I who had been a great pirate, a legal wizard, an abetter of real criminals, not petty pilferers, must finally topple into the ditch because of a few questions, prompted by a vague suspicion that I might possibly have had something to do with a transaction that I could not have known much less about if it had occurred in Siberia.

The ways of fate in dealing with dishonesty are strange beyond belief. How many, many times I and my piratical partners might have gone down in stormy seas while in noisy pursuit of treasure! But we passed unscathed through all of those dangers. . . . Gay old Katzenjammer, who loved battle, had scuttled away wearing a wig. The gallant and picturesque Casey had edged out sidewise with the grace of a wounded crab.

And now it was my turn to find that I had been knocked down and fatally injured by the mere gossip of blundering, misinformed police detectives whom I had ignominiously trampled in the dust times without number—and some of those times I had been as guilty as my clients too.

Well, the game was over anyway; the saga ended. Casey took to his bottle and I took the long, long road back to the drought-burned plains to see if I could save some of my cattle. Except for bitter regret because of the awful losses during our period of adversity, and the appalling extravagance during all other periods, I found the journey pleasant. Soon I should be where I belonged. I never was a lawyer anyway. Neither was Casey nor Katzenjammer. We knew the law—but only as pirates may excel in navigation. That innate sense of ethics essential to the professional man in any field had never been in us. We came to the only end possible for us.

(THE END)

KIDDING OURSELVES ALONG

(Continued from Page 17)

of those under him. Will the morale stand up? Then, abruptly, as it seems to him, the inexorable flow of the hours has taken even that possibility downstream. The hope of a bumper season has dissipated. Remains still the chance of small profit. That is gone. But forty thousand cases will break him even. Another day, another, and still the run delays. It is no longer a question of success, but of the possibility of disaster. And then, a scant ten days before the closing date, the tenders and the seiners begin to bring in fish—some, a few, nothing near capacity, but enough to show that salmon are in the country.

This is the breaking point of the long crescendo. Can you wonder that by now, in the harassed mind of this man, but one intense emotion is hammering? All other ideas and considerations have been swept aside. Get the fish, and do not inquire whence they came or how they were got. Fish—fish on the sorting floor—that is all that counts!

And harden your heart, if you can, against this man's bitterness when, after such an experience, the run begins just as the season closes! While he is cutting away the gear that has brought him in so little, he looks down through the clear water on the thousands upon thousands of fish that have come in just too late! No wonder if he cries aloud that the laws are all wrong, that the seasons are all wrong! No wonder if he lobbies frantically for more privilege! If he is merely manager for a big company that can stand the lean season, it is bad enough; for he has his reputation to think of, and his job, and his future in the business. But when, as is often the case, he is himself the owner, and is running the show on borrowed capital, his state of mind is near that of the fanatic. A bad season means bust, and, as a matter of fact, the year after a bad season you will find a lot of banks in the fish business.

I have sketched thus briefly the sequence of a salmon season, with no thought of showing a complete picture, but to indicate how a state of mind comes about. It is a state of mind with which we can sympathize heartily, but whose judgments we cannot accept as final. How could they possibly be final? By the very nature of the case, by the very pressure of the present task, they are concerned with immediate results: Get the fish, so that the quota may be filled. This season is the important one. Only by an effort of which few are capable is such a man able to contemplate giving up anything this season for the sake of seasons to follow. He is, perhaps, able to admit that something may have to be done to prevent depletion—but not this July and August, while the pack is shy of fish!

In other words, he is in an ideal frame of mind to kid himself along. Until very recently he has done so by the simple expedient of denying that there was any depletion. I have talked with dozens who advanced this argument vehemently. There are just as many fish as there ever were; this year's short run is due to the fact that the weather is too stormy or too calm, the streams too high or too low; the season too dry or too wet. The main run has turned south; it has turned north. They say, here in the Ketchikan district, that there is a tremendous run at Icy Strait and the canneries are swamped. At the same time Icy Strait men will tell you that to be sure they are not taking the customary numbers, but down in the Ketchikan district —— The fish still exist in the pristine numbers, but they are always somewhere else.

And as a clinching proof, they show statistics of the pack for Alaska. It is as big this year as it has ever been—bigger! We put up six million cases. And that is some hundreds of thousands above the annual average for the past twenty years. The fact of serious depletion is by now fairly established, but even today I hear that argument from the ultra-bullheaded.

Depletion! Why, in the short period of my own personal experience I have seen the fish drop off with breath-taking rapidity. Each year I have been accustomed to tie up for a period at a certain float near a certain narrows for the sake of rod fishing king salmon. The place is peculiarly adapted for laboratory observation, for it is a sort of funnel through which is forced to pass the entire run for a whole back country of spawning streams. Furthermore, the tides run so swiftly through that five-mile funnel that traps, seine boats, and even power-driven trolling boats are quite impossible. The only fishing must be done by hook and line, from rowboats, in the back eddies and slacks, in coves or behind points, or at the brief turn of the tide. Nevertheless, it was a famous place for just that kind of fishing. Dozens of professionals dragged heavily weighed hand lines. Sportsmen trolled their lighter rigs. Of an evening the chuck was covered with small craft, and the evening was joyous with banter and shoutings and busy excitement. When dark closed the twilight and the boats slowly drew in from the dusk, the floats were literally covered with the silvery fish. The weight of the average king salmon was somewhere near twenty-five pounds, and the monsters of from forty to sixty were not at all unusual. Of an afternoon, from a scow anchored at the overfall where the flood tide boils by a point in deep whirlpools, it was not at all unusual to take 200 silvers on three hand lines. I have myself landed as many as fourteen at a tide, fishing with a nine-ounce rod—all large fish, none under twenty pounds. And the fish caught were nothing, nothing at all, in comparison to the numbers that went through. Sometimes at dusk on a still evening the entire surface of a cove would spray like a fountain with the herring breaking from the rush of the monsters beneath.

Year by year I have seen this abundance fall off; at first slowly, lately with startling rapidity. Now "high boat" is delighted to bring in eight, six, even two or three at a tide. Twenty or thirty is a good catch at the overfalls. That is during the more and more infrequent good days. And between the good days are long periods when nobody catches anything, when twenty boats will bring in a scant dozen among them.

And year by year I have sat in at fishermen's discussions and have listened to as fine a line of kidding oneself along as one would wish to hear. The run is always late—it is just about to come in. It has changed its route and is now going north or south of the islands. Nobody will bring himself to believe that the incredible abundance of only a few short years ago can possibly have given place to the present

(Continued on Page 170)

The pleasure of those to whom you give it [redacted] tells the story: Dill's Best is America's Best

DILL'S BEST TOBACCO makes a gift that touches a responsive chord in any man who enjoys a pipe.

Is he finicky? He will appreciate the painstaking care that has been lavished on Dill's Best at every step of its progress from the tobacco fields to his pipe. He will respect the 81 years of experience that has taught Dill's how to prepare this rich, fragrant, natural-tasting tobacco which makes so many smokers say, "Dill's Best is America's Best."

Is he an outdoor man? Gratefully, and even gleefully, he will accept a big tin of Dill's Best. Since 1848, outdoor men have been especially responsive to the superior smoking qualities of Dill's Best—America's oldest brand of smoking tobacco.

Does he smoke at home? Men who smoke Dill's Best often hear their wives actually ask them to light a pipe—the smoke is so fragrant and wholesome. Wives who discover the solid satisfaction that their spouses find in this fine old brand of tobacco gratefully add their voices to the verdict: "Dill's Best is America's Best."

Pipe smokers champion Dill's Best for its honest, unadulterated, natural-tobacco taste. They enjoy the delicate fragrance and coolness that come from using only the tender blades of the tobacco leaf (no stems, disguised or otherwise, included) in Dill's. Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such comfortable, continuous satisfaction as is found in this clean, dust-free tobacco, that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe.

Dill's Best—in the regular 15c tin, and in handsome half-pound and full-pound humidor cans—is sold by almost all dealers. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

Discriminating pipe smokers will welcome a gift of Dill's Best—six or a dozen of the 15c tins, or in the ½ lb. or 1 lb. sizes.

In the ½ lb. and 1 lb. sizes, Dill's Best is attractively packed in mahogany-color humidor cans. A very convenient "dip-in" package, handsome on any desk or table.

NO STEMS IN DILL'S BEST—ONLY ALL-CLEAR LEAF—A BASIC DILL PRINCIPLE—SINCE 1848

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND
Established 1848

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best TOBACCO

15¢
AND A PIPEFUL LASTS LONGER

Pasteurizing makes *the safest Christmas*

Pasteurizing protects Dromedary Dates and you! For Dromedary is only another word for pure when you buy your Christmas dates!

THERE is one Christmas delicacy so pure and harmless that a mother can give it to her children with every confidence. And it is so tempting that excited little fingers will reach for it in preference to less wholesome sweets.

It is the date—the Dromedary date! Guarded by pasteurization, Dromedary Dates are the safest sugar plums that ever made little eyes go "pop," and they have the added advantage of building young bodies as they please young palates.

Children eat dates gladly just as nature made them, or stuffed in nourishing and delectable ways. Let them feast on this healthful, sun-baked fruit. Tuck a package into their stockings. Treat the whole family to this suave and sunny taste. For Dromedary dates belong to Christmas!

Be Sure Your Dates Are Pasteurized

Dromedary Dates have always had a reputation for purity. From the minute they leave the high branches of the palm tree until they reach your table they are kept clean as you would have them.

But today we go even further to guard their cleanliness! We pasteurize Dromedary dates! We put them through the same famous process that insures the cleanliness of milk from the finest dairies. Pasteurization makes Dromedary Dates one of the cleanest foods it is possible to buy, for they are pasteurized after the dates have been sealed in the package.

Christmas pies and puddings, cakes and cookies, muffins and hot breads—all are more exciting and special when dates lend their diverting flavor.

This season of surprises is the time to slice dates into the juvenile cereal and to introduce their persuasive taste into the necessary salads.

For your convenience, Dromedary Dates now come pitted as well as plain. The pitted date—plump and firm with all its sunny meat intact—is easier to use for recipes that call for slicing.

A Treat Box Makes A Thoughtful Gift

You could have a thousand kinds of "boughten" sweets around the house—and still miss the spirit of Christmas. But one basket of dates that you stuff yourself (the way you like them) gives a home-made, uncommercial touch to the family party . . . You have created a touch of Christmas not with your money, but with your hand and heart.

Given here are just a few delectable fillings—there are dozens more—fillings of fudge, chopped apricots, prunes, ginger, colored fondants. And a pound of these festive dates with their fillings will come to less than 50¢!

For your container, a tin box or basket is attractive and inexpensive. Use oiled paper as a lining and between each layer of the dates.

A suggestion for making Christmas pin-money

DATES PIQUANTE

To white uncooked fondant (confectioner's sugar beaten into white of egg), add chopped raisins, chopped nuts and bits of candied cherries. Bits of cherry and citron give a festive finish. May be rolled in sugar with a little cocoa and cinnamon.

NUT GLACES

Stuff the pitted date with a whole nut meat or bit of pineapple. Cook 1 cup of sugar with 1 cup of light corn syrup and ½ cup of water until syrup begins to discolor (310° F.). Dip each date in syrup, let drip, place on heavy, waxed paper.

WHITE MONKEYS

Cut marshmallows into quarters and press them securely into pitted dates with the soft sides up. Dip into shredded cocoanut. Peanut butter moistened with lemon juice and coated with toasted cocoanut is another toothsome variation.

There is no substitute for **Dromedary purity!**

DROMEDARY DATES
sweet for your Children

"The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads."

Six months in the Great Outdoors for $1.00

THE fragrance of a friendly camp fire in the crisp autumn air . . . the crack of a rifle reverberating through the timber . . . the comradeship of real hunters and famous guides . . . Man, what a kick there is in just *thinking* about these things! But why merely *think* about them? Why not *live* the real thrill of the great outdoors?

FOREST & STREAM Magazine brings you the spirit of the uplands, marsh and stream. Its stories on hunting, fishing and camping are told in such picturesque, yet authentic, fashion that you can't help but feel that you are right there yourself.

In the January issue, for example, there is "Hunting the Tall Ridges," by Kenneth Fuller Lee—a stirring hunt for an enormous stag in the Maine woods. Full of the thrill of big-game hunting. Also the second installment of Martin Johnson's "*Into the African Blue*"—the remarkable experiences in the life of the great scientific explorer.

And for the sportsman who seeks accurate information on all things pertaining to outdoor life, FOREST & STREAM, the oldest outdoor magazine in America, maintains these and other regular departments:

The Dog, in Training, Kennel and Field, conducted by Dr. Wm. A. Bruette, founder of the All-American Field Trial Club. Dr. Bruette's books on dogs, guns and game birds are authoritative throughout the world.

Arms, Ammunition and Game Trails, under the direction of Capt. Edward Crossman—former U. S. Army expert on ballistic and experimental work; firearms expert, Los Angeles County District Attorney's office. Director National Rifle Association of America—one of the best informed firearms experts in America, and a big-game hunter.

Where to Go—a department by Morris Ackerman, publisher of Ackerman's Guide, and a sportsman who has fished and hunted all over the American Continent.

From the Angler's Angle, by Donald Stillman. Every variety of tackle and fishing by one who is equally at home with either a fly rod, bait casting rod or surf casting rod—a man who is always in the field gathering scientific data on angling.

Special Offer, if You Act Now 6 months' subscription for $1.00

and copy of "Log Cabins and Cottages"

By acting **now** you get this famous outdoor magazine at a special reduced price—and without charge, while the limited edition lasts, a copy of the most popular book ever written on Log Cabins and Cottages. Full explanations on how to build and furnish, with pictures and plans. Shows how to build chimneys, fireplaces, rustic stairways, etc. Cloth bound—134 pages, 100 illustrations.

Pin a mere dollar to the coupon below, and enjoy "six months of the great outdoors." But do it now to take advantage of the special offer. Subscription may start with the December issue, containing first installment of Martin Johnson's thrilling story.

FOREST and STREAM

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Forest & Stream, Inc. S.P.J.
80 Lafayette St., New York

Here is $1.00 for a Special 6 months' subscription to FOREST & STREAM. It is understood that you will send me without cost your book "Log Cabins and Cottages."

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

(Continued from Page 166)

incredible scarcity. Why? Because an acknowledgment of the situation would mean drastic regulation of the fishing and then if the always-expected, hoped-for run did come in, where would they be? So they prefer to kid themselves along.

"I can tell you where the fish are," proffered one of the calmer-minded—"in the can!"

And he was excitedly browbeaten into silence.

In the old days, as is well known, the spawning streams were so filled that one could almost literally walk across them on the backs of the fish. A good run is still a wonderful sight, but the difference is apparent to the naked eye.

Still, the pack did keep up, did increase. Nobody can deny that. The gentle art of kidding oneself along points to the fact as conclusive. It also enables the protagonist to shut his eyes to the simple fact that the reason the pack was as large as ever is that year by year the area fished was increased, and especially that the gear was multiplied both in quantity and effectiveness. More and bigger traps were installed, boats were built larger and more numerous, mechanical devices were improved. To put up pack as recently as 1914, for example, 275 traps and 200 trollers were used. I have at hand no statistics for other gear, but it was indubitably in proportion.

In 1928, the industry used 730 traps, nearly 8000 boats, nearly 700 purse seiners, almost 4000 gill nets, 234 wheel traps, and the tremendous total of 7806 trolling lines.

Another significant fact gracefully ignored is that whereas in the old days only the sockeye, or red salmon, was considered important, now any old salmon is gathered into the fold. Back in the first years of the century even the Bureau of Fisheries was scornful of the lowly pink, stating that its numbers and its low commercial value made protective measures superfluous. It sold at $3.60 a case, mainly to Southern negroes. Now they advertise Alaska Pinks in large type as a highly desirable specialty. As recently as 1902 there was practically no pack but reds. In 1906, out of 2,500,000 cases, 1,600,000 were reds. In 1926, out of 6,500,000 cases, only a little more than 2,000,000 were sockeyes. Even this percentage was largely upheld by certain undeveloped fishing grounds. In Southeastern Alaska, reds were less than 6 per cent of the pack. The erstwhile despised and neglected pinks made up the rest.

Big Returns on the Investment

The whole argument is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Carried to its logical conclusion, it would follow mathematically that if one were wealthy enough and foolish enough to increase the gear sufficiently one could catch practically all the salmon in all the places, and put up 20,000,000 cases; and that, of course, would, by the same line of argument, prove that the salmon are five times as abundant as they used to be. What kind of talk is that? Only men blinded by the immediate present necessity—like our harassed cannery manager whose disastrous summer we followed, or men intent on getting while the getting is good and with no thought of the future—could seriously proffer it.

There are such men. I do not know whether they are in the majority or not. I know they exist, for I have heard them talk. Some are brutally frank, and make no bones about it. Others are remarkably ingenious in covering their real attitude under specious reasoning.

There is a big killing to be made as long as the thing lasts—a much bigger killing than is possible by making the thing last longer. When it is played out, then scrap the investment and do something else. For if we abandon the individual case and take a broad view of the industry as a whole, we cannot ignore the fact that even in these later leaner years the total investment is only about $60,000,000. That includes permanent plant, and also the annual cost, including wages, materials and supplies. I have no segregated statistics, but, naturally, most of this is in canneries, boats and gear and supplies whose usefulness extends over a term of years. The value of the salmon fishing for 1926 was something more than $48,000,000. A total of more than $700,000,000 has been taken from this industry. Big stuff! Assuming a collective mind for the whole thing, one can understand an unscrupulous willingness to throw the whole investment on the junk pile when the thing is played out.

That is not, except in extreme cases, the conscious attitude. With many of the farsighted big men in the industry, it is not the attitude at all. If it were, it would be exceedingly poor business sense to go on building expensive plants and more boats and gear, merely to mop up the remains. Nevertheless, the attitude, conscious or unconscious, is there and must be reckoned with. It exists because of our expertness in kidding ourselves along.

The Government Takes a Hand

But about 1924 it began to be borne in on more and more people that something would have to be done about it. The realization existed at first in the minds of a few conservationists, but the impression spread among the public at large and was increasingly entertained by the more enlightened cannery men. A great many of the smaller outfits were passing into bank control and ownership—in other words, into the hands of business men, dwelling at a distance. These men knew little of the intimate hand-to-hand struggle that made "get the fish now, this season," the most important thing in the world. They were detached enough to be able to see the moon beyond the sixpence. Their financial training enabled them to visualize beyond the present season; to think seriously, not of this summer's profit and loss, but of whether ten years from now there would be anything to take a profit on. The combination of this sentiment with other happy circumstances enabled Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, to get through Congress a law placing in the Bureau of Fisheries powers of control and regulation.

A serious effort was immediately made not only to check the overfishing but to gain an understanding of how best to handle the whole situation. It was realized that blanket regulations could not fit all waters, so Alaska was divided into eight districts, each of which was to be treated separately. Then tentative ordinances were drawn up for each district. These had to do with closed seasons; extending the periods each week during open seasons wherein fishing was forbidden; fixing the size of the mesh to be used, thus obviating the destruction of the smaller fish; limiting the length of the nets; fixing the minimum distance between traps; and closing fishing around mouths of streams, where, naturally, the salmon concentrate before going up to spawn, and where a seine boat can, with a minimum of trouble, make an awful killing. All these regulations had to do with reducing the number of fish taken, in order that a normal spawning run might reach the streams. It was a serious effort to save the industry from an inevitable early extinction, preceded by heavy losses on the part of those who happened to be holding the bag at the finish. Its sole aim was to aid the canners. Furthermore, so tender was the bureau of too abruptly disturbing an established industry, that the first regulations were so very mild as to be acknowledgedly inadequate in the long run. They would help, but something more would have to be accepted before there could be any permanent improvement. From time to time, warnings were issued that if matters should continue as they were going on, more drastic measures would be necessary and would be taken.

To anyone not closely involved, the affair seemed to be one of plain common sense. The salmon were being fished out beyond the rate of their natural increase. Each year we drew out more and more of our capital. From that reduced capital, naturally, there was a correspondingly reduced increase. Therefore, to keep up our quota, we must next time use more capital. It was a vicious circle. The obvious and only thing to do, if, as an industry, we were not to go broke, was to retrench, become thrifty, quit blowing ourselves.

But this obvious syllogism a great many otherwise shrewd men seemed unable to make. Mr. Hoover was denounced as an enemy of Alaska, seeking her economic downfall. Men have told me that—many men—with much vehemence of gesture and loudness of voice.

"I tell you that man Hoover is the worst calamity that has ever happened to Alaska!" one otherwise sane individual shouted in my face. "He is out to ruin the country and to deprive every honest man in it of a chance to make a living!"

I suppose there were men in the cannery industry who saw the point and upheld Mr. Hoover's policy; perhaps there were a great many of them. I know some of them indorsed him in theory, but balked at method, especially when method hit them individually. But those favorable were not noisy, and I personally did not happen to talk to any of them. Certainly there was strong opposition and much lobbying and political pressure. And, either in reliance on the effect of this political pressure or in the disregard of a willful blindness, the repeated warnings of the bureau seemed to have no effect. The industry went blithely on building more boats and more traps and generally preparing to eat further into its fast diminishing capital. In 1926 three new canneries opened; there were by now near 700 traps and other gear to correspond. The pack leaped to the impressive total of more than 6,500,000 cases—more than 96,000,000 of fish! In 1927 the converging lines met. That was a year of greatest expansion, and at the same time a tremendous falling off in the average catch per unit of gear. Mr. Henry O'Malley, of the Bureau of Fisheries, promptly countered this situation by what he himself describes as "a drastic curtailment in fishing."

Regulations That Work

This took courage, but Mr. O'Malley proved then, and has proved since, that he possesses that trait. It worked many individual hardships, but individual hardships are inevitable to any readjustment. It aroused to political activity powerful forces, but as long as the present Administration lasts these forces will not prevail. However, it did one other thing: It either enlightened or brought into the open a growing coöperative spirit among many of the canners themselves. Prior to 1927, if asked of the future, I should have replied pessimistically. Now things are changing. Mind you, I do not say they have changed permanently. As long as Mr. O'Malley is in charge we shall progress. He is singularly well adapted to the job. He is, both personally and through subordinates, constantly seeking new knowledge on the spot. He conscientiously tries to give the canners all the best of it, as far as is consistent with his main objective of establishing the fish in constant numbers. He is open-minded and flexible, changing his regulations instantly when new information convinces him that the change is for the better. Given time and a free hand, I am convinced he will eventually work out a system that will automatically keep up the crop. What many of the very people who will benefit do not seem to understand is that this is a pretty big subject, on which there has been little but academic or partisan knowledge. Perfect regulations must be reached by the cut-and-try method. If the thing does not work, modify or discard it. The system of raising an accusing howl against the whole effort in a fracas of fury against a partial mistake is good demagoguery, but poor sense.

That is one form the opposition takes. Another is the small-boy attitude that rules

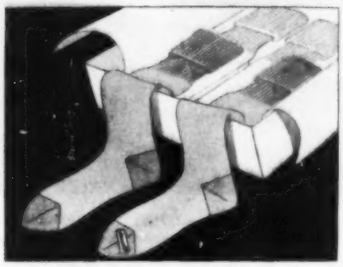
(Continued on Page 173)

For Health.. for Comfort.. for Long Wear.. for Xmas!

underwear and hosiery of DURENE

Durene makes men's hose sturdier, more comfortable, longer wearing. Men like its soft lustre, too. Ask for men's hose of Durene at your dealers.

Say to your dealer, "stockings with Durene tops and feet, please." — For Durene offers moisture-absorption, long wear and elasticity.



For romping youngsters who think not at all of stockings during playtime, the shops are offering hose of long-wearing Durene. Remember, stockings for little feet should absorb moisture.

Soft, delicate of lustre, elastic, moisture-absorbing, long-wearing — what other qualities could be desired in underwear for men?

WHEN you come to the names of people on your Christmas list who are to get personal, practical gifts, remember them with attractive Durene underwear and hosiery ... Its comfort and healthfulness, its long-wearing quality and enduring good looks will please them.

Durene is the name of a yarn—and of a wide variety of fabrics into which the yarn is knit or woven. It is specially-processed cotton, so exceptionally fine that only one bale out of every twenty-five grown can measure up to the standard established for Durene.

Although light in weight, Durene has wonderful strength and elasticity. It is more absorbent — therefore more healthful and more comfortable. It outwears ordinary undergarments and hosiery, many times over. Repeated launderings do not affect either the soft lustre or the wearing qualities of Durene.

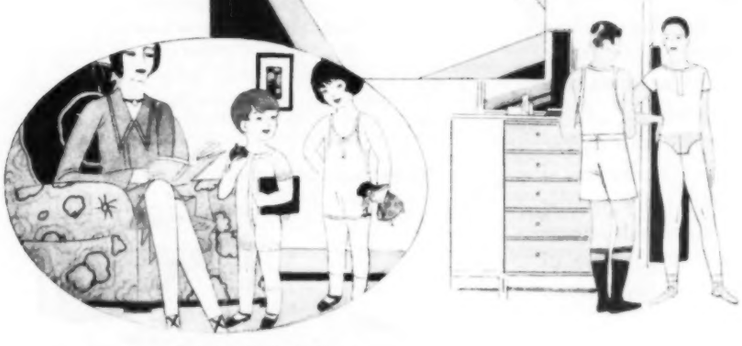
You will find Durene underwear for men, women and children now in the stores. They are also showing sturdy Durene hosiery for men and children, and women's stockings with tops and feet of soft, long-wearing Durene. If your dealer cannot supply you, please write us mentioning his name.

The DURENE ASSOCIATION *of* AMERICA
1410 G Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Durene
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.

This is the label that identifies undergarments and hosiery of lustrous, moisture-absorbing, long-wearing Durene. Look for the Durene label on garments and hosiery you buy.

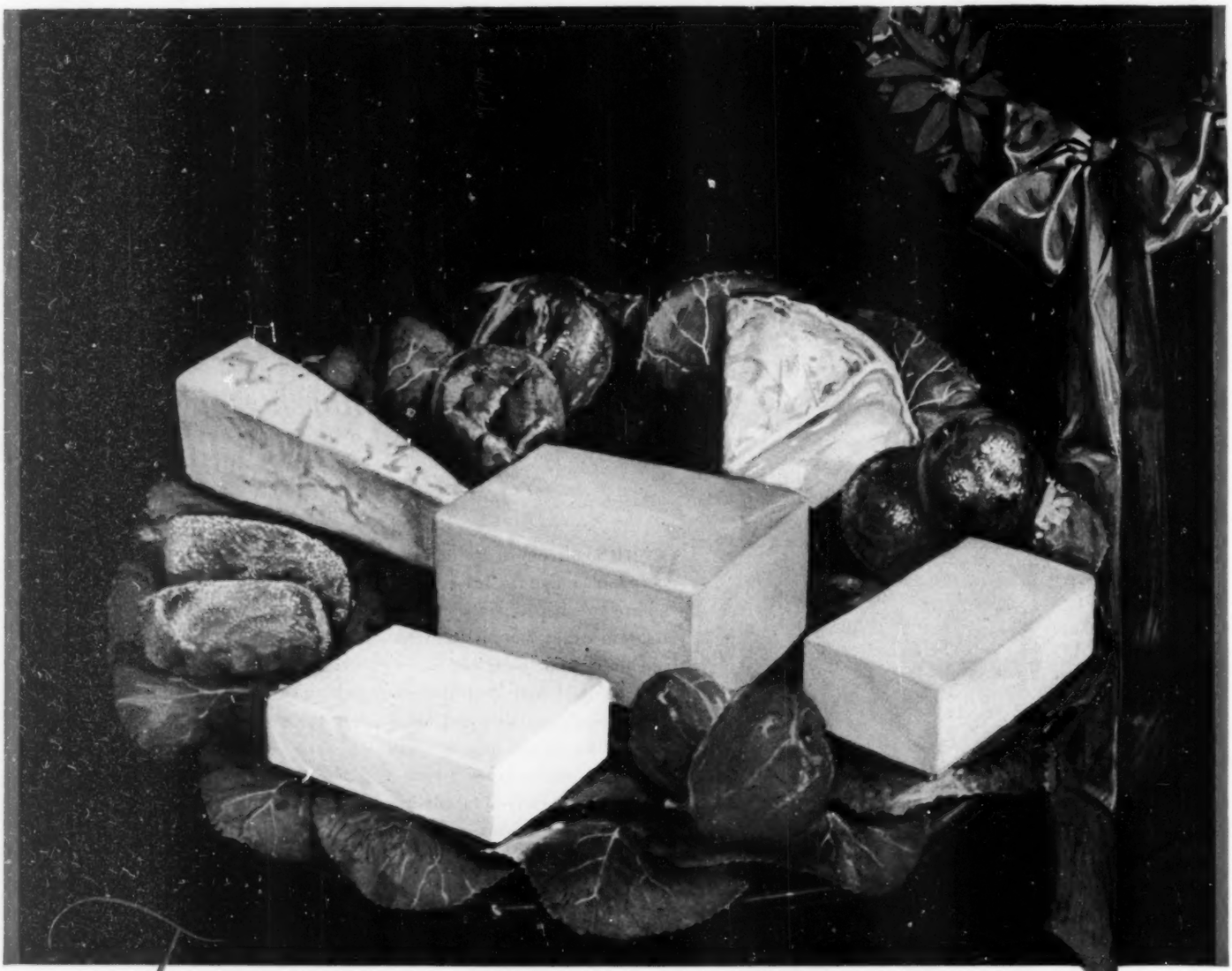
Polo shirts and shorts, pullover shirts and longs — or comfortable union suits; Durene is offered in styles to suit every whim or fancy.



Protection to healthy little bodies is the prime requisite of children's underwear. In the Durene styles offered in the stores now, there's also a new smartness that most mothers will like.

Keyed very closely to the vogue in outer garments, Durene underthings for women have all the delicacy of texture, all the beauty, all the style that a woman wants — plus the practical underwear qualities that Durene offers.

DURENE
Quality Begins with the Yarn



This is now quite the vogue

Another delightful European custom—the cheese tray—is rapidly gaining favor in America, in fact it is quite the vogue—the smart accessory of the dinner.

But over there the ever-present cheese tray, with its assortment of selected favorites, is considered indispensable. For there cheese is eaten as a food, not as a mere tidbit or dessert. One never fully appreciates the diversified deliciousness of cheese until one has become familiar with the many appetizing varieties.

Now that Kraft Cheese has taken the uncertainty out of cheese buying and made it possible to purchase in fresh economical portions, this healthful food is taking its rightful place in the American diet. And when you buy selections for your cheese tray you may be sure that each type will have a flavor true to that particular variety, if you say "Kraft" before you say cheese.

The Kraft Cheese Tray

The assortment we here suggest for your tray is:

Kraft American
Kraft Swiss
Kraft Imported Roquefort
Castle Brand Camembert
"Philadelphia" Cream Cheese,
candied fruits, stuffed dates—
served on galax leaves.

The wide range for choosing from among the many other varieties of Kraft Cheese, permits of any number of different combinations to suit the individual taste. Jams, jellies or preserves may be used in place of candied fruits.

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

FREE ILLUSTRATED RECIPE BOOK SENT ON REQUEST

(Continued from Page 170)

theoretically accepted are made to be evaded if possible. This attitude is more characteristic of the man on the spot than of the owner at a distance. As we have shown, "get the fish" is the burning issue with the man on the spot. I have seen every regulation on the list flagrantly and repeatedly violated. Seine boats fish the mouths of the streams whenever they get a chance. This is obviated to a certain extent by the recent installation of stream watchers. But sometimes one man must look after several widely separated streams, and a lively seine-boat skipper is quick to seize the absence. And, though most watchmen are honest, there are some willing to wink the other eye, either through friendship or because they sympathize with the poor devil who has had a lean season, or, quite simply, because they are bribed. Fishing the packed schools at the stream mouths is terribly destructive. It is the easiest way in the world to make a thousand dollars in a few minutes. An alert trap watcher is expert at throwing open his spiller and raising his heart at short notice, when a patrol boat heaves in sight on a closed day—and to close it again when the menace is past. Who can prove whether the fish in the pot have not been there since Friday, awaiting their legal brailing of a Monday? That, of course, is the weakness of that particular regulation. If it were required that the trap be empty on closed days, inspection for illegal fish would be very easy. And so on, with all the rest of the laws made for the ultimate benefit of the industry itself. No one who has not seen it can realize the intensity of the scramble for fish in the fever of the brief season. Probably few responsible men actually instigate a deliberately illegal campaign, but they may not always inquire too particularly; and those bringing in the salmon are quite aware of the fact that any salmon are more than welcome.

There is a fine, flourishing industry up in that country known as fish pirating. Of a dark night a low, rakish craft without lights sidles up to a trap, holds up the watchman—if necessary—and brails out the fish, which next day it proceeds to sell to some cannery. So prevalent is this joyous practice that the Government maintains patrol boats whose job it is to sleep daytimes and snoop about nights as a deterrent. They rarely catch a pirate, but they do manage at times to scare some off.

Opposition through failure to realize wherein lies one's real interest is annoying, but it will gradually decrease. This will be because of several things. The cannery men will awake to the realization that in conformity lies their best policy; the results will convince them of that. The policing facilities will be improved, both in numbers and in knowledge of effective methods.

Regulations Worse Than Useless

But, principally, regulations will be better enforced, because they will be of a sort that can be enforced. Pending a millennial change in human nature or the taking over of the whole industry by great and noble citizens, a regulation is rather worse than useless unless it can be made to stick. And that statement goes, no matter how completely desirable in itself the said regulation may be. It is worse than useless otherwise; because if one man gets away with its infringement, an aggrieved sense of injustice urges the other man to get his share, under the excuse that everybody is doing it. This is true of human beings in general, as may be observed on any bright summer's day, or dark winter's night, almost anywhere and about almost anything. It is especially true of the intense individualists who carry on pioneer industries in pioneer countries. It is, in my estimation, much better to leave a matter temporarily unregulated than to slap on a rule at which everybody is going to thumb his nose.

As an example of what I mean, I am going to quote the closed-days regulation. I do so in no spirit of criticism, nor with a desire to furnish anyone with even dust-shot ammunition against the bureau. This is an experimental regulation. If it continues not to work, it will undoubtedly be modified, or substituted for, or abandoned. Under this regulation there is supposed to be no fishing, by trap or boat, from Friday night to Monday morning of each week. The idea is that this allows at least two days for the salmon to run freely to their spawning grounds.

Seine boats cannot have much luck in breaking this rule, for their operations are much too public. A few may sneak a haul in some secluded cove or inlet when the lookouts report the chuck clear of patrols, but that is merely petty larceny. There is nothing, however, to prevent a trap watchman from doing as he pleases. Perched aloft in his little hut, he has a good view in all directions, so he is in no danger of surprise. He stops the trap from fishing by lifting a portion of the passage into the heart and opening the spiller, or blocking off the tunnel into the pot. It is a simple maneuver, quickly performed. If it happens that there are fish in the pot on Friday evening, he is privileged to leave them there until Monday morning, when they can legally be brailed. I would hesitate to guess how many trap watchmen surreptitiously fish on the closed days. If the regulation required all fish to be brailed or turned loose on Friday evening, and the trap shown to be empty on the closed days, it would help. But, personally, I think the closed-day idea more or less futile. It is so easily evaded that it is a temptation. And I believe it saves comparatively few fish. Salmon are not fast travelers. They gambol and leap and mill around and generally prolong their enjoyment of their culmination of life on the way to the spawning grounds. In one day or two days closed to fishing any individual school does not progress very far up the coast. A school from the sea may pass by half a dozen opened traps on Monday, but it will not pass them all. What avail to escape six traps if one is caught by the seventh?

Back to the Streams to Die

The idea in this, as, indeed, in all other regulations, is to permit an escapement to reach the streams sufficient to plant a full crop. I believe that 50 per cent is now supposed to be about right. I suppose it is fairly well known that practically all the commercial species of salmon return to the stream from salt water after a very few years of life, there to spawn and to die. Not long ago I would have been justified by authority in stating that they return to the stream in which they were born, and at the exact age of four years. But since the scientists have begun to tag fish, and check up on the tags, they are not so dogmatic. The fact remains, however, that of all the beautiful, silvery, leaping multitudes that follow the blind urge of life, few or none live to return to the sea. It is practically a complete new generation that takes its place. I have stood by the Alaskan rivers observing the indomitable creatures fighting their way to certain death; I have watched them gasping in shallows, stranded on flats; resting, torn and battered almost beyond recognition as salmon, in the pools, gathering their waning strength for another spurt against the rocks and falls and rapids; I have seen them expending the last of their poor forces to guard the precious nest against marauders; and then, finally, I have contemplated their pitiful end, when, quite done, without even the energy to guide themselves downstream to the haven of the sea, they have died by their tens of thousands, so that the water and the air and the very spirit of the hills have become noisome with what cannot but seem wasteful and useless death. And I cannot avoid the thought that here is one of those colossal experiments of blind nature feeling toward perfection—an experiment in methods of procreation that has gone wrong and been abandoned in the groping toward evolution, but which by the laws of impetus must continue.

However that may be, the situation cannot be disputed. All these salmon are doomed to die. They may just as well be canned, and so be of benefit to us humans, as to rot in the shallows and on the sand and gravel bars of the rivers. Provided that sufficient of them fulfill their function to assure against depletion.

Which brings me to an idea of my own. It may be a poor idea; it may be that there are reasons against it which my lack of training does not permit me to see. But I have not yet met a fish man who offered any fundamental objections.

It is based on the further fact that the number of salmon that run to any given stream is greatly in excess of the number necessary fully to plant that stream. Furthermore, where the fish have not been unduly diminished, it is more than can get into the stream. The surplus simply fails to fulfill its function. Why not establish watchers who are competent to report when the streams have been fully stocked? Until that report is complete for any district, keep the canneries closed. After the report is made, say to them in effect:

"Gentlemen, we the people have all the fish we need for our purpose, which is the continuance of the supply. Go to it! Take all the rest."

Why not? They are going to die anyway.

Salmon in New Zealand

There are thus no closed days, no illegal fishing. If there are no canneries operating, there is no sense in anybody's fishing at all, for there is no market for the fish. This scheme makes a bit uncertain the date of opening, but it obviates the greater uncertainty of a forced closing just as a belated run is beginning. The idea may involve more districts to take care of local conditions, and considerable experiment, but I do not believe the obstacles insurmountable.

That is merely a thought as to methods. Whether the eventual solution is along some such line or another does not matter. As things are going now, the solution will undoubtedly be found. If things continue to go on as they are going now. There is always the danger of political pressure by the greedy and shortsighted. They are perennially with us, keen to seize any chance. Mr. O'Malley is on the right track. His hands should be upheld. That is one reason I have written this article—in order to contribute a little understanding to the public opinion that, in the long run, prevails.

I firmly believe that if we can continue long enough as we are going, the wisdom of our course will become so apparent that unanimously we shall cease kidding ourselves along. The Columbia River was at one time completely fished out, but wise measures have brought it back to nearly its old-time capacity. New Zealand had no salmon at all; they were not indigenous to these waters. Judicious planting and protection have so well established them that I understand New Zealand can already supply its fresh-fish market. Even were some political upset to permit the Alaska fisheries to be cleaned out, they could still be restored; though such a procedure would involve enormous hardships, losses and expense in money and in time. That in the long run the industry will pass away is out of the question. Even the likelihood that we shall have to start all over again from the beginning is receding. But in another way we are still kidding ourselves along. The danger is that before we cease to do so, we shall, in our effort to dodge responsibility, destroy the things that we cannot replace. Acknowledging at last that there has been depletion, we still deny that the depletion is due to ourselves; we still cast about for scapegoats, for other reasons why salmon diminish. I will leave that aspect for another article. It constitutes a real and pressing danger.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. White. The second will appear in an early issue.

TOOTSIETOY
DOLL HOUSE
FURNITURE
and the
TOOTSIETOY
DOLL HOUSE
Every
Girl is a
"Home Girl"
Dolly's little home, with its Tootsietoy Furniture, is the one thing that comes "first" in the play hours.
Tootsie Villa, with its six rooms completely equipped with Tootsietoy all-metal furniture, will thrill every girl fortunate enough to get one for Christmas. Tootsietoy Doll House Furniture duplicates in miniature the appointments of a modern home. Charming interiors can be planned and the room settings changed to meet the taste of the Little Home Maker.
Living Room
7 pieces
$1.00
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TOOTSIETOY
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(Unfurnished)
6 rooms
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The complete Tootsietoy Home with its 6 rooms of Tootsietoy Furniture costs only $9.00.
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Kitchen Set
7 pieces
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Leading stores have Tootsietoys the year 'round. If your dealer hasn't just what you want—request him to order for you.
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The Day of "Just Window Glass" Is Gone

CONSULT YOUR ARCHITECT

People everywhere are awakening to a new interest in glass for windows, and to a new appreciation of quality in glass and what it means to window and room beauty. Back of this change in attitude is, of course, a marked improvement in window glass—an improvement which dates from the development of the exclusive Libbey-Owens flat-drawn process of manufacture. Libbey-Owens "A" quality glass is a definitely superior product. It is exceptionally clear, has a rich sparkling lustre of unusual brilliance, and each individual light bears the familiar L/O label—a mark of identification and a symbol of unvarying high quality. Ask for Libbey-Owens glass by name, specify "A" quality, and look for the L/O label. Libbey-Owens Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio.

LIBBEY-OWENS

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

PRISONERS OF UTOPIA

(Continued from Page 23)

Even under capitalism, soldiers and officials are poorly paid. The prestige of the uniform and the privileges of their position compensate them for their inadequate financial reward. Soldiers on the economic and cultural front, like members of the Red Army, receive clothes and food at reduced prices and are assured of a roof over their heads. The higher agents of Bolshevism may not draw more than 225 rubles monthly, but the state supplies them with ample funds for travel, entertainment, secretaries, motor cars and dress clothes. All the big Soviet leaders live in the Kremlin, content, it is true, with two or three rooms, in the large complex of buildings that once housed the Czar and his official family.

It is difficult to get into the Kremlin and it is equally difficult to get out. Strangers must be accompanied by guides or supplied with credentials. At every gate, armed guards.

Thus entrenched, the Bolshevist hierarchy carries on the government. The Political Bureau of the Communist Party, composed of nine men, is all-powerful. Visitors may see the rooms once occupied by Lenin, but no one tells where Stalin, chairman of the committee and secretary of the Communist Party, spends his time. Fooled by one interviewer, he now avoids all. Even ambassadors of foreign nations vainly ask to see him. "I am," he modestly remarks, "not an official person; I am only the secretary of the Communist Party."

The Political Bureau is appointed by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Theoretically, the Central Committee decides the general policies of the government and determines the policies of the Third International, in which Russia predominates. Actually, the Committee of Nine rules Russia without attempting to wear a velvet glove over the iron hand. The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic dominates the various republics and autonomous territories composing the U. S. S. R., although an attempt is made to give each, even the smallest nationality, equal representation with the Russians themselves in one of the governing bodies.

A Bell That Doesn't Ring

The indifference of the Russian voter, the absence of the secret ballot and the absolute control of every important political committee from the top to the bottom by the Communist Party, assures its complete domination. Even if the masses were able to express their will, I doubt if they would avail themselves of the opportunity.

Somewhere in the Kremlin I saw a huge bell weighing 200 tons, sixty-six feet in circumference and twenty-six feet high. Idle for centuries, first in the foundry where it was fashioned, then on the ground where it lies as if it had been dropped there carelessly by the hand of a Titan, no sound issues from its enormous throat. As if bitten off by some prehistoric monster, a large chunk of metal has fallen from the main body.

That mutilated bell is a symbol of the Russian people. Their soul is a bell, cracked and flung from the belfry by some unimaginable disaster. Only an earthquake can move it, only a miracle can make it ring.

The Bolshevists have not disturbed this bell. Neither have they removed the eagles from the Kremlin. When Lenin first took possession of the old residence of the Czars, he wanted to replace the imperial eagles with the emblem of the Russian republic. Lunacharsky, one of the few Bolshevist leaders with an æsthetic conscience, objected. "If," he said humorously, "the Czar should come back, he may have some use for them. As for us, we do not fear them."

Lunacharsky saved many other monuments and churches from destruction. Probably the Chapel of the Iberian Madonna, the holiest shrine in all Russia, would have been saved from Bolshevist iconoclasts if Lunacharsky had been in Moscow. The Bolshevists permit many old landmarks to remain, but they turn every monument to their own uses. Soviet Russia keeps alive memorials of the old régime in the same spirit in which the Christian world would preserve the palace of Pilate or the bowl wherein the Roman governor washed his hands. The Winter Palace is exactly as it was left by the Czar. If Nicholas could return from his grave he would find the very chairs standing as they did on the night of his exile. A caretaker who worked under the Czar and still retains his job under the Soviets, tells how Nicholas II walked incessantly up and down all night before he was taken away. The Czarina, clutching her children, wept, until finally all fell asleep on a bench. The bench, too, has not been moved by the revolution that turned everything else topsy-turvy.

The Iron Scarecrow

The late Emperor had a passion for amateur photography. The Winter Palace holds thousands, or rather tens of thousands of snapshots of the imperial family taken by the Czar himself. The walls are littered with them. Several still lie on the desk. These were taken a day or two before the Emperor's departure. He did not have time to put them up on the wall. The playthings of the Czarevitch, mute and melancholy memorials, lie where his hands dropped them. The Soviets interpret this museum, serving the purpose of both history and propaganda, to the new generation in terms of the revolution.

Possessed of a lively historical sense and a lively sense of their own importance, the Bolshevists permit a monument of Alexander III to scowl over Moscow. However, they have changed the inscription, which now reads: "My son and my father were executed. I reap the harvest of eternal infamy. Here I stand, an iron scarecrow in a land which has forever thrown off the yoke of tyranny." Not far from this monument, on the north side of Red Square, outside the Kremlin, is the wooden shed which until recently housed the body of Lenin. If the equestrian statue of Alexander III stands for the old, the shrine of Lenin symbolizes the new despotism.

The Kremlin and the Red Square are the heart of Bolshevist Russia. The Square was not baptized "Red" because it is bathed in the blood of the revolution. It was called Red Square even under the Romanoffs. "Red" to the Russian signifies beautiful. It is interesting to note in this connection that Lenin's hair and beard, contrary to the general impression, were red with an admixture of gray. To Soviet Russia the red-bearded herald of Bolshevism is a god.

Lenin's mausoleum is a squat cube on the north side of the Red Square. Military guards of honor are posted at the entrance. The mausoleum is closed at present. The Bolshevists are planning to substitute for the temporary wooden structure a temple of marble, where their hero will lie enshrined with the splendor of an Asiatic conqueror.

When the tomb is open to the public, a continuous stream of people—notably children and soldiers—pay their respects to the dead body of the Red leader in his glass coffin. Above it waves the Red flag. Under that flag rests Lenin in a khaki uniform. No Pharaoh could be bedded more carefully. Colored lights play upon him to give a lifelike impression. With the aid of the lights his colors seem natural. One can almost see him breathe. It would not surprise one to see him rise from his bed. The casual observer overlooks the slight violet hue of the finger tips. The picture is so remote from the ordinary conception of death that many people declare that it is not Lenin himself but a wax image. However, I am assured by a scientific friend who was afforded the opportunity of examining the body that it is genuine.

This friend, a distinguished German physician, had an extraordinary encounter in the tomb of the dead leader.

"I was making my way toward the sarcophagus, wedged in by many people, when I suddenly noticed that the waves of the crowd parted to make room for a woman. Her intellectual face, across which suffering had cut many lines, suggested something vaguely familiar. It seemed to me that I had seen her picture somewhere before. Plainly, almost poorly dressed, she moved without ostentation. With a scarcely perceptible nod, she acknowledged the tribute of the crowd.

"'Who is the little mother?' I asked.

"'Sh-h-h!' came the answer. 'It is Krupskaya, the widow of Lenin.'"

The Widow of Lenin

I envy my friend's experience. It is not often that one sees the widow of a god approaching her husband's tomb. I wonder what the feelings of Madame Lenin must be when she gazes upon the figure in the glass coffin?

N. K. Krupskaya recently celebrated her sixtieth birthday. She devotes herself primarily to the task of implanting the philosophy of her dead husband in the next generation. She is the author of many pamphlets on education for women and children.

Though the widow of a god, Madame Lenin is not one of the nine oligarchs in the Kremlin. It is whispered that Krupskaya frequently disagrees with the policy of her husband's successors. It is possible that the future evolution of the Soviets may be along lines entirely different from the plans of their founder. Nevertheless, Soviet Russia continues to pay homage to his dead body. It would not be the first time in the history of a movement or of a religion that those who profess to worship its founder discarded his original doctrine.

The worship of Lenin proves that no nation can live without a religion. The French revolutionists dethroned God, but in his place they were compelled to put a goddess—the Goddess of Reason. Similarly, communism substitutes Karl Marx for the Bible and proclaims Lenin its Messiah.

Lenin's Image Everywhere

The apotheosis of Lenin is based on a shrewd knowledge of Russian psychology. Though assailing the Orthodox Church, Bolshevism ingeniously adopts some of its methods. To the Russian peasant no saint appears genuine unless his body resists the processes of decomposition. If his earthly remains begin to crumble, grave doubt is thrown upon the efficiency of his intercession in heaven. Anxious to impress the masses with the earthly immortality of Lenin's body, the Soviets availed themselves of the discovery of a Russian scientist which makes it possible to retain the similitude of life after death. The secret formula is concealed in a vault and is known only to its inventor, who, if I am rightly informed, is anxious to sell it to an American millionaire. The drawback of his invention seems to be the necessity of frequent injections of the embalming fluid. I was told that the scientific guardians of Lenin's body have considerable trouble, in spite of the fluid, to maintain its lifelike appearance. The delicate task of guarding the body of the patron saint of the Red dispensation has been intrusted to Professor Sbarsky.

Lifelike though it may seem, the body before which thousands bow in reverence daily is only a shell. A German scientist who, it appears, considered its convolutions extraordinary, received Lenin's brain. All the internal organs were removed before the body was embalmed according to the secret formula. The post-mortem disclosed an advanced stage of arteriosclerosis.

The Lenin cult in Russia is more fervid than the French worship of Napoleon. No Roman Cæsar had so many statues raised in his honor. Lenin's image is in every railroad depot. It dominates every office. It gazes at the passer-by from every shop window.

No Nepman dares to conduct his business without a bust or a framed photograph of the apostle of Bolshevism. Formerly, any Russian entering a dwelling bowed automatically and crossed himself, to show his respect for the icon on the family altar. Now, nine times out of ten, there is somewhere in the house an effigy of the founder of Soviet Russia.

Every factory has a Lenin corner, a shrine of communism, where his bust, draped in red, is displayed. The Lenin Museum in Moscow completes his apotheosis. The colossal bust of the Red dictator at the entrance of the museum, by a trick of lighting, conveys an impression of the supernatural. No pagan priest could contrive a more ingenious effect to overwhelm the humble worshiper.

The furniture of the room in which Lenin died has been transferred to the museum. His desk appears exactly as it looked on the

(Continued on Page 177)

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6 **You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Buy it when you need it, wherever you are.**

Save time and money with

DENATURED ALCOHOL

(Continued from Page 175)

day of his demise. In his library I noticed sectional bookcases of a famous American make. The passports, forged and otherwise, with which he escaped from prison, are accorded a place of honor. The wreaths which adorned his coffin are reverently preserved. The shabby clothes of the dead dictator, including a suit showing the bullet hole made by the assassin who struck at him some time before his death, plead for sympathy, like the rent cloak of Cæsar.

Soviet artists vied with one another to present Lenin with curious gifts. Of these, the most original is a huge game of chess, in which the black king, a brutal figure symbolizing Capitalism, is opposed by the white king, Labor, in the blouse of a Russian workman. The figures aiding the workman bear the features of Lenin, Trotzky and other Bolshevist leaders. The black pieces personify the Cossack, the jailer, the *kulak* and the Nepman.

The museum dedicated to the memory of Lenin is no less impressive than his sepulcher on the Red Square. This square is not merely sacred to the Russian Revolution, it also marks the international associations of communism. Banners of the Communist International and the battle flag of the Paris Commune of 1871, presented to the Russian Communist Party by its French satellites, entwine here in the shadow of Lenin's tomb and the golden turrets of the Kremlin. And near the resting place of the 500 revolutionists who were slain in the battle of the October Revolution, a block of granite marks the grave of John Reed, the American interpreter of the Russian revolution, who died in Russia more than nine years ago.

From the Red Square we pass through the Iberian Gate to the Place of the Revolution. The little Chapel of the Iberian Madonna, from which the gate received its name, is, or rather was, a blue dome studded with golden stars. No picture in all Russia was more sacred than that of the wonder-working virgin in its diminutive shrine. Occasionally the image of the Madonna repaired from her shrine in state to some sick bed in a carriage drawn by six horses. That was in pre-Bolshevist days. But even the proximity of Lenin's tomb and the scowl of the Bolshevist oligarchs in the Kremlin could not intimidate the faithful. When I was in Moscow the chapel was crowded with worshipers by day and by night. The chanting of the priests before the altar of the Madonna never subsided. Day and night, candles were lit in her honor. Her worshipers ignored the ironical inscription "Religion is the opiate of the people," placed upon a building opposite the chapel by order of the Bolshevist oligarchy. This epigram, it seems, was cribbed by Marx from some French writer and lifted from Marx by Lenin.

Remaking Ideals

The little chapel, hardly larger than a good-sized room, seemed to nestle against the gate like a swallow's nest. To me, it seemed an indication of a certain magnanimity on the part of the Bolshevists that they permitted the shrine to remain unmolested. Its very existence implied conscious strength on the part of the government. Only the strong can afford to be tolerant. The little chapel appealed to my imagination. It still smiled upon me, a splash of blue and gold, on the Tuesday morning when I left my hotel to drive to the flying field. Little did I dream that it would be destroyed that very night by the Bolshevists. The wanton destruction of the Chapel of the Iberian Madonna indicates that Bolshevism is growing hysterical and that the present government, in spite of its protestations to the contrary, is animated by antireligious fanaticism.

No member of the Communist Party may adhere to any religious faith. Religious worship is contrary to the constitution. But the Bolshevists are shrewd enough not to enforce this provision. Parents may teach religion to their children, but no one, not even a priest, is permitted to impart religious instruction to the children of others. A Sunday school in Soviet Russia has less standing in the eyes of the law than a speak-easy in the United States.

Many church buildings have been taken over by the state for other uses. Some were turned into museums. Probably there are, even today, still more churches than schools in Russia. But religion exists solely by sufferance. It is possible that the destruction of the Iberian shrine presages a more militant attitude on the part of the Bolshevist oligarchy against religion.

Unable to uproot religion from the hearts of 80 per cent of the population, Soviet Russia deliberately inculcates in the young contempt for the faith of their elders. Children brought up on the doctrines of communism despise the emblems of the simple faith of their parents. "My child," a Russian mother confided to me, "always closes the door to my room when his friends from school come to see him, to hide the icon over my bed."

Molding the Infant Mind

The relations between parents and children have undergone a profound revolution. Parental discipline has ceased to exist. Parents are forbidden to inflict corporal punishment. The people's court imprisoned a mother for boxing the ears of an eight-year-old child. The education of children is looked upon as the joint affair of both parents. Neither may take a step without the consent of the other. If the parents disagree, the courts decide. This still further reduces the respect of the child for the authority of the parents. It visibly places the state above the family. The economic ties of parents and children are loosened deliberately. Children have no right to the property of the parents. Similarly, parents have no claim upon the property of the children. The amount in property or money left to a child may not exceed the sum of 10,000 rubles. Real estate cannot be transmitted to the individual heir. It remains the leasehold of the family. Each member of the family, without respect to age or sex, receives an equal share in the acreage.

Modern psychology confirms the doctrine that he who shapes a nation's childhood determines its destiny. With this object in view, the Soviet oligarchs bend every effort to infuse every child in Russia with Bolshevism. Communism fosters in the infantile mind a reverence for its flag and its prophet. The worship of the Red flag is no less devout than the respect paid to the national emblem in other countries. In fact it is more emotional. Here religion and patriotism merge into one. Communism takes the place of the Ten Commandments.

At regular intervals pupils are conducted to revolutionary museums. Pictures of revolutionists and revolutionary documents furnish texts for Bolshevist sermons. Copies of illegal newspapers, printed under the régime of the Czar, are invested with the sanctity of relics. Fetters, whips, the model of a cell in the famous fortress of Schlüsselberg where the Czars immured political prisoners, arouse their youthful indignation. There are models of infernal machines, bombs of various descriptions, and other weapons used by the Bolshevists and their revolutionary predecessors in their battle against the government.

A vast amount of scholarship and patient effort is devoted to establishing the revolutionary traditions. The Marx-Engels Institute traces the growth of revolutionary thought from Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, the author of Utopia, to Bellamy's Looking Backward. Its library, unique in the world, contains 280,000 volumes of revolutionary literature. The Bolshevists spare no expense to make their revolutionary records complete.

Every phase of revolutionary activity is preserved for posterity. Mural exhibits trace the growth of the beginnings of the term "Bolshevist."

The Soviet Government does not encourage anarchy. Nevertheless, the Marx-Engels Institute devotes a wing to anarchism. The works of John Henry Mackay, author of The Anarchist, are faithfully preserved by Professor Rjazanov, the head of the institute. The Soviet Government buys up the correspondence and the libraries of great radical leaders with the same reverence with which the Vatican collects the battered relics of the saints. Rjazanov spends more than 500,000 rubles annually for the book and manuscript department. When Prudhomme's library was sold in Paris, it was immediately gathered up by his agents. Prudhomme is the author of the phrase: "Property is theft."

With all its respect for the dead, Bolshevism treats living anarchists with scant courtesy. Cheated out of the hopes of seeing their own Utopia realized in Russia, the anarchists complained to Lenin: "It is terrible that we, who are also pioneers, should be treated so badly by you." Lenin replied: "I sympathize with you because you are revolutionists, but I must persecute you because you are more dangerous to us than the monarchists or the bourgeois." Hence the exodus of disenchanted anarchists like Emma Goldman from Soviet Russia!

The gulf between the Communism of Lenin and anarchy is wider than the gulf between the Old Russia and the New. The anarchist believes in no government at all. The Communist espouses a government regulating minutely every aspect of life. Krapotkin, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, even Gorky, are too fanatic, too unbending in their individualism, to fit into the Communist scheme.

The Eternal Triangle

The Bolshevists continue to open almost daily new institutes of culture for grown-ups. The object of such expenditures is to impress the minds of the new generation with the virtues of Bolshevism. Realizing that their future depends upon the verdict of youth, the Bolshevist oligarchs multiply by every conceivable means the construction of schools. Educational facilities being limited, in spite of their efforts, the Soviet schools deliberately favor the children of industrial toilers and peasants at the expense of the bourgeoisie.

A young man applied for admission to an advanced institute. "Who," he was asked, "were your parents?" Eager to prove his proletarian antecedents, the flustered student replied: "Two workers and a peasant woman."

The chief object of education is to anchor the interests of the child rather in the state than in the family. Every factory has a children's room. Mothers attending lectures in Lenin corners and workmen's clubs can leave their children in the care of trained pedagogues—trained, that is to say, in communist doctrine. The teachers are assisted by members of the Young Communists' League. No opportunity is neglected to infuse the little ones with the orthodox communist faith. The ideal of the Soviet philosophy is the bee or the ant state.

"In what way," I asked a Bolshevist commissar, "does the Soviet State differ from the communities established by termites or bees?"

"We differ from the bees," he said smilingly, "in that we have no queens and no drones. We differ from the ants in that we have no caste. The ants have soldiers and workers, each with separate functions. With us every worker is a soldier and every soldier a worker."

Nevertheless, the Soviet ideal of education leaves no room for individuality. It represents the sort of civilization which would prevail on earth today if the insects had superseded the primates.

No detail escapes the zeal of Bolshevist reformers. To discourage the naming of children after the saints, an enthusiastic Bolshevist compiled a long list of names derived from mechanical processes and

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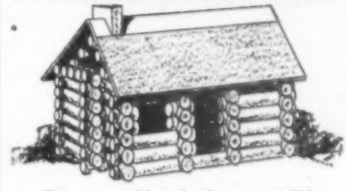

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Marxian ideology. One of the names suggested was "Rem," formed from the initials of the Russian words for revolution, electricity and peace. "Dynamo" was another atrocity which the author proposed to inflict upon helpless young Communists. "Textilian," after the Textile Trust, represents the supreme effort of his fertile imagination. This was too much, even for the limited humor of the Bolshevists, and the idea was, at least temporarily, dropped.

Bolshevist educators look askance upon fairy stories. My wife vainly searched for a book of Russian fairy tales in all Moscow. The Bolshevists, to quote their own phrase, "oppose animism, anthropomorphism, allegory and the stale traditions of the romantic school which divorce a child from reality and paralyze his investigatory functions." This rules out Little Red Riding Hood and Gulliver's Travels. The Soviets also object to books "overloaded with incident." This rules out action stories.

Bolshevism stresses the development of the body at the expense of the emotions. It makes strenuous efforts to introduce American methods of physical culture in Russia. Almost every day I saw boys and girls on the street, parading in scant costumes to the tune of revolutionary songs. Boys stripped to the waist, and barelegged girls, marched under Red flags to athletic meets. These children, who represent, necessarily, only a fraction of Russian childhood, were well-built and well-nourished.

On a visit to the Institute of Physical Culture in Moscow I met a small group of German children who had just arrived from Berlin as guests of Soviet Russia. They carried a Red flag with the inscription: A Flaming Salute From the Proletarian Children of Germany to the Proletarian Children of the Entire World.

Marriage in Russia

It is the custom of the Soviets to send small groups of Russian children abroad as guests of local communist parties. It is part of the Children's Exchange. However, some Soviet leaders are beginning to doubt the wisdom of this method, because the children come back from neighboring countries with too much enthusiasm. "We didn't know," remarked a little boy returning from a visit to Germany, "that life could be so beautiful and that there was so much to eat." The Soviets do the best they can for their children. But their best is not good enough, compared with European and American standards.

There is no doubt that the new generation, lacking the contacts of its elders, will be suckled upon Marx and Lenin. I hesitate to prophesy about the intellectual attitude of a nation fed exclusively on such a diet. The new generation has nothing in common with its progenitors. This, as I have pointed out before, is in accordance with Bolshevist plans. It is part of the Bolshevist campaign for the dissolution of natural ties. The Bolshevists display great ingenuity in waging their battle against the family. I have already referred in a previous article to the shortage in housing which destroys privacy. The Bolshevists make every effort to build new houses, but the new houses are built in such manner as to afford the least possible degree of privacy. Community kitchens, community laundries, community living rooms in the model apartments aim to make living collective.

In pursuance of its campaign to destroy the family, Bolshevism assails the institution of matrimony from every possible angle. No previous revolution in history encouraged so fundamental a change in human relationships. There is no truth in the absurd stories disseminated by anti-Bolshevist propaganda, that women are common property in Soviet Russia. Marriage, as such, still exists. The laxity governing divorce is less unrestrained than it was in the beginning. Fearful of complete social chaos, the Bolshevists, deferring temporarily to the most deep-rooted instincts of humanity, consent to register marriage. But they make no distinction between registered or unregistered, wedded or unwedded mothers. Every alliance having the character of a marriage confers the same rights and imposes the same duties as matrimony. If a man has both wife and paramour, both women have the same claims upon his support. Bigamy is not a crime. It carries, however, certain economic penalties, since the polygamous male is compelled to give to any wife without assured economic status a certain percentage of his earnings. The obligation of spouses to support each other in case of need is mutual. The woman, too, must pay alimony under certain conditions.

Two Swords of Bolshevism

A divorce, both sides consenting, may be had for the asking. If one party objects, the matter is thrashed out in court. A divorce is never denied, but certain economic stipulations are made with regard to the children. The court defines the obligations of both parties toward their progeny. The obligation to support a child exists until the eighteenth year. When I was in the Zags—the Registry of Social Acts—a man with five children asked for a divorce. One of his children was under age.

"You can have a divorce," he was told, "but you must pay for your child's support until he attains his majority."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Very well. Then I'll wait until he is eighteen."

If a man or a woman is unwilling to take the trouble to appear before the Zags in person, a few words scribbled on a piece of paper suffice. I myself saw such a case. A woman presented her demands for a divorce with a letter from her obliging spouse. The clerk scrutinized the woman's papers. Five minutes later she left the bureau a divorcee. Church weddings are not forbidden, but they have no validity without registration.

Two out of every five marriages in the capital end in divorce. In view of the ease with which relations are sundered, one would expect a higher ratio. The comparative restraint shown by 60 per cent of wedded couples who refuse to flutter from the matrimonial cage, in spite of the fact that the doors are wide open, indicates that, regardless of Bolshevism, the instinct of monogamy still persists.

The Bolshevist reign is so firmly intrenched that, for the time being, the Russian people are incapable of resistance. No matter how fantastic the notions of the Soviet rulers may be, they are in the position to enforce every whim. So complete is their domination that opposition simply invokes economic annihilation. Passive resistance may be possible. Physical force is out of the question. Bolshevism, in spite of its peace propaganda, carries not a dove but a sword. In fact, it carries two swords, one in each hand. The name of the first sword is the G. P. U.—the Secret Service. The second sword is the Red Army.

Shortly before my trip, I met a couple who had been for six months in Russia. They related their experiences to me in a delightful Vienna restaurant, but although no orchestra interrupted our discussion, I was only able to catch a word now and then. I thought at first that there was something the matter with my hearing, until the young wife, noting my discomfiture, offered an explanation: "We have lived so long in hotels where we knew that every room had a microphone, that we got into the habit of never talking, even to each other, except in whispers."

Justified or not, the attitude of the young couple reveals the psychological state of mind which prevails in Russia. The fear of the police and the secret service is always present.

It is obvious that a small minority, consisting of less than one-half of 1 per cent of the population, cannot thwart uprisings and conspiracies against its domination without a highly developed intelligence system. Every day someone mysteriously disappears, to

(Continued on Page 181)

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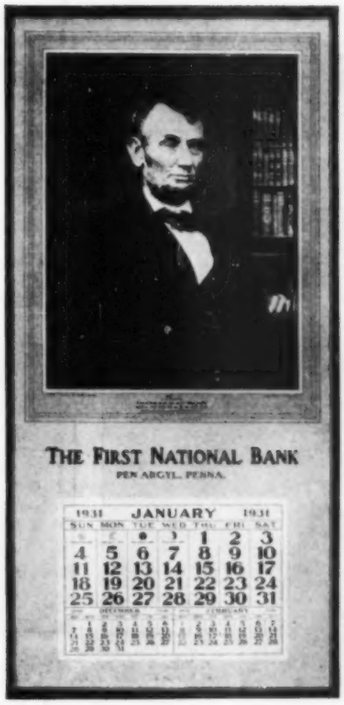

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They buy their calendars at Quality Park, Saint Paul. And Brown & Bigelow have become the largest manufacturers of calendars in all the world—calendars that are not merely every day necessities but exquisite works of art.

Calendar buyers know this fact is important. For Brown & Bigelow's leadership was developed slowly through 34 years of growth—earned every step of the way by scientific development of the most effective *use* of calendars as well as a new conception of beauty in the calendars themselves.

Today Brown & Bigelow's new series is more beautiful, more noteworthy than ever. They are exact and faithful copies of original paintings worth thousands of dollars, reproduced with a skill that does full justice to the artist's genius. Their vivid, colorful beauty assures a warm welcome.

Sales executives find that many extra sales and extra profits can be traced directly to calendars like these. So the use of calendars as an advertising medium grows rapidly year by year.

Not only the great corporations employ these ever-present salesmen. Small businesses—even individual business and professional men—use them to increase their earnings. No orders are too large for Brown & Bigelow to fill. No orders are too small to receive equally prompt care.

Men who sell ideas

Within the next few weeks Brown & Bigelow representatives will present the exquisite new series prepared for 1931. These men are intensively trained in the highly specialized field of Remembrance Advertising. They can give you ideas accumulated through their contacts with many various businesses . . . tested plans that will help you fit your calendars into your selling campaigns . . . proven methods of distribution that have brought the biggest returns.

Write for a call from the Brown & Bigelow representative.

BROWN & BIGELOW

Calendar Division

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

SALES OFFICES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

AMITY LEATHER GIFTS

"LITTLE BILL" OR FIND-EX

»NEW-STYLE WALLETS FOR THE NEW-SIZE MONEY

1. *This is the Key Kaddy which matches* FIND-EX. *Six styles and leathers—*$2, *in a gift box. Many other styles, some hand-laced, some plain, some hand-tooled embossed,* 50c *to* $5.

2. *Amity ladies' handbag of rich imported steerhide, hand-colored and tool embossed, with attractively laced edges. Fitted with mirror and purse,* $16.50. *Other ladies' bags of many designs from* $5 *to* $25.

3. *This is* FIND-EX, *the greatest improvement in men's pocketbooks in years.* FIND-EX *keeps cards, auto-licenses, etc., clean and orderly in a self-indexing, visible file. It has a separate compartment for the new small-size currency. In six different leathers and designs,* $5.

4. FIND-EX *and Key Kaddy come in beautiful matched sets, some plain, some hand-tooled embossed, and some hand-laced. Six different leathers and designs to choose from.* $7, *in a handsome gift box.*

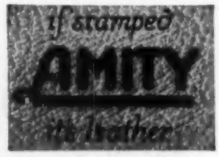
5. *The Amity* "Little Bill" *Fold is the latest creation—made especially for the new-size currency. Featherweight, and trim, it is one of the thinnest, most compact wallets made. Automatic expanding bill compartment prevents bulging. In a wide variety of leathers, some plain, some hand-tooled embossed, some hand-laced,* $1 *to* $15.

6. *A matched set of* "Little Bill" *with cigarette case makes a splendid gift. Many leathers in handsome finishes, some plain, others hand-laced, and some beautifully hand-tooled embossed. In gift boxes,* $2 *to* $25 *for the set.*

MEN LOVE the look and feel of finely fashioned leather with its suggestion of holsters and gauntlets and saddle-bags, of romance and action in the open. They enjoy the long-lasting usefulness of a gift of leather, particularly if it is made with Amity's splendid craftsmanship. And *this* Christmas every man wants an Amity wallet in the new style, to carry the new, smaller money.

"*Little Bill*" is a beautiful singlefold wallet, small, slim and flexible, made especially for the new-size money. Transparent, removable envelopes hold standard-size cards, auto-licenses or passes. The automatic expanding money compartment prevents bulging.

Another ideal gift for busy men is FIND-EX, the famous Amity wallet that conveniently files many cards, tickets and memoranda in neat, transparent envelopes, visible and removable. FIND-EX also provides a special compartment for carrying the new money.



Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

You can choose FIND-EX or "*Little Bill*," singly or in matched gift sets, richly hand-tooled embossed, plain or hand-laced, in a variety of soft, luxurious leathers. You'll find them at your druggist's, jeweler's, stationer's, department store, luggage or men's furnishing store. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wisconsin.

(Continued from Page 178)

be secretly tried by the G. P. U. Frequently his fate is not known even to his nearest relatives. Not a whisper appears in the newspapers. Occasionally, months later, some item or other referring to a secret and summary trial gives a clew to the whereabouts of the unfortunate victim. Sometimes there is no trial at all. The Russian penal code does not provide the death penalty except for offenses against the state. The Bolshevist oligarchs are the sole judges as to what constitutes such an offense. Siberia and banishment from the six leading cities loom among the minor penalties. Lawyers are usually too intimidated to attempt more than a feeble defense in any trial for an offense of this type. More than 80 per cent of the judges are members of the Communist Party. Bolshevism makes no concealment of the fact that in Soviet Russia justice is class conscious. The courts are instruments of the class struggle.

It is a matter for ghastly jokes that the death-dealing headquarters of the G. P. U., or secret police, is a building formerly occupied by a life-insurance company. The G. P. U. relies neither on the regular army nor on the police, but on its own trained guard. The exact strength of this private army is not known. But it is said to consist of 130,000 picked members of the Communist Party. Other estimates which probably include the Border Control, a body of trusted men, selected to seal up all Russia, place the total number of the special army at the disposal of the G. P. U. at 250,000. The troops of this special army are well paid, well clothed, well shod and well fed. They live on the fat of the land, such as it is, and take their orders solely from the Bolshevist oligarchs. Even the people's commissars, as the various ministers are called, tremble at the mention of the G. P. U.

Communism in the Army

Next to the G. P. U., the chief reliance of the Bolshevist oligarchy is the Red Army. In 1919, Lenin said: "We need an army of three million." Immediately an army of 3,000,000 was there. It did not spring from the soil overnight; it was forcibly drafted. The overlords of Bolshevism were alarmed. Such an army, including as it did many former officers of the Czar, might conceivably turn against the government itself. Trotzky, scenting the menace of disloyalty, issued a decree in 1920 that every tenth soldier must be a member of the Communist Party. In less than half a year 300,000 communists were enrolled in the army. They were the spies of the oligarchy. Their eyes were the eyes, their ears were the ears, of Lenin. No one, officer or private, escaped their scrutiny. They established lecture courses and schools. Every armory, every detachment, was provided with a communist cell to promote agitation and propaganda. Bolshevists claim that illiteracy in the army was reduced from 27.1 per cent in 1913 to 3.92 per cent in 1926. Illiterates were taught to write. But with the alphabet they absorbed the doctrines of communism.

After the civil war, the Soviets demobilized three-quarters of their army. The present standing army, omitting the fleet and the air forces, has a personnel of 563,000 officially. German experts figure out that the peace strength of the Russian army actually equals twice the official figure. The Soviets claim that they spend less per head of the population, on their army and navy than any civilized power except Germany. Then, according to Bolshevist figures, Great Britain, Finland, the United States and France follow. Japan and Poland stand at the top of the list.

About 77 per cent of the Bolshevist army are recruited from peasants. About 15 per cent of the recruits are workers. The remaining contingent is drawn from other professions. The aristocracy, the bourgeoisie and the *kulaks* are rigidly excluded. Of the common soldiers, 13.6 per cent are members of the Communist Party or candidates for admission. Another 16.3 per cent are members or candidates for admission to the Young Communists' League. In the higher ranks the communists dominate. Almost 50 per cent of the officers are members of the Communist Party. Nearly 4 per cent more are members of the Young Communists' League.

Russian Amazons

Soldiers are encouraged to correspond with Soviet officials and to contribute to the so-called wall newspapers. Every barrack has its bulletin board, which takes the place of a newspaper. Poster newspapers of this type play an important part not only in the army but in civil life, in factories and in schools. Soldiers participate in politics and are eligible for office. All Russia must go in rags and stint itself to clothe and feed the Red Army. Soldiers serve two years in the army and three years in the air forces. They are members of the reserve until their fortieth year. After they return from the army they become leaders and spokesmen of communism in their villages. The Soviets have succeeded in inspiring the army with confidence in itself and with pride in its profession. When I was led with a small group through the Kremlin, a soldier was detailed to follow us. He was a strapping, well-favored young fellow who would have done credit to any army. Unable to communicate freely, we smiled at each other and conveyed our thoughts to each other by gestures. I wanted to show my appreciation for his friendliness by giving him discreetly a substantial tip when our visit was finished. He smiled very politely but, pointing proudly to his uniform, refused to accept any gratification.

It is hard to believe the official statement that the Soviet Army has really been reduced to approximately 600,000. Soldiers are in evidence everywhere. Well drilled and well equipped, the Red Army constitutes a formidable instrument of Bolshevist rule. The Bolshevists could easily increase their forces, because everywhere workmen and children are imbued with the instinct of military training. Every factory is a Plattsburg. No country was ever more completely militarized. If Lenin could raise an army of 3,000,000 in 1919, Stalin today could raise, and perhaps equip, an army of 12,000,000.

Military service is not confined to males. It is in Russia that militarism, for the first time in modern history, rallies women as well as men to its standards. Russia militarizes the fair sex. It points with pride to regiments composed of women. The women soldiers look as fit to me as their male comrades. In the next war, Russia can, if she so desires, muster an army of Amazons. She may even raise an army of children. Every child, irrespective of sex, is taught to shoot. Military formations and military drill pervade the play of the children. They are also taught the use of a gas mask. Shooting as a sport is encouraged. Everywhere in popular amusement places one can see men, women and children engaged in target practice. The spirit thus engendered makes Russia the most militaristic nation in the world.

The Bolshevists conjure up the devil of capitalist interference to justify their extravagant military expenditures. The fear of foreign capitalism instilled by the Bolshevists, together with the physical forces at their command, explains their stranglehold upon Russia. The Bolshevist leaders

ingeniously avail themselves of every advantage. They are not unintelligent and they are not dishonest. Fervently believing in their economic creed and in their mission, they are fanatical, doctrinaires, lacking the milk of human kindness and the saving grace of common sense.

Lenin, being a man of genius, knew when to take a step backward. Stalin does not or dares not. "The man who is consistent with the past may be a traitor of the present," Lenin once said. Like Walt Whitman, he was not afraid to contradict himself. Stalin's mind is less mobile. As a result, fanaticism reigns unrestrained in Soviet Russia. Bolshevist rule is an autocracy not tempered even by assassination. Always logical, never human, Soviet Russia illustrates the horrors of any government dominated completely by the intelligentzia.

It is difficult for anyone nurtured in Anglo-Saxon traditions to comprehend the supineness with which the Russian people endure the incubus of Bolshevism. It is only possible to understand what happened to Russia if we put ourselves in her place.

Let us assume a catastrophe catapulting the Communist Party into power in the United States. I. W. W.'s and Bolshevists are in complete control of the capital and of the country. The President himself is only a tool in the hands of the Secretary of the Communist National Committee. Editors of radical, foreign-language publications with unpronounceable names run the Government. They are aided by various intellectuals—editors of pink periodicals, parlor Bolshevists from the universities, rich men's sons who atone for their own inability to create wealth by preaching radicalism.

Suppose, if you can, both Houses of Congress completely dominated by the Communist Party; the Army, the Navy, the Secret Service, under the control of communist officers; a majority of the members of the Supreme Court nominated by the communist president from members of his own party. Let us assume that the communists have saddled upon us innumerable autonomous republics, creating separate German, Pennsylvania Dutch, Irish, Swedish, Canadian, Yiddish, Polish, American Indian, and Ethiopian commonwealths, each with its own language, to destroy our national unity and to forestall a counter-revolution by confusing our hearts and our tongues.

The Work of Propaganda

The Government has seized every railroad, every harbor, every shipyard, every bridge, every telephone wire, every radio, every school, every church, every factory, every hotel, every business, every bank, every newspaper and every printing press. Its agents persuade the country that we are encompassed on every side by hostile nations threatening to destroy our independence. Many honest men are convinced that our only chance to resist foreign aggression is to support the communist government. Its propagandists—clever young intellectuals fresh from the colleges and from the editorial sanctums of radical journalism—bewilder and confuse our minds. We may assume that such a clique would maintain itself in power unrestrained by a bourgeois conscience.

The most Machiavellian attitude politically is not incompatible with personal integrity. In the case of the men at the top, the very fervor of their devotion to an abstract ideal would only accentuate their destructive force. Even the good-natured scoundrel, even the arrant fool, is preferable to the intellectual zealot, more interested in his formula than in human life. You can reason with a scoundrel or you can bribe him; you can twist a fool around your finger, but doctrinaires, imbued with perverted logic, are impervious to human persuasion. Such is the government of Soviet Russia in the hands of highbrows bereft alike of humanity and of humor. Such is the government that holds in thrall prisoners of Utopia, spiritually, intellectually, economically and physically, 150,000,000 people!

Have you failed to find the answer to DANDRUFF FALLING HAIR and ITCHY SCALP!

Then try GLOVER'S

a medicine that does what ordinary lotions won't do!

GLOVER'S is a perfect scientific treatment endorsed by foremost hair and scalp specialists. Its penetrating oils cleanse the scalp and start hair cells to action. Scalp circulation is improved, dandruff is cleared away...Then always shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. It is specially compounded to work with the Mange Medicine and increase its benefits—and leaves your hair soft, sweet and gleaming.

This new Glover's System is being acclaimed everywhere. Men and women who had given up hope of a head of thick, healthy hair now write in highest praise. Barber shops and beauty parlors also say it surpasses everything known before. At all drug stores — Glover's Mange Medicine 75 cents, Glover's Medicated Soap 30 cents.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and MEDICATED SOAP

Ask for BRIDGE SET and MILTON C. WORKS FILM, "AUCTION BRIDGE"

Ask for The MANDARIN BRIDGE SET

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1355 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

AFTER A SHAVE
BOOTT TOWELS
LOWELL, MASS.
ARE SOOTHING

THE "OVERHEAD DOOR"
Opens Up—Completely Out of the Way
For Garage—Factory—Warehouse. Send for Catalog
Overhead Door Corporation Hartford City, Ind.

FINE GIFTS
▲ NOTE the strap attached at numerals 4-5 and 10-11 rather than at 6 and 12. This keeps the dial straight with the eye and makes telling time easier. Just one of the exclusive features in this watch of many refinements at
$3.50
Radium dial $4.00

TIP-TOP, the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial ▲ ▲ ▲ Leads in Sales because it leads in value **Strap-at-an-angle** **keeps dial straight with the eye for quick time-telling.** **Artistic hands; clean-cut numerals; dust-proof octagon case** **; sturdy; dependable. A beauty** **of a watch for business or sports ▲ ▲ ▲ amazingly low-priced at $3.50**

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations.

Prices slightly higher in Canada.

$1.50

(*Right*) Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price: $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.

$2

(*Left*) Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch: $1.50. Radium dial $2.25.

Copr. 1929, N. H. C. Co. Lic. Ingraham Pat. 14458

FIFTH AVENUE—ONCE REMOVED

(Continued from Page 44)

There was also the prominent debutante who telephoned me at eight in the evening to borrow money to elope on at nine. And there were the burning love letters in the old suit of an indiscreet married man—letters he was very glad to get back.

I've had my share of strange experiences, you may be sure of that—even in the way of lodgers.

One of these was a Russian, and a nice boy. The first I heard of him was when he was living in a kind of society boarding house. The proprietress came to me one day in May, and said, "What am I going to do with the prince? I'm closing up and moving to the country, and he hasn't a cent."

He'd sold all his wonderful jewels, and even his clothes. I took him in and gave him a front hall bedroom over my shop. A butler lived in the hall back. On the block then there was nothing much but a piano factory, a cigar store, a blacksmith shop and a barber shop. Oh, and a saloon on the corner! Everybody—the prince, the butler, the piano tuner, the barber and my husband, the plumber—used to gather in the back of our shop and toss to see who would go bring beer from around the corner. The prince nearly always lost, poor thing!

He lived there, getting letters addressed to our plumbing shop, until one day he was picked up in the street and sent to Bellevue, raving in delirium. My husband and I buried him in a plot we bought in White Plains. Only three people—my husband and I, and a rich lady who pitied the dead boy—stood by the grave. Later, we put up a stone with his name on it.

A Jill-of-All-Trades

Then his uncle came from Russia and paid up everything anybody had spent for the poor fellow.

My next titled boarder was a bankrupt English lord. He stayed with me eight months, mostly without paying. Then he got a summons to go home and inherit an estate.

I'll give a few examples of the different kinds of jobs people give me to do. One was getting a permit to bring in a client's supply of prewar liquor from Roslyn to her town house in New York. I sat on the truck beside the driver all the way myself, and held the permit ready in my hand, I can tell you. The news got about that Annie had a liquor-transportation permit, and that night I was offered $1000 by a bootlegger to rent myself and permit to him for one of his trucks. I guess I could have cleaned up a considerable fortune if I'd been minded, but I sent the permit back as soon as I got to town.

When one family built a house I looked after a little inspection job for them, and by the time it was finished they had all gone to the country, so I had a seal put on the house so that the furniture, silver, and so on, would be safe. Well, the family came back without letting me know, and the next thing was that I got a frantic telephone call. Mrs. Blank, her children and several servants were standing out in the rain and couldn't get into their own house until Annie came to get it unsealed for them.

I got rid of some furniture for another Social Register family when they sold the contents of the house, and after the wife went away for the summer I put some other things in a warehouse for her. When she came back to town I got another hurry call. The warehouse wouldn't let her take out her own things without my signature.

Oh, I've had a lot of jobs in my time. Once I boarded four dogs belonging to the Four Hundred. The creatures used to run around and have great fun pretending the shop was a wood and the pipes were trees and stumps. One day one dog got his head fastened in a lead pipe, and in the excitement somebody called out the fire department to help get him loose.

The variety's not all in the jobs. There's plenty in the articles sent in to sell too. A skeleton was in one consignment. A motion-picture studio bought that, and the thing was delivered in state in the car of one of the grandest ladies in New York. She happened to be in the shop, and in great glee offered to let her chauffeur deliver the skeleton for me.

Believe It or Not

Sometimes people send in more than they mean to. Once an old black sweater got into a bundle, and pinned onto it was a wonderful diamond swan sitting on a great big pearl. It was worth thousands. Another time, a diamond circlet worth $3000 was found on a dress just as it was about to be sold for ten dollars.

The greatest hunch I ever got was about an old trunk included in some things from a stage star. She said the trunk was filled with worthless odds and ends.

A junkman wanted to buy it for fifteen dollars just as it stood, but I had a kind of a feeling that I oughtn't to let it go. And when I rummaged through it I found a diamond-set gold bag which alone would bring $450.

When people are as rich as some of my clients, they may forget things you'd never think they could. A woman once brought in a diamond crown and said she'd come again in a few days to set a price for me to ask for it. But three years went by and she never came back. Then one day in she walked, and was quite pleased to find where the crown had been all that time. It sold for $2500.

I've seen dresses change from hoopskirts to hoopla skirts. There are three generations of some of my clients—grandmother, daughter and granddaughter. I'm friendly with them all—especially the young ones. I like modern times, people and clothes. Dresses are nothing in the way of yardage nowadays, but very comfortable and sensible. What's the good of a woman dragging yards of material around with her and adding lumpy bustles to herself when she can look so much better and be so much more comfortable in a one-piece that's short and snappy? I'm satisfied with things the way they are.

And now I'll tell one more story, and that'll be all: A long time ago a man came into our plumbing shop and ordered three filters, Size No. 3.

"I don't want these sent C. O. D.," he said. "I don't like C. O. D.'s. Can't you just send these to me and then send me the bill later?"

I said, "Well, that's according to who you are."

I could see, outside, that a very nice carriage was waiting for him, but that doesn't always prove anything.

"Do you think you could pay for them in thirty days?" I asked.

He looked at me and smiled a little. "Why, yes, I think so," he said.

So I promised I would send a bill to be paid in thirty days, and then asked for his name.

"John Jacob Astor," he told me.

You Read . . . *while the* TOASTMASTER *Toasts*

All Household Toastmasters now Chromium plated—No advance in price!

The World's Most Completely *Automatic* Toaster

No Toast Turning or Watching —No Burnt Toast

INSTEAD of watching this toaster, you read your paper—*in peace.* Instead of getting burnt toast half the time, you get perfect toast always. *Toast exactly the shade* you want—*made automatically*—at the rate of a slice a minute!

It is called the Toastmaster. It is the world's most completely automatic toaster. Protected under U. S. Patent, there is no other like it.

TOASTMASTER
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC TOASTER

Automatic even down to discharging the toast and turning off current when through. Which cannot be said of any other toaster made.

All you do is put in a piece of bread, set a lever at the *kind of toast* you want, and forget it. In a minute there's a Pop!—toast is automatically discharged from the machine and current turned off. Both sides have been toasted at once—a revelation in speedy toasting. So you get toast moist and tender inside, crunchy and crisp outside—with all the *flavor* sealed in!

In the last two years, the automatic Toastmaster has supplanted all other less modern toasters in thousands of homes. Buy no toaster without seeing the Toastmaster work; thus save future regret. Demonstrated and displayed by all stores in the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.
A Division of the McGraw Electric Company 221

THE COMMERCIAL TOASTMASTER

Proved to be a big profit-maker for Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, Cafeterias, Coffee and Sandwich Shops. Over 30,000 now in daily use. Made under famous Strite patents, in three sizes—3-slice, 4-slice and 8- to 12-slice. A postcard will bring full details without obligation.

TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

America's LARGEST RAILWAY *is ever expanding*

"A railroad is never finished. It must be self-competitive, fighting for new life, new business, new progress, new knowledge and vision."

SIR HENRY W. THORNTON
CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT,
CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS.

THE largest railway system on this continent is Canadian National Railways. It is the very nerve and blood and sinew of a great Dominion. It is never finished because it is always growing. It is alive with enterprise and purpose, pushing forward always to new achievement, like the country of which it is a part.

Its 23,000 miles of tracks extend from great cities of the United States to everywhere in Canada, join Atlantic to Pacific and reach to the shores of Hudson Bay.

Canadian National is not only the largest railway in America—it serves every phase of travel and communication. It operates magnificent hotels, vacation resorts, hunting and fishing camps, steamships on two oceans, a telegraph system, radio stations, and express service. It has more than 100,000 employees.

For five years passengers on Canadian National crack trains have enjoyed radio service. Tomorrow they may have telephone connection on moving trains with home and office; already it has been accomplished.

Tomorrow the shining steel of the Canadian National network will give new life and find new wealth across far country which today seems only a wilderness.

Maximum of luxury and efficiency are the standard throughout the Canadian National system. Tomorrow these maximums will be superseded by new achievements—finer, better, greater.

Truly it is said—America's largest railway system is ever expanding.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE LARGEST RAILWAY SYSTEM IN AMERICA

BOSTON 331 Washington St.
BUFFALO 420 Main St.
CHICAGO 4 S. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI 49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND 925 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT 1523 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH 430 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY 705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES 607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS 518 Second Ave. So.
NEW YORK 505 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA 1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH 355 Fifth Ave.
PORTLAND, ME. Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
PORTLAND, ORE. 302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS 314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL 83 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO 689 Market St.
SEATTLE 1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D. C. 901—15th St., N. W.

THE EUROPEAN EDUCATION OF SENATOR BROOKHART

(Continued from Page 11)

Soviet régime is a revolutionary government. Do you expect us to condone revolution?"

"Well," drawled the senator, "I like their government all the better for that reason. We have no prejudice against revolutions. We called on the Mexican revolutionists to overthrow Maximilian, one of the breed of potentates sent over by Europe to rule the poor Mexicans. Later we supported the revolutionists in Cuba. Again, our President Wilson called on the German people to rise and overthrow their monarchical government. And, Mr. Secretary, though you may not be aware of it, today is the fourth day of July, or the anniversary of the greatest revolutionary doctrine ever promulgated. I mean the throwing off the yoke of your King George III." There was nothing more to be said.

Senator Brookhart, though not a deep student of ancient and medieval history, displayed a positive genius for setting the British officials to rights on matters of modern historic import.

What Poincaré Missed

When in Copenhagen, the American Minister, Mr. Prince, most ceremonious of manner and all a-flutter in top hat and frock coat and light-colored spats, escorted the senator over to meet a British savant cited by Mr. Prince as an authority on all things Danish. The gentleman in question, as every British schoolboy knows, springs from a long line of blue-blooded ancestors, with a country estate which may be identified for present purposes as Wormwood Coppice, Outgrowlers Heath, Bury St. Omans, Hants. Senator Brookhart took the whole affair as an informal gathering of farmers at a meeting of the state Grange, and immediately began a eulogy of the perfections of the Danish agricultural coöperatives. The British encyclopedist broke in by exclaiming:

"Well, really, we don't have coöperative organizations in England, you know."

"Is it possible," inquired the senator, "that you have never heard of the Rochdale coöperatives? In my opinion, the biggest thing that is going on in England today is the coöperative movement, and you are one man who doesn't know anything about it!"

We proceeded from London to Edinburgh to attend a convention of British coöperatives. I contrived to have an invitation conveyed to the senator to address the gathering. His theme was the human parasites which suck the blood out of the hard-working producers. He developed his subject without heat, without gesticulation, pressing forward to his peroration with all the inexorable logic of the cosmic process:

"Take our American railroads; at least seven billion dollars of their capitalization is pure water, but our roads are run in the interest of Wall Street, and Wall Street must have dividends on this watered stock. That means that the American farmer must pay heavy toll to Wall Street every time he ships a bushel of wheat or a yearling calf to market. Of course the answer to this is to organize our buying and selling coöperatively, and to cut our transportation charges in half by running the railroads in the interest of the general public rather than of Wall Street."

The senator's speech went over big. He got a tremendous hand. Perhaps this was the most felicific episode of the entire trip, unless it was the experience of being piped on board an American destroyer lying in the Black Sea off the harbor of Odessa and served at dinner with a chicken pie "à la Iowa."

We crossed from Newcastle, England, to Bergen, Norway, and in pursuit of information attained Finse on the lofty Norwegian plateau. With the ground covered by six feet of snow in July, what I most needed was not information but an overcoat. We fetched a compass round by Stockholm to Denmark and there inspected coöperative packing houses, coöperative dairies, and the last word of excellence in Danish hog pens. The Danish agricultural coöps furnished the senator intellectual pasturage as rich as the lush meadows of clover and alfalfa upon which thousands of thoroughbred Danish cattle were grazing.

We got off to a good start in Berlin. I had covered the ground in Germany and Poland a short time before with Mr. William Butterworth, later president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, whose hunger for information was almost as unappeasable as Mr. Brookhart's. During the first day in Berlin we interviewed the chief of the Social Democratic Labor Party, a director of the Reichsbank, a *Geheimrat* in the Raiffeisen Bank for credit to farmers, a commissar in the Russian Soviet Purchasing Office, a *Herr Doktor* in the Potash Syndicate, with a peep at the Reichstag in session and a formal call upon Chancellor Cuno. Here again we were up against outworn conventions of the Old World, with a doorman demanding the senator's card for presentation to the chancellor. A piece of paper had to be found on which the senator inscribed, without calligraphic recreations, his name. The transmittal of this scrap of paper to the German Chancellor obviously recalled the association of scraps of paper with German Chancellors. On the whole, we did better in Berlin than in Paris, where the senator missed his date with Poincaré while at the battlefield of Château-Thierry. Mr. Brookhart, however, displayed an amiable philosophy about this contretemps.

"Well," he remarked, "I guess Poncarey has missed just as much in not getting my views as I have missed in not receiving his."

Mr. Brookhart much enjoyed an exchange of views with a *hochwohlgeboren* marksman of a local *Schützen Verein*. Be it known that Senator Brookhart rose from a humble start in a log cabin to become one of the world's best rifle trainers and rendered great service during the war instructing our young soldiers in the art of straight shooting. Pointing to a tree about thirty meters tall, standing in the park, the German marksman put this question:

"From the extreme summit of that tree so lofty could your *Excellenz* with a rifle a small squirrel shoot *aus?*"

"Yes," replied the senator modestly, "I could easily shoot the animal through the head at that distance."

Reaping a Harvest in Poland

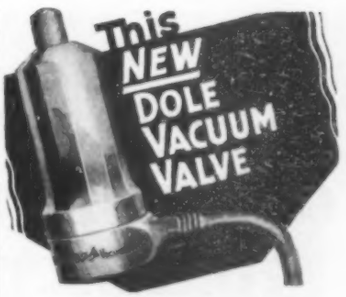
We reaped a harvest in Poland, doing the country in the grand manner, assisted by the indefatigable Kotnowski, secretary of the Polish-American Chamber of Commerce. Stores of information amassed had to do with: Agricultural syndicates, coöperative trading associations, parcellation of the great landed estates, the constitution and activity of the State Agrarian Bank, the index of wholesale prices in zloties, the great lumber resources of the Miedzyrzecze Forest, the Polish budget figures, balance sheet of the Polski Bank, the match monopoly, plans for the construction of the Polish port of Gdynia, reports on the beet-sugar crop, export and import statistics, reports of the Minister of Finance and the Minister of Commerce, laws dealing with factory inspection, unemployment, labor unions, national health-insurance schemes, the housing situation, reconstruction of devastated areas. We looked into the work of a prominent coöperator, Dr. Franciszek Stefczyk, who founded the first Polish Bank on the German Raiffeisen principle, and examined with approval the flourishing condition of the Polish coöperative societies at Lwów. (This Polish name for the metropolis of Galicia is effectually pronounced by barking it, just as the city of Tczew may be vocalized by sneezing it and the famed city of Przemysl best handled by gargling it along with an infusion of slippery-elm bark.)

Thus we gathered up our material as a wandering woolly sheep collects cockleburs. Our printed stores, whether in German, Polish, Danish or French—none of these languages being understood by the senator—were bundled into diplomatic pouches and dispatched to the Senate Office Building in Washington, where they repose undisturbed. Art is long and time is fleeting. The pressure of the current hour displaces the great matters of the past, postponed for consideration to a future date which never comes. A busy life with little time left to count the stars, the birds, the fishes, or to admire Italian Renaissance paintings or to taste the savor of the polished periods of Walter Pater and Edmund Burke. One day the senator is bent on getting better salaries for government clerks, another time it's cleaning up patronage jobbery in the South, then again it's more pay for disabled veterans or a larger appropriation for the Farm Board. So much time to be spent in harassing the regular Republicans, resenting his classification as a "pseudo-Republican"—will the time ever come for digesting all that European stuff? As a result of many interruptions, the senator's purpose to tell the whole story has been frustrated, and he can only say, with the prophet: "As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

Privileges for Everybody

The senator crossed the Russian frontier with emotions of deep and sympathetic interest for the Russian people and their new experiment in government and economics. The senator's admiration for the Soviet Government is understandable, since he shares the Russian infatuation that government can do anything and care for everybody. A man of rude, half-starved beginnings who had become newly enfranchised and charged with the complex responsibilities of administration would, of course, be drawn toward millions of unenfranchised peasants who had now come into their own. Voltaire maintains that government exists for the purpose of taking money out of one man's pocket and putting it into another man's pocket. Some ground for Voltaire's theory existed in the days of the old French monarchy, with a politico-economic system based on privilege. Senator Brookhart's political theory is more constructive. On the negative side he would prevent government from taking money out of any man's pocket for the benefit of another. On the positive side he would have government put money into everybody's pocket. "Special privileges for none," thundered Colonel Bryan. "General privileges for everybody," demands Senator Brookhart. He would double the appropriation for the control of the Mississippi; he would triple the half billion Farm Board appropriation; he would set rediscount rates by statute and abolish poverty by government edict. His program would be something like laying out a railroad in a rough country where the hills are scraped down to level up the valleys. According to the senator, his Iowa farmer friends had suffered with the Russian peasants in kind if not in degree through the arrogant exactions of overlords. Here is a story of social injustice which he narrates:

In the summer of 1920 two Wall Street magnates were strolling up Broadway. One turned to the other and remarked, "Well, I guess it's about time we deflate the farmer." So they turned the thumbscrews of credit on the unfortunate farmer and in the general deflation hundreds of thousands were driven into bankruptcy, with the market



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STEAM radiators equipped with these new remarkable Dole Vacuum Valves No. 2-B, stay hot long after the fire is banked. Instantaneous and automatic in operation, they help radiators heat quickly and maintain a comfortable temperature for many hours after the boiler is checked. That means fewer firings, more heat from less fuel, greater warmth all winter, positive fuel savings year after year. These valves are noiseless—no pounding, leaking or spitting—no "radiator static."

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Have Them Installed NOW

Free yourself from steam radiator troubles NOW by having your heating contractor install these amazing new, economical valves. Write for complete information.

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1923 Carroll Ave., Chicago
Manufacturers of Dole Syphon Air Valves (No. 1)—Also Dole automatic products adopted as standard equipment by leading manufacturers.

Dole Vacuum Valve No. 2-B

Give KANGRU-SPRINGSHU to Tiny Tots this Christmas

Surprise and delight your child by giving this wonderful toy. It will be the most used plaything on Xmas morn and many months following.

Running or jumping—hopping or walking—children have lots of fun on this perfectly safe device. In the playroom or on the sidewalk they keep the child from 4 to 12 years active without fatigue.

At your dealers or direct; if direct, give age and weight.

Littlefield Mfg. Co.
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Price $3.00 the pair; add 50¢ west of Rockies and Canada

FOR EVERY ROOM

you really need a Home Vul-Cot. That beautiful household catch-all, made of h-a-r-d Vulcanized Fibre, steel-strong, ash-tight, dust-tight. Guaranteed five years. Twelve lovely pastel tones for matching decorative schemes. Graceful, oval shape, pretty as a nosegay. Get Home Vul-Cots at your department, housefurnishing or stationery store. Their cost is small, their benefits great.

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VUL-COT
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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

The **GREATEST MOMENT** *in radio history for* ***You!***

DR. LEE DE FOREST, *"the father of radio," inventor of the first radio tube and his latest achievement, "Screen Grid Audion 424," the outstanding screen grid tube of the year.*

1906-1929

There have been many great moments in radio history, all closely identified with Dr. Lee De Forest, who in 1906 invented the first radio tube. He discovered that De Forest Audions could make the sound of a falling leaf roar like thunder. That made broadcasting possible. He installed radio on the ships of fighting Bob Evans. He broadcast the magic voice of Caruso from the stage of the Metropolitan. He made possible transcontinental telephony. He eliminated hum and buzz from radio. Every radio tube, no matter what its name, is made by license agreement under De Forest tube patents.

But the greatest moment in radio history for you is the day you install these perfected tubes in your own set. Note the difference right from the start, purer tones, greater volume, longer life. There is a De Forest Audion for every radio set. A set of De Forest Audions is a perfect Christmas gift. You will never know radio at its best until every socket of your set is equipped with a De Forest Audion—the radio tube that, for 23 years, has set the world's standard.

de Forest AUDIONS

DE FOREST RADIO COMPANY, JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

value of Iowa farms cut in half and mortgages plastered over the land—all due to a sudden whim that had occurred to one of the financial magnates of Wall Street.

He will talk to you by the hour of the consumers' strike, the wholesale cancellation of orders, the almost instantaneous vertical drop in staple farm products. By fatal chance, a vertical increase in freight rates coincided almost to a day with the vertical drop in the price of farm products. The increase in freight rates is laid by him at the door of the Esch-Cummings Transportation Act. It looked like discrimination against the farmer. In times of adversity primitive men of simple faiths people the universe with malevolent agents who have to be prayed to and propitiated. The disappointed, defeated man, brooding over his troubles, surrenders to the hallucination that he is the victim of a conspiracy to down him. This is the familiar delusion of persecution. It is human nature to charge up misfortunes to someone else's caprice, selfishness or malevolence. A man strikes his shins against a chair in the dark and curses not himself but the chair. Thus it is that Mr. Brookhart comes dangerously near at times to making a profession out of human discontent. But why not? Without discontent there is no progress in the world, and many professions, such as that of doctor or dentist, are built on an effort to alleviate the individual's discontent with himself.

A Passion for Instant Action

If there is pain in the social tissue, Mr. Brookhart is for relieving it at once, just as a dentist would relieve a toothache by wrenching out the tooth. When evil appears "something ought to be done about it." This means a passion for instant action. Thus it is that many good people come to believe that they will most benefit the world when they most relieve their own feelings. As Walter Bagehot points out, the literary theory of the British constitution—for example, as Blackstone describes it—is quite a different thing from the actual working of the British constitution. So of Russia. Even by 1923 the paper communistic theory of the Soviet régime had long since lagged behind the actualities of administration. The doctrines of Lenin had become something to be declaimed by rather than to live by. Lenin had already begun to swing over to a coöperative movement, and that pleased the senator. Communism was accepted as we do a vague theological dogma to which we render lip service rather than actual obedience. The old manorial estates had been seized and divided among the peasants, with the land held in small parcels by squatters' rights. These rights are likely to endure until the last crack of doom. The peasants having obtained what they most wanted—the land—were tolerably satisfied, and this satisfaction the senator attributed to the beneficence of the Soviet régime. The Russian peasant is an apathetic clod with a fatalistic philosophy of life. His blessed word "*Nichevo*" may be variously interpreted, "Why worry?" "What's the use?" Ask him what the communists are doing in Moscow.

"How does that concern me?" he replies. "*Nichevo! Nichevo!* Why should I bother? We have our village and have divided among ourselves the soil of the great landowners. Why bother about what the government is doing?"

As the Senator Sees Russia

As the Russian peasants are tolerably satisfied and as they constitute 85 per cent of the population, no doubt the senator is right in his conclusion that the Russian people have profited by the revolution and are far happier than under the old Czarist régime. There are some who do not accept the utilitarian doctrine of the greatest happiness to the greatest number as a justification for inflicting wrongs upon the minority. But at any rate, Mr. Brookhart went into Russia expecting to see a regenerated Russia. He saw what he expected to see; rather, what he wanted to see. He was determined to be pleased. He even went so far as to accept an invitation from Colonel Haskell to attend a grand-opera performance in Moscow. The lengths to which he will go to indulge a friend is one of the secrets of the senator's political success. At any rate, he accepted the Russian opera in the same spirit of acquiescent fortitude that his Soviet comrades might politely have displayed at an Iowa hog-calling contest.

The leveling process on the social side did not fail to carry its appeal to the senator. Mr. Brookhart is not strong on social distinctions. To him they are vanity of vanities. Washington hostesses on the lookout for rough diamonds found in the senator an appeal to their collector's passion for the rare and unattainable. But he is indifferent to social preferment.

The senator regards the social lobby as the most insidious of all the lobbies, but even the wariest bird gets caught sometimes. In December, 1926, Mr. Brookhart was invited to a big dinner at the Willard Hotel in Washington. He threw the invitation in a wastebasket, but when assured by another senator that it was from a friend of the Progressive group, he went. He found himself placed at the table between Otto Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and E. E. Loomis, of the House of Morgan, and, as the senator tells it, was the only man there dressed like an American citizen. Mr. Kahn began to expostulate with the senator over his plan to

(Continued on Page 189)

Senator Brookhart Inspecting a Prize Danish Bull

Bad Air

is bad business!

Revitalize it

in any business institution or home

by electricity

Stale, heavy air and unpleasant odors cost millions of dollars a year in lost sales and lowered vitality in stores, restaurants, hotels, theaters, banks, and other business institutions. See how *Corozone*, a simple yet scientific *electrical device*, completely overcomes this waste . . . note what it does in homes.

Clear air is vital to clear thinking.

Bad air is *bad taste* in any home.

POOR AIR sets up sales resistance. All scientists and efficiency-experts know that. "Shopper's headache," dulled buying minds and drowsy business heads are money losers. No one will deny it.

Also, fresh air (without draughty ventilation) prevents thousands of colds, saving weeks of working time, speeding up production and increasing profits.

Some simple scientific system other than mere ventilation has been sought for years. Now it comes—in Corozone, after five years of experiment and conclusive tests—to solve the problem of stale, lifeless air as well as odors, wherever human beings live and work—for greater profits and for better health.

Now it offers the housewife and hostess complete freedom from embarrassment due to cooking odors and others that no home should tolerate.

How it operates

This ingenious and yet marvelously simple scientific *electrical* device manufactures pure ozone in **corona** form. **Corona** ozone is a highly *active* oxygen, the same product released by lightning during a thunderstorm. You know how the outdoor air is freshened by it after a hot, humid day. It is nature's way to revitalize stale air and rid it of putrefactive gases and all kinds of odors from any source, by *electricity*. These odors and many impurities are literally *burned up* by it—not covered as by disinfectants, not *masked* as by perfume or merely *stirred* as by ventilation. Corozone does all this *electrically*.

Corozone is different from all other methods and far superior to any other that we know. Also *lowest in cost* both to install and operate.

Find out all about it. Let us tell you about definite results that it will bring to you in connection with any problem related to fresh air or odors that you may have to solve.

In wide usage

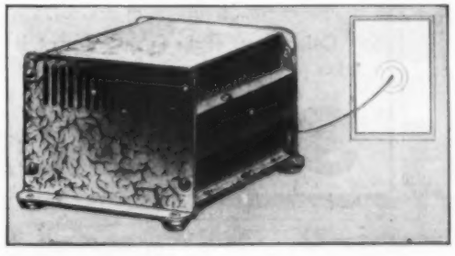
Corozone (electrical) is used extensively by hospitals, banks, theaters, restaurants, small and large shops, small and large stores, offices, factories, on railroads (in dining cars), steamship lines, clubs, homes and other places where fresh air means good business and good health.

Does all these things

Makes bad air fresh, even where windows must be closed.

Destroys all odors by oxidation, literally *burns them up*, does not "mask" them.

Makes air a poor culture medium for bacteria—actively hinders contagion.



Increases number of red corpuscles in the blood, thus increasing vitality.

Dispels excess humidity, giving an invigorating freshness to the air.

Inexpensive to operate—as economical as an electric fan. Attach to any A. C. light socket. Slight extra charge for D. C. adapter. Small in size. Only 8x5x4 inches. Needs no attention or service; lasts indefinitely. Handsomely finished. *Inconspicuous* (need not be seen).

"Money-back" guaranty

Purchase a Corozone and use it for 30 days. If it does not do all that we claim and meet your every test we will refund the *entire* purchase price. ($40 and up according to your requirements. Slightly higher on Pacific Coast.) Operates in smallest rooms at small room costs or in great factory spaces equally efficiently.

Device approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Famous physician says:

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"Ozone increases the oxygenation of the blood and tissues, increasing oxyhemoglobin, and also increasing the number of red corpuscles. Germs are destroyed by ozone; it is distinctly deodorant."

Corozone, a special need in:

Salesrooms, conference rooms, banks, theaters, restaurants, dining cars or wherever people spend money or decide important matters.

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A few exclusive Corozone territories still open to reputable organizations. Send for further particulars.

The Corozone Company, General Offices: The Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio; The Corozone Company of Canada, 28 Scott Street, Toronto.

A number of COROZONES in *special* colors for Christmas. Ask dealer, or us, about them.

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Makes bad air FRESH *by electricity*

Send direct if your dealer does not sell Corozone

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Please find ( ) enclosed check
( ) money order for $40 (Pacific Coast prices slightly higher) for one Corozone device. I understand you will refund my money if I am not absolutely satisfied within thirty days.

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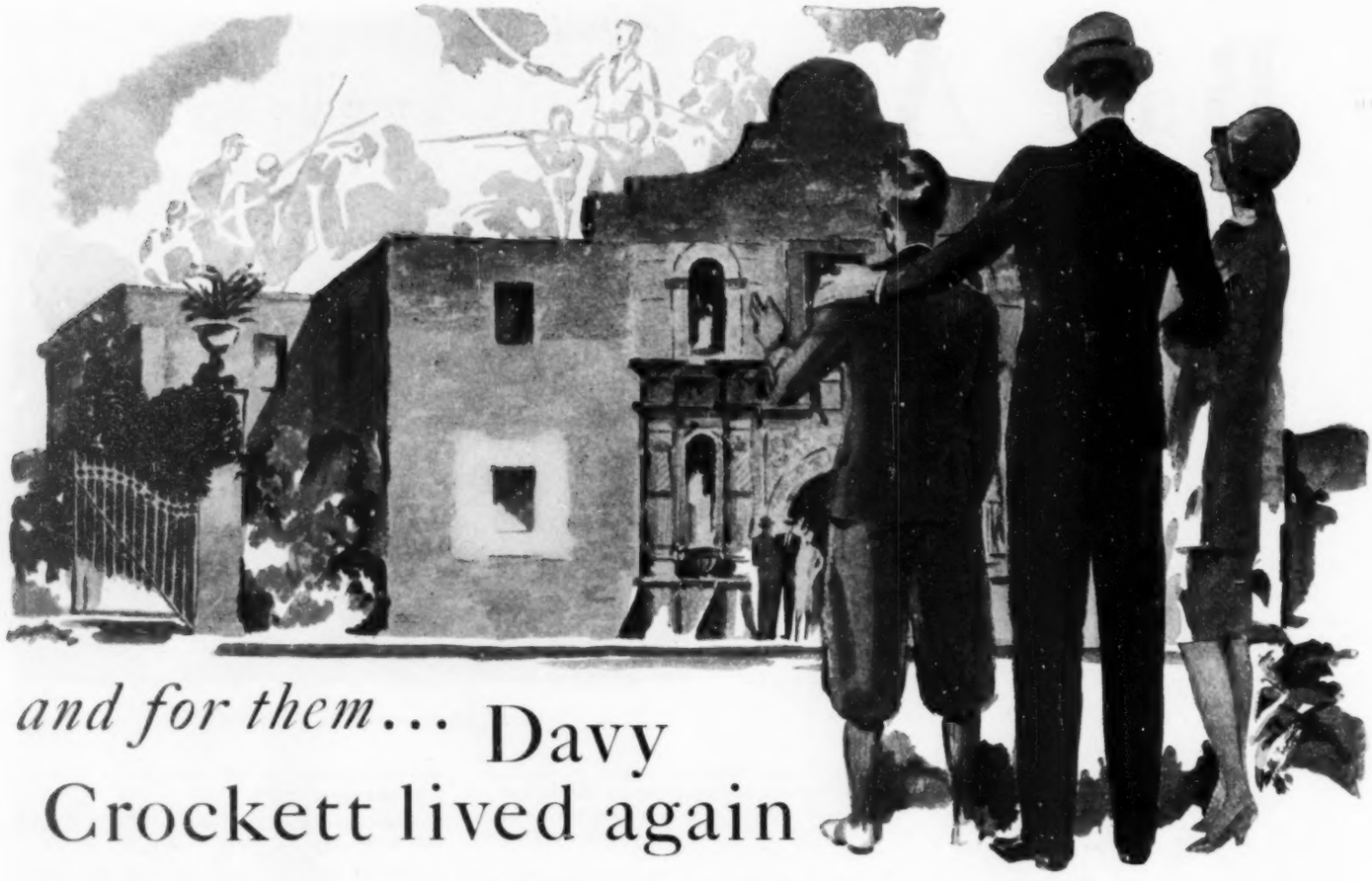
Address_____



and for them... Davy Crockett lived again

They paused before the Alamo on their way to California . . . And there, in an instant Dad recalled the many times brave heroes and desperadoes had been entertained by young Bob in the living room back home. Then for a sword's flash, above the shot-torn walls of that heroic shrine, Davy Crockett lived for them again.

Had you dropped into a chair next to Dad in the club car that evening, he might have confessed to quite a few things that remain unsaid outside the intimate, little-world coziness of a great train speeding through the night. Told you how on this trip Bob was going to meet the spirits of many of the old timers—clanking Conquistadore, Billy the Kid, bloody Apache Chief Geronimo . . . Confessed to his foolish weakness for the chef's Southern touch; laughed at the way his daughter (originally Elizabeth, but stamped down now to a curt "Pet") had made them stopover at New Orleans and the Mardi Gras;—or grinned at his own longing to stop a week at an Arizona guest ranch. Boasted perhaps that this GO ONE WAY, RETURN ANOTHER* trip south across the country and along the whole Pacific Coast was going to give his boy and girl the real feel of their own United States.

You'll probably never meet our mythical friend of the "Sunset Limited." But surely his train is a very real tradition wherever great trains are mentioned.

Color bearer of the SUNSET ROUTE, it takes proud place among the leaders of Southern Pacific's four great routes, "Overland Limited," "Golden State Limited," "Sunset Limited" and "The Cascade."

All the way from New Orleans to the Pacific Coast—San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco—SUNSET ROUTE passes scene and city, written deep in the epic of the South and West. Houston, San Antonio and its Alamo. El Paso, with its Mexican border spot; Apache Trail one day side-trip in Arizona; Tucson, Phoenix.

**To go West one route and return another is Southern Pacific's way of making the whole Pacific Coast and half the United States a part of one regular round-trip ticket. A ticket that finds and interprets the West. For Southern Pacific rails follow natural pioneer pathways . . . It is close to the spirit of the West you are to see. Its vast network of lines explore the whole Pacific Coast. Southern Pacific is the only railroad offering choice of four routes. Go one way, return another.*

Equipment of the famous "Sunset Limited" includes club car with shower bath and barber; ladies' lounge with maid and shower.

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Write O. P. Bartlett, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City, for book: *"How Best to See the Pacific Coast."*

(Continued from Page 186)

squeeze the water out of the railroads and to set rediscount rates by statute. Mr. Loomis followed suit. Meanwhile hip-pocket flasks had been exposed at another table to the view of the senator. Here were his three pet detestations—high society, Wall Street and booze—commingled. When the dinner was breaking up, someone inquired:

"Senator, did you feel contaminated by having Kuhn, Loeb & Co. on one side of you and the House of Morgan on the other?"

"I might have been infected," he replied dryly, "but for the fact that I had been inoculated against the contagion."

In Southern Russia, Mr. Brookhart, who carries the Fourth of July with him, and with it an American investiture of everything foreign, found himself much at home. Here was a black-soil zone almost indistinguishable from the rich black soil of Iowa, extending from the Carpathian Mountains, as if laid on with a huge paint brush, across Bessarabia, sweeping eastward beyond the Volga River, around the southern slopes of the Urals, and then stretching away into Siberia to the Altai Mountains in Central Asia. Mr. Brookhart emerged from Russia by way of Odessa, and through the courtesy of Admiral Bristol was taken by an American destroyer to Constantinople and later back to the Rumanian port of Constanza.

On arrival at Bukharest I made shift, while Mr. Brookhart was occupied with a caller, to post over to the American Legation and apprise our minister, Peter Augustus Jay, of the senator's advent. I had served in the Rome Embassy with my friend Jay, and made bold to suggest that he invite the senator for luncheon and not for dinner. I explained that Mr. Brookhart had come to Europe with only one suit of clothes, which served as a covering but not as an ornament to the body. I quoted Mr. Brookhart's sartorial platform as enunciated on a public occasion:

"I never wore a swallowtail, never owned one, and never will admit the necessity for such a uniform."

I also mentioned Mr. Brookhart's antipathy to wine, coffee and tobacco, and his contempt for the ceremonials which surround a formal dinner.

"But why," Mr. Jay asked, "should I attempt to accommodate myself to Senator Brookhart's way of living any more than he should accommodate himself to my way of living? Please ask the senator to come around here and take dinner with us at eight o'clock."

The Commoner and the Diplomat

It would be hard to imagine two men whose lives presented wider contrasts. Mr. Brookhart, with his humble beginnings and early merciless buffetings, blunt of speech, unschooled in the ways of diplomacy, all contrasting with Jay's exquisite manners. Jay, born to the purple, standing six feet two inches in height, grandson of the great John Jay, Harvard graduate, for twenty years a member of the Diplomatic Corps, rich enough to buy up ten sections of Iowa farm lands. Mr. Brookhart's knowledge of horses was obtained empirically in guiding a plow behind a pair of farm plugs. Jay's knowledge was obtained didactically under the instruction of a riding master, keeping in his stables at Bukharest not less than nine saddle horses. Mr. Brookhart and Mr. Jay looked at life from different angles, just as they had looked at a horse from different angles.

Be all this as it may, we punctually appeared at Minister Jay's for the eight o'clock dinner. Mr. Brookhart, wearing a spotless celluloid collar and the dean of his wardrobe, a pepper-and-salt suit which had gone unpressed for six weeks, was welcomed by Mr. Jay and his two secretaries, resplendent in evening dress.

Straightway a flunky appeared, bearing cocktails on a silver platter. The senator employed the characteristic straight-armed, blocking-off movement of a running halfback on a football field.

"Take that away. I never touch the stuff," he objected decisively.

Mr. Brookhart is no modest violet, and seated at the right of the minister at dinner, he comfortably squared himself, hitched up his coat sleeves an inch or two and started in to tell all about the "European situation."

"You people in high society," he observed, "know what the aristocrats are doing, but you don't know what's really going on over here, because you don't know what the common people are doing."

"Indeed," inquired Mr. Jay politely, "and what are the common people doing?"

"Well, let me tell you. First I will give you an insight into that great country, Russia, in which I spent the better part of three weeks. These Russians are up and coming. In many respects they are way ahead of us."

"In what respects?" inquired Mr. Jay.

"Well, they're long-headed financeers, for instance."

"You mean that they are long-headed about seizing the property of Americans and giving them a receipt for it, written on a worthless piece of paper? Is that what you mean by long-headed financeers?"

"You are prejudiced," countered the senator, "because you haven't been in there. You don't understand the situation. You take Trotzky, for example. I had a long conference with Trotzky. I came away with the impression that he is a greater financial genius than our Paul Warburg."

Their Wrong Start in Life

By this time the harassed Jay was in a position to concede the point. He reached over indulgently, patted the senator on the shoulder, and remarked:

"I dare say, senator, your friend Trotzky is a very delightful gentleman."

I had displayed an incredible lack of judgment in feeling that a meeting between two men who stood so far apart in their philosophies of life would break up with a stiff quarrel and hard feelings on both sides. But not so; as the evening wore on our minister and our senator became actually clubby with each other, each one being interested in the other as he would be in some sport of nature. The charm of the unusual, like running across a zebra in a watermelon patch.

Driving home that night in a rattletrap *calèche* drawn by a mangy little pony, my companion remained silent until we were approaching the hotel. My thoughts were on my friend Jay. His splendid saddle horses, his magnificent stable, his munificence in presenting an admired Thoroughbred to Queen Marie.

"Your friend Jay," remarked the senator, "has qualities about him I like, and I guess at bottom he's a pretty good sort of a fellow. The only trouble with him is he never got a right start in life. He would have turned out to be a good deal of a man if he had had the right kind of training."

The next day I met Jay and rather expected him to burst out against the senator. His critique was condensed in about two sentences:

"Of course your friend Senator Brookhart is absolutely ignorant about European conditions, but he's a very decent fellow after all. The great trouble with the man is he got a wrong start in life, and never had any advantages."

But all things come to an end. Early one morning, approaching Vienna, we observed the lacelike spire of the beautiful Stephanskirche rising above the mists of the Danube Valley. We were on the last lap of our journey, having done a number of countries after leaving Rumania. I was in the position of an exhausted Channel swimmer, still beyond his depth, but with the shore in sight.

I invoked in Vienna the assistance of an old friend, Prentiss Terry, United States trade commissioner, who agreed to see the senator around Vienna for a day, dine with him and listen to his discourse in the evening. Terry, hardly turned thirty, was in

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"Prince of Wales," $3.50

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Give him a present for his health this Christmas! Take "Tobacco Yello" out of his pipe smoke. "Tobacco Yello" upsets the stomach, kills the appetite, stains the teeth.* But not in a Drinkless-KAYWOODIE. The Drinkless attachment stops 66.5% of it.* For his health's sake, as well as for a sweeter, drier smoke, give him a Drinkless-KAYWOODIE. Insist on the Drinkless attachment and the clover-leaf inlay on the mouthpiece. 1930 Models are $3.50, $4, $5 and $7. See them now.

*Write to us for a physician's booklet on Tobacco Yello. Free.

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"But she couldn't wait

till Christmas!"

She found the box - - all red and green and Christmassy - - hidden in the closet. Because such a box could only mean something to get really thrilled about, she took just a tiny peek. - - A satin sheen . . . an opalescent shimmer . . . Then she couldn't wait - - and Fred had to put the car's new dress on right away!

It was Biltmore Aerocloth, the marvelous Du Pont material that water can't spot and sun can't fade - - that keeps clothes and car upholstery clean and fresh - - that can be washed with soap and water or gasoline, right on the car! The colors are not "put on" but "put in" - - actually impregnated into the sateen base so they can't peel or crack or lose their lustre . . . an ideal gift!

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Quite a bit lower in price but of characteristic Biltmore quality, texture, color and fit, are the Biltmore Standards, covering all the upholstery from floor to window line, and Biltmore slip-ons, for seat and back cushions only. The slip-ons go on or off almost as easily as pillow slips and are as easily cleaned.

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the prime of life, eupeptic, red-blooded, ambitious, eager to please—in brief, a human dynamo. Along about ten o'clock at night, after a laborious day, he dropped in to see me at the Hotel Bristol. His dejected figure betokened a great change. He looked droopy, as if he had just risen from a sick bed. The man was obviously in the last stages of exhaustion.

"Doctor," he gasped, "I'm all in; I'm foundered. I'm only an ordinary human being; I'm not a caterpillar tractor!"

The next evening I was to say farewell to the senator when his train pulled out for Paris from the West Station at ten o'clock. After a crowded day we discussed at dinner the success of the Rochdale system; and to guard against any possible failure to make the train, left the hotel at nine o'clock. Arriving at the station, we had more than a half hour to wait, and occupied the time discussing the marvelous strides of the Austrians in coöperative endeavor. My heart was rather heavy at the thought of saying good-by to the senator, but my feet were heavier still. I could barely drag myself about.

I inquired hopefully of a guard passing through the train, "This train leaves in about three minutes, *nicht wahr?*"

"You have plenty of time," he assured me. "The service has been interrupted and the train *bleibt* here until after midnight."

What must it be to feel like thirty at fifty? Never to experience emotions of fatigue or impatience? Travel does tax one's patience. The interruptions, the delays, the officiousness of officials, the apparent stupidities of foreigners, which, after all, are only a mirror of your stupidities in not better apprehending their language and habitudes. The broad-shouldered, clear-eyed senator never suffers from fatigue, sleeplessness, headache, pyorrhea, the fall of dandruff or granulated eyelids. He tirelessly moves toward his objectives with the invincible obstinacy of an insect. He still has time to cultivate the æsthetic faculty which is the beginning of all art. It's an instinct which many men cultivate late in life. Our great industrialists, dedicating their lives to steel or copper, retire at a mature age with their accumulated millions to collect Rembrandts and Botticellis. Along with the quickened sense of the beauty of life, he may acquire a taste for poetry.

The Senator Indulges in Poetry

In leading the filibuster against the Ship Subsidy Bill, on February 22, 1923, Mr. Brookhart remarked on the floor of the Senate, after speaking four hours:

"This is the natal day of George Washington, the Father of our country, the greatest filibusterer in history. It was George Washington who filibustered the American people clear out of the British Empire. And there were some compatriots of George Washington who did not like the looks of a tax on tea, and they filibustered that tea over into Boston Harbor. Yes, that occurred up in Boston—dear old Boston—

The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells speak only to Abbotts,
And the Abbotts speak only to God."

At this juncture, the scholarly Senator Calder, of New York, interrupted with the suggestion that it should go to the Cabots rather than to the Abbotts.

Mr. Brookhart: "I accept the correction. I am not very strong on poetry anyhow."

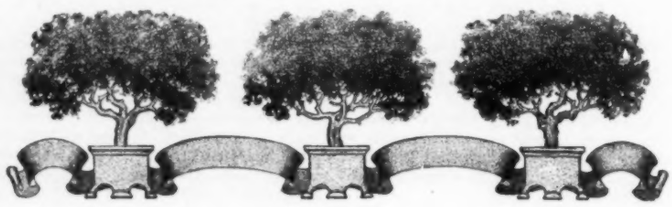
Yes, the senator is not strong on poetry; but give him time. He has acquired a great many things which he didn't have when he first led the struggle between those who have not and those who have. He has acquired a nice home, though still mortgaged, with garden and trees, in one of the suburbs of Washington; drives a sturdy though not showy motor car; his children are succeeding; during the present session he has offered what he considers his most radical measure—a program for the strict control of corporation profits.

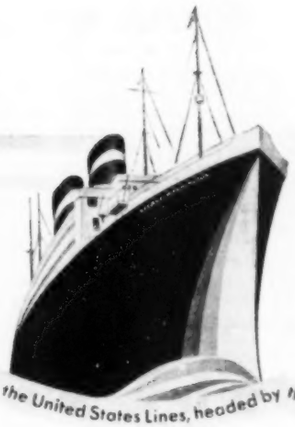
Some day he may become a bank president or a railroad director and wear a top hat and light-colored spats. But this is not a work of the imagination. Suffice it to say that most of the radicals in our American political history are prone to turn conservative. Cummings started life as a red-hot radical and later, softening into a conservative, was defeated by Brookhart. Such men as Senator Tillman and Senator Lenroot entered public life as militant radicals and later came to be classified as moss-grown conservatives. Colonel Bryan, who for twenty years castigated the money power, came to be rated as something of a moneyed man himself and died in his sleep after a comfortable dinner following a powerful speech defending the faith of the fathers. Senator Brookhart's ambition is to avoid turning conservative.

A Campaign for Eight Cents

Senator Brookhart represents the homely pioneering qualities which have made us what we are. He is the mouthpiece of inarticulate, unorganized people with grievances. These people ought to be heard in the national lawmaking body. If they were not heard this would not be a truly representative government. It's refreshing to know that in the senatorial campaign where an Eastern candidate spent half a million dollars Senator Brookhart spent only eight cents. It is pleasant to find a man, whether he be right or wrong, who is perfectly consistent in his sympathies and antipathies. Men who thus run true to form occasionally achieve the distinction of dictionary immortality. How many people who devour a sandwich realize that the name memorializes the British statesman, Lord Sandwich, who could adapt himself to both sides of a situation without disclosing the meat of the subject lying between? The verb "to burke" memorializes the scoundrel William Burke, who murdered a dozen or more persons by suffocation. One may properly suggest the verb "to smoot," meaning to prevail in a Senate debate through superior knowledge of the tariff, or the verb "to brookhart," meaning to triturate Wall Street in order to titillate the farmer.

Human political institutions are not struck off out of hand. Organized society is not a contraption which one may tinker on as if it were a machine. The roots of what we are run far back into the past. Mr. Brookhart's European trip acquainted him with stabilities which rest on the experience of a thousand years, but also with the revolutions of the present day. As men come to know history—that is to say, the story of human experience on this planet—in brief, as they become educated they have to learn that the most successful peoples politically are not those of vain experiments who would make haste rapidly, but rather the slow-going, phlegmatic peoples, such as the British, the Dutch and the Swedes, who make haste slowly. When it comes to violent and extreme changes, the radicals and fanatics are really beaten before they start. They are up against the accumulated wills and experiences of the men who have gone before. What is this thing that wrings back every violent change in the social order and tends to restore the old balance? It is the thing which we call the past!





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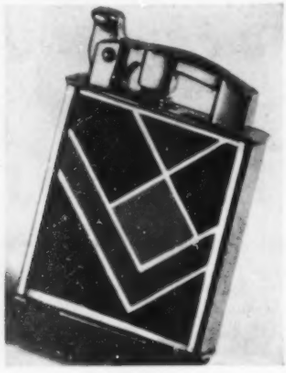

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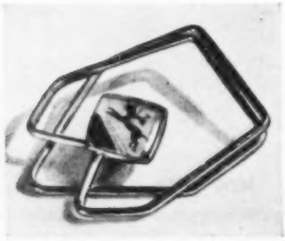

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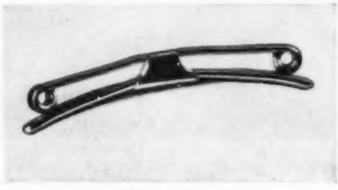

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THE DEATH APPLE

(Continued from Page 19)

find out how far he drove or whether he had time to come up here. Nobody saw him around here, but there are back roads on the mountain where you don't meet anybody in the daytime, much less at night."

"Let's get back to Jameson," Tope suggested mildly.

Chief Luger nodded. "All right," he agreed. "Jameson telephoned me from Vint Chapel's to meet him at Two-Barns—that's the old Frisbee place. He said to bring the keys to the house; that he'd meet me in the orchard or out in front somewhere. My wife was sick in bed. We'd buried her father that day. But I left a nurse with her and drove up there—up to the farm. It's five miles or so, but a rotten road. Took me a good half hour."

He hesitated, then went on: "The farm's off by itself; no one within half a mile of it. Vint Chapel's the nearest, but he's on the other road. I got up there, and didn't see Jameson; so I whistled and looked around a bit. And then I saw that the kitchen door was open; so I flashed my torch inside and saw him, lying there on the floor."

"And dead too?" Tope prompted.

"Not ten minutes dead!" Luger said furiously. "He was sprawled across the floor on his face, and his pistol there beside him. Right under his hand."

"His right hand?"

"Yes. It had been fired. And a bullet had ripped through his head. We didn't find it, nor any mark where the bullet from his own gun could have hit. And he had this apple in his left hand, with a bite out of it. An apple he'd picked in the orchard, I guess."

He hesitated. "The funny thing about that was—this was what started the reporters—his mother said he didn't like apples raw, wouldn't eat them. He liked apple pies and apple sauce, but not raw apples."

Tope nodded, his eyes shining faintly; and the chief said hopelessly: "Well, that's all there was to it. I scouted around. No tracks of a car in the road, except Jameson's car. No sign of anybody."

"Anyone hear the shots?"

"Old Vint is deaf," the chief explained. "And there was a wind blowing the wrong way, anyway."

"And you haven't got anything on it?"

"Bob Rook's working on it," Chief Luger reminded the older man. "I've had him trying to find out whether anyone heard or saw a car go up that way. He's working the whole country up there." He frowned thoughtfully. "I ought to have heard from him last night. I'm kind of worried about Bob." He laughed apologetically. "This thing is getting me, I suppose."

The inspector said irrelevantly: "That tooth of mine has started to ache. I knew it would. What did you say was this dentist's name?"

Chief Luger told him. "That's his office yonder," he said, and crossed to the window to point toward the other side of the square.

"I think I'll drop over there," Tope decided. "I can think better if I don't have a toothache, probably. I'll be back by and by."

The chief nodded. "Do you think of anything we've overlooked?" he asked doubtfully.

Tope shook his head.

"I never see anything till it's out in plain sight," he replied. He chuckled. "I guess my teeth are on my mind," he confessed. "See you later on."

It was an hour past noon when Inspector Tope and the sergeant first stepped off the interurban car at Milfield Square; it was toward three o'clock when, in Chief Luger's car, they drew up before a trolley waiting station two miles or so below town and tumbled out to push through the little cluster of curious folk who were gathered about the spot where Bob Rook lay.

They had passed the Murdock estate on the way down the valley, and Chief Luger pointed out his own home too. "This place where they found Bob is just below here," he explained. "It's a car stop; just a shelter beside the tracks, with a seat inside, in case it's raining and someone's waiting for the car. I get off there when I come down from town on the traction, sometimes."

But the stop was little used, he added; it was located at the foot of a road that led up into the hills. "It's the road you take to get to Two-Barns, the farm where Jameson was killed," he told Tope. "But the folks up there, if they're going to town, usually come down in their teams or in a car."

And he said Rook's body was found in the bushes behind the trolley station. "You couldn't see it from the car; but a boy named Milliken was waiting there to catch the car, and saw it; and he stopped the first car that came along, and they got word through to me."

They found Rook as he had promised. The body was tumbled forward on its face as though it might have been thrust into the clump of alders which here sheltered it.

It was Tope who, when they presently moved the body a little, discovered the apple in the dead man's right hand; an apple from which a single bite had been taken, and no more.

Chief Luger pressed back the crowd. The medical examiner was not yet come, and the chief protested when Tope touched the body. But the inspector wagged his head.

"I've been through this before," he reminded the local man. "I know what not to do." He was looking at the bitten apple; he turned from it to stare down thoughtfully at what lay here. And then he wrapped the apple in his handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

"We'll wait for the doctor," the chief suggested; but Inspector Tope shook his head.

"There's nothing more to see here. You can look out for it," he decided. "I'm going back to town."

The chief stared in surprise, but another automobile came whirling down the road; two young men alighted to besiege him with questions. Tope, a little withdrawn, watched them thoughtfully. Reporters, he perceived; and they were full of quick inquiries. An apple? Yes, Chief Luger admitted. Inspector Tope had it, yonder, in his pocket. They wished to see it; and Tope showed it to them briefly, and without any comment at all. When they turned back to the chief, Tope spoke to Sergeant Dale.

"Stay here, old man," he said gently. "Maybe you can help the chief. Stick with him. I'll meet you at his office by and by."

Dale looked at him curiously. "You're pulling out?"

"I'll have to do some phoning," Tope confessed. "But I'll see you and him at his office by and by."

"How'll you get back to town?" Dale asked in an undertone. Something in the other's eyes had hushed his protests.

"There's a car coming yonder," the inspector pointed out. "I'll buy a ride."

There was, in fact, a trolley car approaching up the valley. A moment later it stopped at the inspector's signal, and curious heads peered out of the window while Tope climbed heavily aboard. Chief Luger watched him go, some misgiving in his eyes. Tope, he thought, should have stayed here for whatever might develop when the doctor came. He pushed the increasing crowd back again, and Sergeant Dale helped him keep them clear of the spot in the alders behind the little shed.

Inspector Tope settled himself placidly in his seat in the interurban car and rode into Milfield. He seemed almost asleep, nodding, drowsy; you would have thought him completely at peace with the world. Only once or twice he tapped his knee with

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the pudgy fingers of one hand, one finger after another, with an odd gesture as though he were tallying off a series of matters in his mind.

But when they stopped at Milfield and he alighted, something happened to arouse his attention and to fix it firmly. For one of the town police force was waiting at the corner, and this officer spoke to a young man who alighted just behind the inspector from the car. The inspector turned to listen and to see, and presently he asked a question:

"Who is that, officer?"

The policeman had seen Inspector Tope an hour before; now understood his right to ask.

"This is young Frisbee, inspector," he explained. "The chief saw him on the car when it passed, down there, and he telephoned me to meet the car and grab him here."

Tope looked at the young man, pale and silent in the grip of the policeman. "That so, son?" he asked.

"My name's Frisbee, yes," said the boy.

"You know anything about all this?" Tope inquired mildly.

"Who are you?" the youngster retorted. "Who wants to know?"

The old man smiled.

"Never mind," he suggested. "Officer, you'd better keep him in the chief's office till the chief comes."

And he watched them stride away across the square.

Then Tope bought some more apples, but their flavor this time appeared to displease him. He took a bite from this one and from that, but never more than one bite. And he did not throw the bitten apples away. He put them back carefully in the paper bag.

It may have been that their acidity hurt his teeth; for presently he went up the flight of stairs into Doctor Mason's office again. Later, when he came down, he bought half a dozen more apples and took them with him across the square. He found Frisbee in the chief's office, the policeman still on guard; but Tope only nodded to the boy, and asked the officer whether he might use the telephone.

When, at five o'clock that afternoon, Chief Luger came back to his office, it was to find three or four men gathered there awaiting him. The chief and Sergeant Dale came in together. Frisbee was here, sitting stolidly in a chair by the window. The officer who had captured him stood behind him, leaning against the window ledge. Inspector Tope was standing by the opposite window, talking with a fourth man. Chief Luger recognized this man at once; he said quickly:

"Oh, hello, Mr. Payson. I expected to see you down the line."

"I telephoned the district attorney," Inspector Tope said mildly. "I told him you'd be coming here."

"Oh, yes," Chief Luger agreed. He saw Frisbee, and his eyes hardened. "I see we've got him. One of the trolley men says he came up on a late car last night, and no one saw him go back down the line. I guess we know enough to go ahead now."

"Yes," Inspector Tope assented. "I've been talking with Mr. Payson. I think we can see our way clear." He looked toward Sergeant Dale. "Sergeant, I thought you and I might have a nice week-end in the country, but it looks as though we'd be on our way back to town tonight, after all."

The sergeant met the inspector's eye, and after a moment he nodded. "Oh, yeah!" he agreed.

Young Frisbee said huskily, "I don't know anything about this."

But the chief cried challengingly, "Then why wouldn't you tell where you were the night Murdock was killed, and the night Jameson was killed? And where were you last night, for that matter? You're hooked, Frisbee, unless you've got a blasted good story to tell."

Frisbee protested, "I can straighten that out. It wasn't any of your business before."

"It's our business now," Chief Luger told him harshly. But the inspector said gently:

"Wait a minute, chief. Let's get this straightened out in our own minds, first, before we start in on Frisbee here. Then we'll know where we stand. See?" And when the other made a movement of protest, Tope insisted: "We'll get there just as quick in the end if we do go slow."

The district attorney, surprisingly, agreed. "Let's hear what the inspector has to say, chief?" he approved.

The chief chuckled grimly. "All right," he surrendered. "But my mind's made up, Mr. Payson."

"Well," Tope told him, "I guess mine is, too, chief, for that matter." He hesitated, turned to look out of the window, swung to face them all again. There was a paper bag on the window ledge beside him, and he fumbled in it and drew out an apple; then seemed to change his mind.

"Can't eat and talk, too," he decided. "Here, Mr. Payson."

The district attorney took the apple and began to eat it; and Tope began thoughtfully:

"Of course, I only came into this thing today. But sometimes that's an advantage. Coming in late, you see things that the first ones on hand were too near to see—little things."

And he continued reflectively: "There's a connection here, of course, between the three dead men. Bound to be. Chief, you've been on the job down there all afternoon, doing things; no time to think it over. But I've been thinking. Here is the way it looks to me."

He fumbled absent-mindedly for another apple, raised it to his lips; then seemed to remember. "Sergeant, you take it," he told Dale; and as Dale, who had been standing behind the chief at his desk, started across the room, Tope said: "No, stay where you are." And he tossed the apple to the sergeant. Dale bit into it thoughtfully.

Tope went on. "Someone killed Murdock," he reminded them. "Someone, for some reason. I wondered who would profit by his death, but there wasn't anyone. His property, of course, will go to Mrs. Luger. His will's already been read. So there wasn't anyone who would make anything by killing him. It looked like some personal enmity or a sudden quarrel. We didn't have much to go on. I don't wonder you were puzzled, chief, at all."

He sighed. "But poor Jameson got hold of something," he remarked, "up at the Murdock farm. Mr. Murdock used to go up there sometimes, they tell me; stay a day or two; do some business there. I suppose he might have left some paper or other up there—an account book or something. He lent money, and he was a hard man at collecting. Take the case of young Mr. Frisbee's father. I thought Jameson might have run into something up there—some record of a loan.

"But the man who killed Murdock found out that Jameson was up there, and he went up there and shot him."

He pressed the tips of his fingers together thoughtfully. "It was someone Murdock knew who shot Murdock. It may have been someone Jameson knew who shot Jameson. Murdock was eating an apple. I wondered if perhaps the fact that he had an apple in his hand didn't make him just a little bit slow in going for his gun; gave the other man a chance to shoot first. It might have happened that way. There was an apple by Jameson too. But Jameson didn't like apples. He wouldn't have been eating one by any possible chance. So the man who killed him must have given the apple to Jameson. But there was something funny in that. I didn't see the point of it at all."

He wagged his head sorrowfully, as though regretting his own blindness or stupidity.

"I kept worrying about this apple business," he confessed. "I like apples myself, and I ate some, and they gave me a toothache, so I dropped in on Doctor

(Continued on Page 197)

"Here it is, Señor . . ." "Oh no it isn't!"

Through high-arched windows, the blinding brilliance of Havana Harbor . . . "Have you by any chance" asked the American visitor, "a bottle of —?" (naming a famous French preparation for the hair). "But certainly, señor," the druggist assured him. "Behold!" . . . The American examined the proffered bottle closely — then burst out laughing. "This is getting good" he told his wife. "In Rio — and in Buenos Aires — and now here: Oh yes, they have it . . . and then they try to sell you a counterfeit. Judging by the number of bright boys trying to imitate it, Mr. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine must be some tonic." "Heavens" said she, with maddening feminine superiority, "I found that *out years ago!"*

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PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE

To the right and left of this picture of Pinaud's Eau de Quinine, you see an actual photograph of just a few of its hundreds of imitations!

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Please send me, free, a trial of the Pinaud preparation checked herewith:

☐ Pinaud's Eau de Quinine ☐ Pinaud's Lilac ☐ Pinaud's Eau de Portugal ☐ Pinaud's Shampoo ☐ Pinaud's Cream ☐ Pinaud's Powder. Please indicate whether your skin is ☐ oily ☐ normal ☐ dry; also underline the shade of powder you desire: WHITE · FLESH · FLESH-RACHEL · RACHEL · INDIAN TAN (light) · MOORISH TAN (dark).

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This exquisite "Thermos" silver jug set in pure Colonial design, rare beauty of line and finish, with silver tray.
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(Continued from Page 194)

Mason, the dentist." He looked out of the window behind him. "We had some talk about the matter of the apples," he confessed. "I see him coming across the square now. I asked him to drop in here to check up on an idea I had."

He hesitated, suddenly smiled toward young Frisbee. "You have an apple, son," he suggested; and he crossed the room and handed one to the boy, out of the bag. But as Frisbee took the first bite out of it, Tope said quickly: "No, wait a minute. That's a bad one. Here, take this one instead."

And he pressed another into Frisbee's hand, took the bitten apple and gave it a casual glance and tossed it into the waste-basket beside the desk. As he turned back to the window ledge again, someone knocked on the door, and Chief Luger called:

"Come in!"

It was Doctor Mason. The chief greeted him in a friendly tone. Tope said: "I've just told them, doctor, that I asked you to come over. I want you here by and by."

And Chief Luger said jovially, "Sit down, doc. Take that chair over there."

The dentist smiled uncertainly. "Thanks, chief," he agreed, and did sit down. Inspector Tope, after a moment, went on.

"I'd just come to the killing this afternoon," he explained. "Or rather the killing last night—Rook." He was addressing Doctor Mason; he turned to the others now.

"And there again, I suppose it's reasonable to think that Rook had a line on this thing, and the killer found it out, and killed Rook on that account. Let's assume so, anyway. But here there's an apple again, with a bite out of it, in Rook's hand when we found him a while ago."

He smiled faintly. "The chief and I saw the apple," he remarked. "But one thing struck me. When a man starts to eat an apple, he takes a bite and chews it up, and as soon as he has swallowed that, or sometimes a little before, he takes another bite. Apple meat doesn't swallow easily. It's apt to stay in your mouth; your mouth will be full of the sweet flesh of it till some little time after you've finished the whole apple. Look at Frisbee there."

Frisbee, startled, stared at them, his mouth half open; and everyone chuckled. What Tope said, palpably, was true.

"So I wondered what became of the bite Rook took out of that apple," the inspector explained. "Because it wasn't in his mouth, and it wasn't on the ground where he fell. It wasn't anywhere. At least, I didn't find it anywhere."

He hesitated, seemed to wander off the beaten track. "You know, most criminals are vain," he remarked. "They have an imaginative faculty which fattens their vanity. When Murdock was killed, people spoke of the apples; when Jameson was killed, the newspapers talked about a 'death apple.' That sort of thing would tickle the criminal mind. This killer, it occurred to me, might begin to think of an apple as the trade-mark on his work. Maybe he thought of it before he killed Jameson; because Jameson didn't eat apples, and yet there was one planted beside him." He looked casually at Chief Luger. "Chief, what became of that apple, by the way?"

"Why, I don't know," Chief Luger confessed. "I didn't pay any attention to it. Thrown away, lost in the shuffle, I suppose."

"Well," Tope admitted, "it doesn't matter. Only I think it was the murderer, not Jameson, who bit that apple." His tone was suddenly almost indifferent, completely matter-of-fact. "And I know it wasn't Rook who bit the apple we found in his hand. Rook had a snaggle tooth in front; it would have left a mark on the apple. The mark wasn't there."

He hesitated, and the room was suddenly very still. The inspector smiled cheerfully.

"Doctor Mason here tells me you can identify a man by his teeth," he remarked—"by the outlines of them. So all we have to do is find a man whose teeth fit the marks on the apple in Rook's hand. You see, Mr. Payson?"

Payson nodded slowly. "I see," he confessed.

"You see, chief?" Tope asked; and looked across the room toward Chief Luger. But at once he spoke again, in a quick solicitude.

"What's the matter, chief?" he asked. "You look sick. Tired? This has been a strain on you? I'll bet you forgot to eat lunch today."

The chief shook his head. "I'm all right," he said impatiently. "No. But—all this is theory!"

"You're hungry!" Tope insisted. And then, as though with a sudden thought, he moved quickly across the room, the paper bag still half full of apples in his hand. He drew out one, extended it toward the other man. "Here, eat this, chief," he urged solicitously.

And the room became very still. For Chief Luger had recoiled from the apple as though it were a serpent; he thrust back his chair; he came swiftly to his feet, and he licked his lips, muttered something stranglingly.

Tope spoke softly. "Take it, chief," he said, almost whispering. "Taste it." And he added, in a stern slow tone: "Chief, you might as well."

There was a long, frozen moment of silence; then swift desperate movement. But Sergeant Dale was too quick for the doomed man. He caught Chief Luger's hand as it flashed downward, before the chief could reach his gun.

Tope nodded, smiling contentedly. It was for this he had kept the sergeant posted there, just behind the big man's chair.

DRAWN BY CARL E. SCHULTZE

"Are You Hurt?" "Which Hit Me—the Little Car or the Big One?"

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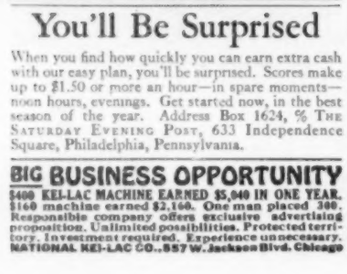
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ORGANIZED TENNIS

(Continued from Page 61)

Turning to the rules of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, we find:

A professional [tennis player] is one who is paid directly or indirectly for playing, engaging in or teaching the game of tennis or any other form of athletic exercise, or sport, or who has competed in any game or sport for a stake, or purse, or gate money.

Then, taking the problem from another angle, we may ask, "How may an amateur forfeit his amateur status?"

There are eight ways that he may take to join the professional ranks. They are:

1. By entering a competition open only to professionals.
2. By playing for money prize or gate receipts.
3. By playing, coaching, instructing or demonstrating tennis or other athletic exercise, or maintaining tennis or other athletic facilities as a means of livelihood or for any remuneration.
4. By obtaining or retaining membership in any tennis or athletic club of any kind because of any mutual understanding, expressed or implied, whereby such membership would be of pecuniary benefit to the member.
5. By selling, pledging, or otherwise converting into money or what is commonly known as necessities, such as food, ordinary clothing, and so on, any prize won in a tennis match or tournament, or accepting as a prize such article.
6. By accepting money or gaining pecuniary advantage from using the goods of a manufacturer, agent or merchant, or by permitting himself to be advertised as the user of such goods.
7. By permitting or sanctioning the taking of tennis action motion pictures of himself and receiving remuneration in connection therewith.
8. By permitting or sanctioning his name to be advertised as the author of books or articles on tennis of which he is not actually the author, or by receiving payment or consideration for—commensurate—services which he does not actually render.

Leeway for the Writers

There are also eleven other pitfalls that the tennis player must avoid if he wishes to be allowed to compete in tournaments or matches under the auspices of the U. S. L. T. A. He will fall into disfavor:

1. By permitting or sanctioning the use of his name or initials on sporting goods, or to advertise or promote the sales of such goods.
2. By being connected with the sale of tennis goods or with a firm manufacturing or selling tennis goods, except when such connection shall be of a general nature in a firm manufacturing or selling general athletic goods, and the person so connected has to do with tennis goods to no greater extent than with any other line of goods.
3. By using or sanctioning, after February, 1925, the use of his titles or statement of his reputation won on the tennis courts in connection with books, newspaper, magazine or other written articles, motion pictures of himself, lectures or radio talks, for which he is to receive any payment or compensation.
4. By writing for pay or for a consideration, current newspaper articles covering a tournament or match in which he is entered as a competitor.
5. By playing in a team or exhibition match where gate receipts are charged, unless permission to hold such match has been obtained, in advance, from the executive committee or from a subcommittee appointed by the executive committee for this purpose.
6. By failing, after reasonable notice, to supply the U. S. L. T. A. with signed reports of expenses received or paid for him, together with such additional information in connection therewith as may be required by the executive committee or by any subcommittee appointed for this purpose.
7. By receiving or negotiating to receive expenses to play in tournaments, or exhibition, or team matches outside of the United States, except where such negotiations and the handling of the expense money shall be through the executive committee of the U. S. L. T. A. or a subcommittee appointed for this purpose.
8. By being engaged in the sporting goods business and failing after reasonable notice to supply the U. S. L. T. A. with signed reports of his employment as may be required by the executive committee or by any subcommittee appointed for this purpose.
9. By failing to pay tournament entrance fees, except in invitation tournaments where no fee is required and except that when officially designated to represent his club or association in active competitions, his entrance fee may be paid by the club or association in such competitions.
10. By being guilty of unsportsmanlike conduct.
11. By being debarred from amateur competition by any other amateur-sports governing body.

Numbers 3 and 4 concern the player-writer problem. It is Number 4 which caused William Tilden's suspension from competition for a number of months after the Davis Cup play in Paris in 1928.

To prevent the occurrence of a similar situation, the association drew up an international-team rule which prohibits a tennis player's writing during the time that he is a member of an international team.

The rule which says a player forfeits his amateur status "By accepting money or gaining pecuniary advantage from using the goods of a manufacturer, agent or merchant, or by permitting himself to be advertised as the user of such goods," is interpreted fairly by the association. Last year a tennis player permitted himself to be advertised as the user of a certain brand of cigarette—but he received no money or pecuniary advantage, so he did not break the rule.

Likewise, in regard to Rule 4, which is concerned with the player-writer problem, the player has a generous amount of leeway. The rule which states that a player may be declared ineligible if he writes "for pay or for a consideration, current newspaper articles covering a tournament or match in which he is entered as a competitor," allows the player to write while he is in a tournament, provided that he chooses some other subject than that of the particular tournament or match in which he is taking part.

One can clearly see that the rules that have been drawn up by the tennis association are for the general good of tennis and that their interpretation has been always fair and just.

Tennis has grown widely popular during the fifty years or so that it has been in this country, and one may rightly believe that the efficient organization of the U. S. L. T. A. has had much to do with the furthering of this interesting game. The well-run tournaments all over the country, the national meetings, and the international play would certainly not be possible without the management and direction of the tennis association and the coöperation of all its members.

It is amusing to note the list of things that are found on the shelves under the umpire's stand during a championship match. But it is true that any one of them might be tremendously welcome at a particular moment to some player in sudden distress. There are two pails full of water—one with oatmeal water, the other with ice water. There are also two basins with sponges in them. There are towels, and sliced lemons, and three or four bottles of iced ginger ale, or anything else that the player might want for refreshment. On the ground at one side of the chair is a box of sawdust for the players to use in keeping their hands dry. There should be, as well, on one of the shelves, a hammer, scissors, penknife, talcum powder, pliers, powdered rosin, safety pins, adhesive tape, aromatic spirits of ammonia and smelling salts. Shoe laces, garters and a shoe horn might also prove useful, as all sorts of minor accidents can happen in a tournament match.

The King of the Tournament

The king of the tournament is the referee. He is elected by the tournament committee, and has the power to decide all the questions that arise. Here are some of his many duties:

He must know and apply the rules; he, or his substitute, must be present at all times when play is in progress; he has the power to appoint or remove umpires, linesmen, foot-fault judges and net umpires; he has the power to remove an umpire or linesman upon appeal of a competitor; he may default a competitor who has not been excused and is not ready to play when called upon to do so; he may postpone a match on account of darkness or conditions of ground or weather. The decision of the referee is final unless reversed by the national executive committee.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association conducts annually more than twenty-odd championship tournaments for men, women, juniors and boys; indoor, outdoor, grass and dirt court. In addition to this, a large number of clubs holding membership in the association through its thirteen sectional associations hold tournaments, open or invitation, during the year. There are about seven hundred and fifty clubs holding membership. There is also an umpires' association which has a membership of between six and seven hundred.

The association is much interested in furthering the game among younger players, and encourages tournament events yearly in all parts of the country. Several thousand dollars a year are spent alone for silver and bronze medals for junior meetings. These tournaments for juniors and boys qualify them for the national junior and boys' tournaments. The association has, as well, within the past few years undertaken to encourage and develop tennis in the public parks.

Where Do the Gate Receipts Go?

The United States Tennis Association is a member of the International Federation of Lawn Tennis Playing Countries. The federation is responsible for the rules of the game, and it includes in its membership almost every nation in the world which has tennis organizations—the European countries, all of North America, several countries in South America, and Egypt, Africa, Japan, China, and the Philippines, and so on.

What happens to the money that one pays for one's ticket to a tennis match? Where does the gate go?

At a tournament which is purely a club affair, the money is used for the development of the game and the club. When the national association holds championship tournaments, it usually receives 50 per cent of the net proceeds, the other 50 per cent being retained by the club holding the event.

The national association uses the money for the maintenance of its office and for various expenses in connection with the holding of tournaments, annual meetings and similar business matters and details.

At the annual meeting of 1927 there was distributed to the thirteen sectional associations $45,000. Each sectional association used its share for the development of tennis in its territory. Special funds are set aside for the Davis Cup and Wightman Cup competitions. No officers or chairmen of any committee serving the association receive any money for time or work. This is also true of the members of the Tennis Umpires' Association. All paid employes of the association are in its office.

The U. S. L. T. A. takes in large gates at its big events, especially at the Men's and Women's National Singles Tournaments and at the Davis Cup and Wightman Cup meetings. The interest in the Wightman Cup has increased greatly during the last few years. However, on the other hand, there is the expense of carrying on the Davis Cup competition, which is great, now that the United States has had to send a team of five or six abroad to play for several seasons. On alternate years a Wightman Cup team is sent to England.

There would be no successful large tournaments or international events without the association, and there would be no association without the players. Harmony between the two is sought at all times for the good of the game.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Miss Wills.

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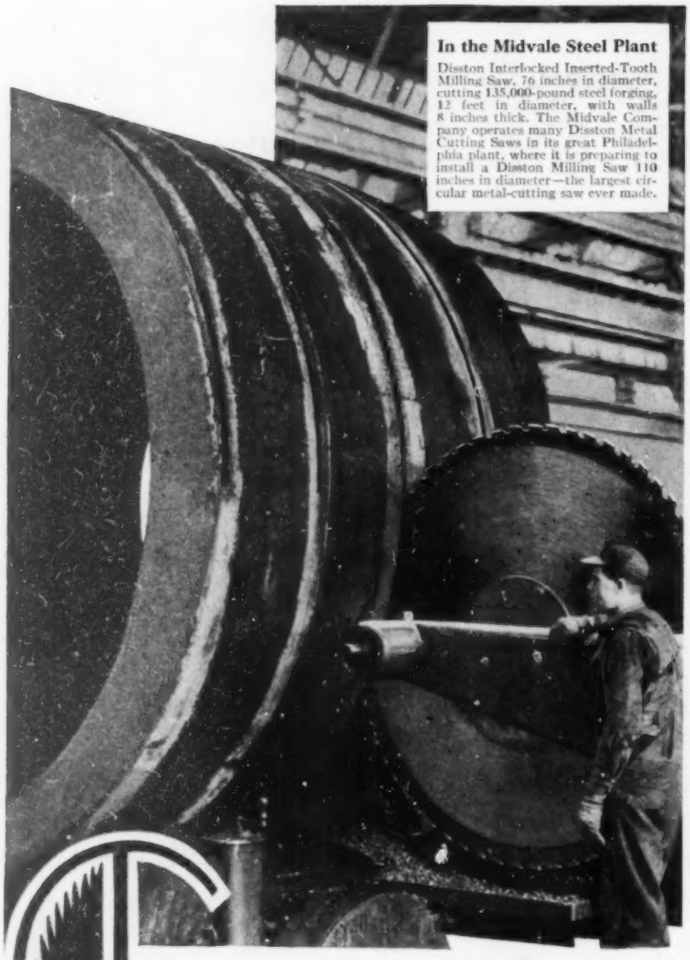

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"AND it's done right, Chief. Remember what a job it's been every year until we started with the Monroe? This year the work went along smoothly, no hitches, no checking back for a lot of mistakes. Monroe short-cuts and time savers helped us all along the line. I wonder how we ever got it done before."

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with full automatic division

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Firm .....

Address .....

A stingless shave to all men and 7 Cool shaves free!

OUR Christmas present of 7 cool Ingram shaves will give you a week of the smoothest, most bracing shaves you've ever known.

For Ingram's is cool—*cool*—COOL—COOL!

It's different—it's revolutionary! It marks a brand-new era in shaving ease and luxury. It makes shaving a bracing, stingless delight for every man who uses it. Your face will know it's better the first time you shave with Ingram's.

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Number Three: It enables you to shave closer without discomfort.

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"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-129
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Secret Envoy—An Explanation

IN THE story Secret Envoy, by Maude Parker (Mrs. Child), recently concluded in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, an incidental reference was made in the October twenty-sixth number to a Commissioner Farrell of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Unfortunately this reference was allowed to pass through our copy room without the name being checked up to see whether it was real or fictitious. There was no intention on the part of either the author or THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to use a real name in this connection or to reflect in any way whatsoever on the integrity or discretion of Commissioner Patrick J. Farrell, as the story was in all of its details and all of its characterizations pure fiction. We wish to express our regret for this unfortunate error and to tender our apologies to Mr. Farrell. We append a letter from Mrs. Child explaining how the slip occurred.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

Your letter concerning my inadvertent use in the purely fiction story, Secret Envoy, of the name of an actual member of the Interstate Commerce Commission is the first knowledge I have had of this regrettable coincidence. I trust that Mr. Farrell will accept my most sincere apologies, and realize that it was due only to the difficulty which besets an author in manufacturing a great number of names for a story of this kind, where it is entirely to the author's interest that none of them should be identified with actual people. In the name Farrell I thought that I had found an entirely safe one.

However, in my brief mention of an imaginary Mr. Farrell, nothing is intended to convey to the reader, either directly or by innuendo, the impression that he is other than an honorable and entirely worthy holder of his office. I believe that anyone who read carefully the two or three sentences in which he is mentioned would see that, unfortunate as was my chance use of Mr. Farrell's name, no reflection is cast upon the character whose name happens to be the same as his.

Sincerely yours,
MAUDE PARKER CHILD.

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(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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MOTHER: "Usually, I'm rather at a loss to say what I want for Christmas. But not *this* year! The thing I really want is a Graybar Sunshine Health Lamp. I've been reading a lot lately about the health value of sunshine. And then I stopped in at a store downtown and saw the Graybar Lamp. It *duplicates* natural sunshine...It certainly would be good for Mary's

little boy these cold winter days!"

Note: Grown-ups as well as children *need* it...(see coupon for details.) Only $49.50*

JIM: "Seems funny for a mere man to be wanting an electric percolator—but, boy, I *do* like my coffee . . . And I don't want just a percolator. I want a Manning-Bowman percolator. It makes the coffee mother used to make.

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SISTER: "There's one thing that I really do want this Christmas . . . (In fact, I've been hinting about it shamelessly!) It's a Graybar Stimulator! You see I've watched the Stimulator do *marvels* for a friend of mine. It has fairly *made over* her figure. She wears size 16 again! She let me try it out one day and it certainly is a pleasanter way to keep slim than counting calories!"

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Note: The coupon below will bring you the whole story. Available in two models: Cabinet Model 550 in two-tone walnut veneer with built-in electro-dynamic speaker and tapestry front conceal-

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only . . . . . $13.50."*

*These prices slightly higher West of the Rockies.

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Gentlemen: I'm seriously considering your gifts for my Christmas list. Send details!

☐ Stimulator ☐ Screen Grid Radio
☐ Sunshine Health Lamp ☐ Percolator
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Tune in on "Mr. & Mrs.", "Comic section of the air", Graybar hour, 9 to 9:30 E. S. T. every Saturday night . . . Columbia Network

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S-22

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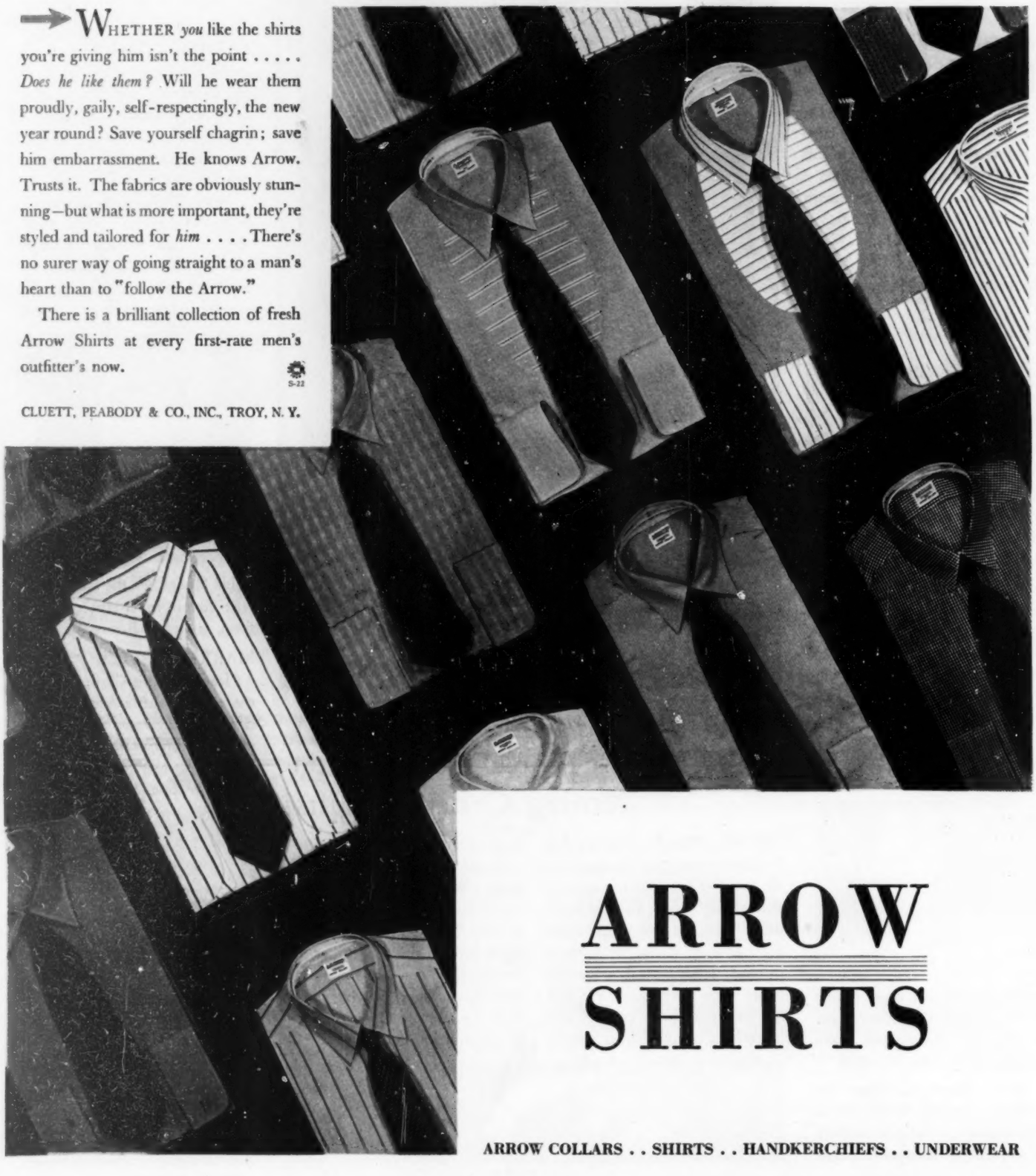

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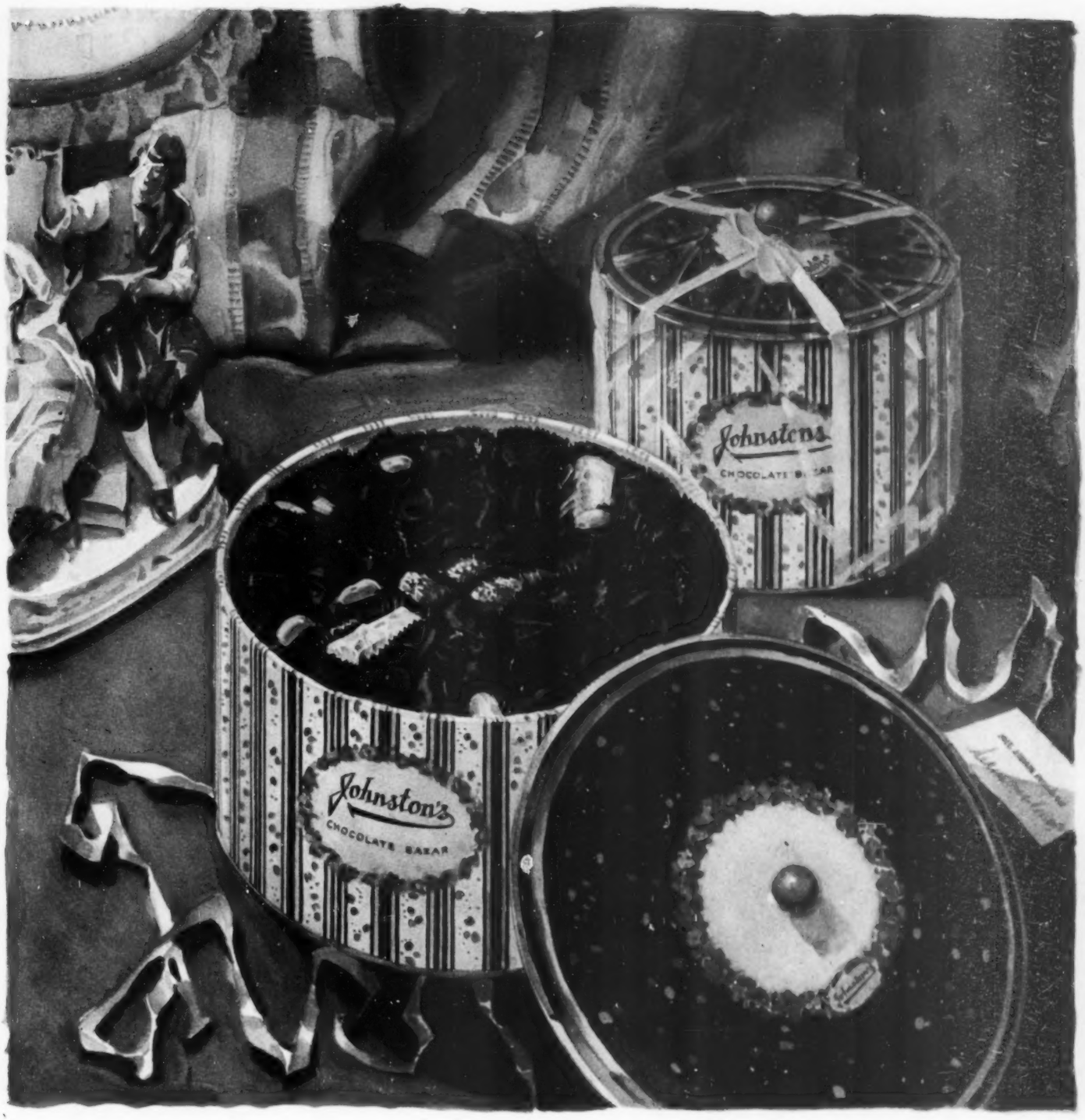

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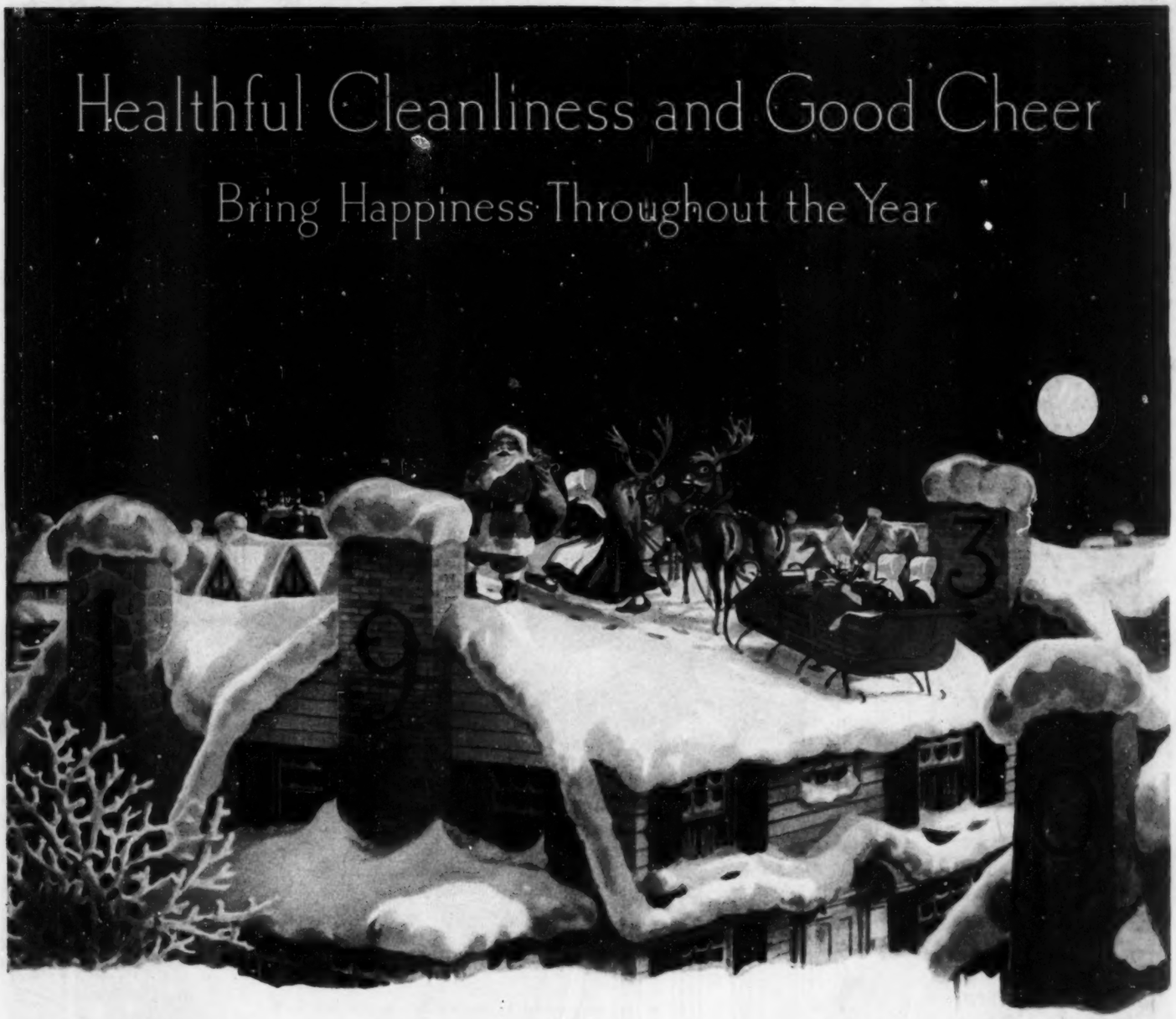

To PROGRESS . . to IMPROVE . . to ACCOMPLISH MORE . . That's the spirit of the New Year!

And how typical it is of the character of Old Dutch Cleanser

. . . because Old Dutch is the greatest advance in MODERN CLEANING EFFICIENCY. Because Old Dutch accomplishes more actual cleaning and does it better. Because Old Dutch protects the present-day beauty of the home and most important of all because Old Dutch safeguards your family with HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS.

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The soft, flaky, flat-shaped particles of Old Dutch possess a natural and distinctive detergent energy which removes not only the visible dirt, but the health-menacing invisible impurities as well. Use Old Dutch every day . . . everywhere . . . for HEALTHFUL CLEANLINESS throughout the year.

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